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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Circulation Last Week,
104,000.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1888. NUMBER 26.

Poetry.

A TAP ON THE DOOR.

LILLIE E. BARR.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down.
I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head.
A bonny, fairy sprite, in dress of white,
Who said, with lifted face, "Papa, good-night."

She climbed upon my knee, and, kneeling there,
Lisped softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips.
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtle chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could call each star and tell its place,
My child's "Our Father" bridged the gulf of space.

I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast;
How faith would fade
If God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage;

Only the woman wise, no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisping song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat.

Then if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at thy heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Bend low to meet
The little feet,
To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer heaven than thee—nearer than thee.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

MAMIE S. PADEN.

O women who can kiss and keep
Your blue-eyed lovers near you,
How could you bear to kiss and weep,
And let your lads march by you?
'Tis more than twenty years ago,
But foolish tears still blind me
Whene'er they play, or loud or low,
"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

O well we women held our tears—
Our eyes the brighter for them;
Our mouths the tenderer for our fears,
That dared not tremble o'er them.
O Warriors! let victory tell
'Twas with our help you won it,
Who tossed you dainty kiss-farewell,
Or waved a rude sun bonnet.

O many a hero grasped his fame
With "For their sakes I dare it!"
And many a coward turned from home,
Whispering, "I could not bear it!"
And many a dear lad fought and fell
Where no kind hand might find him,
Dead for his flag—his last farewell
For her he left behind him.

The war is o'er. Its fields are green;
Small, fearless birds are nesting
In cannon mouths, and flowers serene
Bloom where our dead are resting;
Only the moon beholds them rise,
Their spectral ranks reviewing,
Till gray dawn with her pale ray vies,
Their martial deeds renewing.

Our Story Teller.

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

BY F. A. MITCHELL.

They said it was a forced march. First, some soldiers on horseback went tearing by with a terrible clatter, leaving a cloud of dust behind them, then it was all quiet for an hour. I heard a tramping, and looking up to the crest of rising ground to the north, saw the road packed with soldiers on foot. They came quickly up and I scarcely had time to see what they looked like before those in front had passed. They didn't march like soldiers I had seen in the city on a gala day, when I was a little girl; they hurried along, each man walking as he liked. I wondered how they could go so fast, they were loaded down so. They carried great knapsacks and blankets, and tin pans and canteens, besides their muskets. They looked more as if they were going to set up housekeeping than war.

While I was leaning on the window sill, looking out and watching them, I saw a young officer ride into the yard, just as if he belonged to the place—or, rather, as if the place belonged to him—and back toward the barn. Two soldiers rode close behind him, and they got down off their horses and went into the barn. I thought at once they were after our horses. My pony was there, and I made up my mind they shouldn't take him without walking over my dead body. I ran down stairs and out to the barn. If I had been making a forced march myself I couldn't have gone faster. Before I got there they had two horses out and were harnessing them to the farm wagon. I marched straight up to the officer and asked him what he was doing.

He was a trifle startled at seeing a girl standing before him, looking as if she intended to make a resistence.

"We're 'pressing all the horses and wagons we find along the road," he said.

"What do you mean by 'pressing them?"

"We're 'pressing them into service."

"What for?"

"To carry the men's knapsacks. They can march faster."

"Do you think it makes it any more respectable to call it *pressing*?"

The officer's face was flushed. I thought it was because he was ashamed of his work; but soon noticed that he was in a burning fever.

"You sha'n't take my pony, anyway," I cried, going to a man who was leading him out of the barn, and seizing the halter.

"Never mind that horse," said the officer; "it's only a pony. Take it back into the stable."

The man obeyed at once. They harnessed two horses to the wagon and led the team into the road. As the soldiers marched past it they threw their knapsacks on the wagon, and it was soon loaded, and one of the negroes drove it away.

Just then an officer came along with a number of other officers and a train of horsemen following him. I noticed that he had stars on his shoulders, and wore a straight sword instead of a crooked one like the rest.

"Captain!" he said, looking at the officer who had taken our horses and wagon, "you'd better not try to go any farther."

"I can go on, general. It's only intermittent."

The general cut him short with, "Stop where you are." He spoke so sharp that I thought he was going to bite the captain's head off. I wished the captain had the courage to answer him, but he hadn't. The general and those who were with him rode on, leaving the sick man sitting on his horse looking after them, to take care of himself as best he could. I noticed he wore the same ornament on his cap as those about the general—a wreath—and I concluded he was one of them.

There was an interval in the passing regiments, and no one was near but the captain and me.

"What are you going to do?" I asked him.

I was sitting on the fence, with my feet dangling. It wasn't a very graceful position, but I was only a country girl then, and didn't know any better.

"I don't know," he said, wearily; "I suppose I must ride back to N——. There's a hospital there."

If he hadn't been an Yankee and a robber, or a 'presser, which is the same thing, I'd have asked him to come into the house at once, he looked so sick.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," I said, "to take horses that don't belong to you?"

He did look ashamed. "It isn't a pleasant business," he said. "You'd better get that pony of yours out of the way; there'll be more troops along here by-and-by."

When he said this his voice sounded so pleasant, and he looked so sick, that I made up my mind to ask him in. But I couldn't bring myself to speak to him. I couldn't forget that he was a Yankee soldier.

"Come into the house," I said, sharply.

He looked at me out of his melancholy, feverish eyes.

"No, I thank you. I'll ride back to N——;" and he turned his horse's head to ride away.

I called to him to stop. He obeyed me, and I went out into the road and took hold of his bridle.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, surprised.

"I'm going to 'press your horse."

"What for?"

"To keep for the safe return of those you've taken."

He looked at me sort o' dazed. He put his hand to his head, and didn't seem to know what to do. I led his horse up to the veranda. He dismounted and walked feebly up the steps and sat down a bench, while I took his horse round to the barn.

Well, the captain was put to bed. He had typhoid fever, and a very bad case it was. Occasionally, when troops would come into the neighborhood, I would mount my pony and ride over to their camp and ask to have a surgeon come and see him. Between the surgeons and my nursing we got him through the crisis. I nursed him for six weeks. Then he became convalescent, and it was very nice to have him sitting up in an arm-chair on the veranda, looking so pale and handsome. I used to sit by him with my work, and he seemed so gentle and so patient—not at all like he appeared to me when I first saw him riding back to the barn to 'press the horses—that I began to feel sorry he wasn't one of our own men, instead of being nothing but a detestable Yankee.

One day, while I was sitting on the veranda beside him, sewing, he said:

"Miss Molly, are you still holding my horse as a hostage?"

"Yes. Ours haven't come back yet."

"Don't you think you could let me take him when I get well, if I should promise to go and find your horses, and have them returned?"

"I'll see about that when you get well."

He'd been talking already about going on to join the army, but I didn't think him well enough, and didn't mean to let him go. He couldn't very well go without his horse, so I wouldn't let him it.

"What hostage do you require in token of my appreciation of your kindness since I've been sick?" he asked.

"You haven't anything to leave. Besides, I've done very little, I'm sure."

He thought a moment. Then he said, somewhat sadly:

"Yes, there's one thing I can leave—only one. I'll leave that with you."

I couldn't think of anything he had except his revolver, and I was sure he wouldn't leave that. It wasn't appropriate. I waited for him to tell me, but he said nothing about it then.

At last he was well enough to go. At least he thought so; I didn't. He was still as weak as a kitten, but I saw how anxious he was, and I didn't oppose him any longer. So one pleasant morning, when the air was soft and the roads were dry, I told one of the colored boys to bring the captain's horse round from the barn.

The captain stood on the veranda ready to mount and ride away. His blanket and rubber poncho were strapped behind the saddle, just as he had left them, and his horse was so anxious to be off that the boy could hardly hold him. The captain took my hand in his to say good bye, and looked straight into my eyes. I lowered them to his spurs.

"You're a good girl," he said. "I'll not forget your kindness."

"Oh, I would have done the same for any one."

"Any one?"

"Any one."

Then I asked myself: What did I want to say that for?

"I leave you the hostage I spoke of," he said, "but it is a very poor return for so much kindness—a mere bagatelle."

I could have bitten my tongue off. He was going to make a return—to pay for what I had done for him.

"You'll find it," he added, "if you have the shrewdness to guess where it is."

With that he gave my hand a pressure, and looked long and steadily into my eyes. Then he mounted his horse and rode away without once looking back.

As soon as he had gone I commenced to think what he could mean about leaving a hostage. I was sure he wouldn't offer anything very valuable. He must know I wouldn't like that; but I thought he might leave some little trinket for me to remember him by. I ransacked the room he had occupied, looking into bureau drawers, into closets, any place the ingenuity of man could find to hide anything. I even looked behind the pictures hanging on the wall. Then I went all over the house from attic to cellar. Not a thing could I find. Then I recalled his words, "If you are shrewd enough to guess where it is," and went all over my search again. At last I gave it up. "A pretty way to treat me," I grumbled, "after taking care of him so long!" I vowed that if ever I should see him again he should tell me whether he had really left anything, and what it was.

* * * * * * *

News came of terrible fighting at the front. Stragglers, broken-down horses, mules, wagons, ambulances from which now and then a ghastly face would look out, kept going by day after day for several days. The yard, the barn, the kitchen, were full of men. The first day they drank up all the water in the well. Then regiments marched by almost as fast as when they were making their forced march south. They passed on by the house, but stopped on the crest of the hill up the road. There they began to dig with spades and shovels, and the next morning when I looked out there was a long line of forts, and the Yankee flag flying above them; and, great heavens! the black mouths of cannon frowning directly down at us.

While I was looking I heard something rattle far down the road. It sounded like emptying a barrel of stones into another barrel. Then another rattle, mingled with a constant dull booming. All the morning the sounds kept coming nearer, till at last I could distinctly hear the loud reports of cannon and of muskets all fired at once. I noticed a great stir in the forts above. Horsemen were galloping back and forth; new guns were every moment thrusting out their ugly mouths, and men were marching and countermarching. I can hear their officers shouting gibberish at them, which they must have been Indian or Chinese to understand. Then more soldiers passed the house from the south, tired, dusty, grimed, some of them running some wounded and tottering along slowly. All passed in a steady stream behind the forts.

Suddenly a horseman dashed up to the house—he was all dust and dirt, and his horse was covered with foam. He threw himself from the saddle and came up on to the veranda.

Good gracious! the captain.

"Come away from here at once," he said; "our men are retreating; we are going to make a stand behind the works. You are directly in range. Be quick! the fire is liable to open at any moment."

Then there was a scramble to snatch a few things. One took a lamp, another a pitcher, another a photograph album. It seemed as if everybody took the most useless think to be found. All except me were hurrying down the walk to the gate; I staid behind. The captain was trying to make me hurry. He was stamping up and down on the veranda and through the hall, almost crazy at my delay.

"Come, be quick!" he said, as sharp as if he were the general himself.

"Captain—" I said, hesitating.

"What is it?" he asked, impatiently.

"The hostage."

"What hostage?"

"That you left when you went away; I couldn't find it. Must we leave it?"

He looked at me a moment as if he thought I had lost my senses; then he burst into a laugh.

I never could stand to be laughed at, and just then it was particularly obnoxious. I made up my mind that he should tell me what I had hunted for, and tell me then and there.

"Never mind that," he said, seeing that I was irritated. "Save yourself and it will be in no especial danger."

"I'll not leave it, whatever it is," I said resolutely.

"Come, come! this will be a battle-field in a few minutes."

"I won't stir a step till you tell me what I want to know."

"Nonsense!" he said, severely.

The more severe his tone, the more resolute I became. I stood stock-still.

"For heaven's sake!" he urged, becoming really frightened; "the gunners are standing with the lanyards in their hands ready to fire."

"Let them fire!" I folded my arms.

A volley sounded a short distance down the line of forts to the west. The captain tried to seize my wrist.

"Do come," he pleaded.

"Tell me what was the hostage," I said, stubbornly.

"Here?"

"Here."

"No, no; this is not a fit place to tell you that. For the love of heaven do come away!"

I vowed I would conquer him or die on the field.

"You shall either tell me or I will stay here till the battle is over."

He looked at the frowning forts anxiously, then back at me.

"You must know?"

"Yes."

"Now?"

"Now."

"Well, then, Molly dear, I left you my heart."

I stood as one who sees an engine coming straight down on him, and whose limbs are paralyzed from the suddenness of the discovery. Merciful heaven! what had I done? What stupidity! The blood rushed in a torrent to my cheeks; I covered my face with my hands.

"And now, sweetheart"—taking one of my hands from my burning cheek and leading me away—"if you're satisfied about the hostage, we won't stay here any longer."

As he spoke there was an explosion in the forts, and it seemed as if a dozen shrieking cats were whirling over our heads. I almost wished one of them would strike me dead. The captain led me like a child toward the fort through smoke and noise and confusion. I didn't think of the battle that was opening; I only thought how immodest he must think me, and that he would never believe I could be so stupid as not to know what is meant by leaving a hostage.

I have had to suffer all my life for that one mistake. I never can have my way about anything, for when my husband finds all other expedients for governing to be failures, he invariably taunts me with having forced his secret at the cannon's mouth.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

One of Arizona's Wonders—A Region Strewn with Agatized Wood.

On the way hither through Arizona I stopped at the petrified forest. I left the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe at Holbrook, engaged a cowboy and horses and started at 3:30 a. m. After riding about 30 or 35 miles we reached a canyon, and following this a mile or so found ourselves among the most wonderful works of nature I have ever seen. At this point the canyon is wide and rocky, yet every rock, large or small, is a piece of agatized or petrified wood. On one side the transformation seems to have been of the ordinary kind, and we find perfect specimens of petrified wood, showing the bark, and, in some instances, even the rings of the growth. In some places protruding from the earth may be seen the trunks of trees, branches and even roots, so complete has been the change. In other places sections of fossil trees have from exposure at last been broken up by the action of the elements. Often the fragments of stone resemble perfectly, both in color and in structure, the natural wood, showing the grain, sap and knots of the original tree. At first I picked up two splinters a foot long and not more than three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and struck them together to be sure that they were not real wood, but they flew to pieces and I was convinced.

But by far the most interesting side of the canyon is the side where the agatized wood is found, or at least is most abundant (it is found for miles in every direction, and to the south as far as the eye can reach the country is dotted here and there with what appears to be short saw logs). On this side the trees must have grown closer, for the ground is covered with trunks of trees ranging in length from three to ten feet and in diameter from one to seven feet (mostly about two and one-half to three feet in diameter). The agatized wood seems by its process of transformation to have lost its grain as well as its natural color and the only apparent likeness which I think these rocks bear to a tree of this age (besides their cylindrical shape) is that in all instances the sap is of a darker color, showing that decomposition probably affected it while the heart or wood of the tree remained sound. Also in many instances the rings or growth, being very thick, are marked by lines of cleavage, you would think it strange if at every step you were treading on pieces of beautifully colored agate, but in this canyon if you are not stepping on pieces it is because you are on one piece; it is all agate. I did not go prepared to bring back specimens. In fact I found a Winchester rifle and a six-shooter were enough to carry, but it was impossible to come away without bringing something, so we took the sack that had held oats and that oat sack is now in my satchel inclosing about 50 pounds of Arizona. I have pieces of the roots, bark, sap, branches, pitch, knots and best of all a cone, to prove that these trees were closely allied to, if not the identical eucalyptus tree of the day. In one place a fossil trunk spans a ravine 30 feet above a running stream. The bridge thus formed is 25 feet long. The tree trunk is exposed for over 50 feet. This tree was the longest unbroken section and varied from 3½ feet in diameter at the base to 2½ feet where the top disappeared in the ground. There was nothing to show that branches had been broken off and but one knot was visible. The tree was perfectly straight, and compared with the rest was scarcely as large as an average-sized tree.

Would not this have been a paradise for a lumber camp before nature got a claim on the limit. But I suppose some enterprising fellow-citizen of ours will ere long take up this tract and begin manufacturing everything from a table-top to a cuff button. In fact, before reaching Holbrook I was informed that a firm of New York jewellers had bought up the entire tract (thus getting a corner on agatized wood) and were about to develop it.—*Pasadena Letter.*

SHE PUT HIM TO THE TEST.

One of Boston's Gilded Youths Taught a Lesson by His Aunt.

An amusing story comes from one of the clubs here, a club which adorns the sacred slopes of Beacon Hill. Mr. A., a scion of an old house, has noble pretensions, but limited finances, and has his eyes fixed longingly upon the coffers of a maiden aunt, who has a good deal of money and far more brains than some of the younger members of his family. The youth had gambled heavily, and at last got himself into a state of financial chaos where he had nothing left but absolute repudiation of his "debts of honor" or suicide, unless his aunt would play the role of fairy godmother, as she had done before. In desperation he applied to her, of course without specifying the nature of the transactions which had left him so heavily involved. The old lady was too shrewd, however, not to know.

"Been gambling, eh?" she said. "Well, I've paid your gambling debts before, and can again, I suppose, but this time I'll make a condition."

With some trepidation the nephew inquired what the condition was.

"You need a wife to keep you straight," his aunt answered, with a wicked gleam in her eye. "Now, you've had every opportunity to choose a good wife, and you haven't done it. Now, none of the girls in our set would take you for a gift, even with my money thrown in. So I've selected a wife for you. She's good and pious and healthy—sure to outlive you—and not bad looking. She's old enough to take care of you and herself too, and if you'll marry her I'll do something handsome for you."

"Who is she?" the young man demanded.

"She's my nurse just at present, but I can get another if you can't spare her."

"Oh, I can spare her perfectly well, aunt; and I never could think of taking her away from you."

The end of all the talk was that the young man did actually agree to marry a woman who was said to be 40 and her aunt's hired nurse, if his debts could be paid and he guaranteed an income of $6,000 annually.

And what he got by it was that his aunt invited a cousin, his rival in the race for the old lady's fortune, to dinner and told him the story, adding that she had simply made the proposal as a test, and that she should refuse to receive at her home a man who would marry a servant for money. The affair is still unsettled so far as the gambling debts go, and it can hardly be held that it presents the aunt in an amiable light.—*Boston Letter.*

The Life of an Iron Horse.

"The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones," said an old New York Central engineer to a reporter recently. "The ordinary life of a locomotive is about 30 years. Some of the smaller parts require renewing every six months; the boiler tubes last five years and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers and fire-boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles and other parts 30 years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop; while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse flesh does not find its way to the butchers' market.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

SOME PECULIAR FRUIT,

Brought to Florida from the Tropics.

From the Orlando (Fla.) Reporter.

During the past week enterprising fruit sellers have been regaling the people of Orlando with some of the strange tropical fruits of the West Indies. With the mango and mamey zapote we are already becoming familiar, but the sapadillo, the guanavana and the mamey de San Domingo were strangers to us until the other day. The two last named fruits will certainly take the premium for grotesque appearance and oddity of flavor.

The guanava, or sour sop (*Anona muricata*) is a huge, soft, almost shapeless fruit, sometimes formed like a thick curved horn, of a dirty greenish brown color, with a rough skin that bears a striking resemblance to an alligator's hide. It is quite soft when ripe, and easily cut open. Words fail to describe the musky rich odor that rises from the sour sop when it is opened. Many people can not endure it, but perhaps that is because it is so utterly foreign to anything they ever saw before and they are naturally suspicious of it, anyway. The flavor is something like that of the mandrake, or May apple, with a dash of paw-paw and "May pop" thrown in, together with a little musk. It it a decidedly original and interesting fruit, and is sure to make enemies or friends at first sight. Each seed, of which there are a hundred or more, is encased in a white, cottony flap or pulp, and in order to eat it you must pull out each separate flap, which is about an inch long, and suck the juice, and then throw away the fibrous envelope around the seed.

But it is not designed to be eaten, but drank. That is, the pulp is made into a beverage by adding ice water and sugar to it, in a pitcher, as one would make lemonade. One good-sized guanavana will make enough drink for a dozen men, and it is said to be a sure preventative against sunstroke and over heating. Messrs. Gaines & Allen made two pitchers full, and a great many people who tested the flavor were enthusiastic over it, while others were disgusted at the strange, creamy odor of the fruit in it. The guanavana tree is so purely tropical and tender a fruit that it is doubtful if it will ever succeed here, mild as our winters are. Even a crisp cold wind will sometimes wither the leaves, although it may be several degrees above the freezing point. Many of the seeds have already been planted here, however, and they will be given a trial.

Another fruit which is almost an entire stranger here, is the mamey de San Domingo. Like the guanavana, its appearance is greatly against it, and it resembles nothing so much as a great big round, sunburned sweet potato.

But peel off the thick outer skin, and the fleshy, orange colored pulp comes to view, and you catch a faint, fruity odor of pineapples and peaches. The great, woody seed takes up so much space that there is not much meat about this fruit. The flesh resembles that of a pumpkin, but the flavor is an odd mixture of pineapples, peaches, russet apples and sweet potatoes. The rest is all mamey, and it is not bad eating, at all. The Cubans say it must be soaked for some time in salt water before eating. The Mamey de San Domingo must not be confounded with the mamey zapote which is soft and sirupy in its consistency. The mameys will grow in South Florida, with protection, and are no tenderer than guavas or mango trees. The only trouble about them is that, being diœcious, it takes two trees to produce fruit. The trees are rapid growers, and are magnificently ornamental, somewhat resembling the magnolia, with their rich dark leaves and big snowy blossoms.

A PLAIN ANSWER.

Lord Palmerston's Method of Silencing Troublesome Questioners.

When assailed by impertinent questions, it is the accomplishment of a clever man to avoid committing himself, even though he seem for the moment a "trimmer."

While electioneering on one occasion, Lord Palmerston was greatly annoyed by a butcher who wished him to support some specified Radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship's speeches, the butcher called out: "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?"

"I will."

"Will you or will you not support that measure?"

Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then replied, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I will,"—There he stopped, and the Radicals cheered tremendously.

"Not—" continued his lordship, and loud Tory cheers arose.

When these ceased Lord Palmerston finished his sentence—"tell you."

And they were all as wise as before.—*Youths' Companion.*

"Fido's" Terrible Lot.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is troubled, and not without good cause. The fiat has gone forth that it will be fashionable this summer for "my lady's" pet poodle to match in color with "my lady's" pet costume. Now this is hard on the poodle, and it cannot be claimed that that canine's life has ever been an unruffled one, despite his diet of sugar-plums and cream. But this last decree is the worst of all; it means that, if "my lady" wears a toilet of blue, "Fido's" curly tail must be colored an azure tint, and the tips of his pretty ears made likewise to correspond. Next day, in all probability, pink is the color chosen, and poor "Fido," after a vigorous scrubbing, lathered with a certain kind of chemical soap, is reproduced, decorated a delicate couch-shell hue.—*Table Talk.*

Wicked Revenge on the Railroad.

A railroad running through Emanuel county, Georgia, recently killed a razor-back hog belonging to a widow, and she entered a suit for damages for the value of it. The railroad won the case, it being shown that the proper signals were blown and the precautions taken, and the plaintiff was sorely distressed about the result. She had converted the pig into lard, and as the road would not pay for killing him, she bestowed what remained of the porker on the company. On a dark night she took the pot of grease, and proceeding to the track of the company, coated the rails with a liberal daub of grease for about a quarter of a mile. It took all the sand that the engines could bring to bear on the track for two days to tide over the spot which crippled traffic. Now the widow is threatened with a law suit.

Prompt at Repartee.

I. K. Boyesen met with an accident in coming down Milwaukee avenue the other day. He was thrown from his buggy and one of his legs was bruised and twisted as if it had been in a cyclone. His face was scratched, and one of his eyes was badly discolored. Yesterday he was down town and in one of the courts attending to the business of one of his clients. The judge on the bench passed him a slip of paper on which was written the query: "How is the other fellow?" The attorney was as quick-witted as the court, for he wrote on the other side of the paper: "He is still in bed."—*Chicago Times.*

Such Frivolity Displeased the Horse.

A bulldog took a fancy that he wished to give a small canine brother a walloping Saturday afternoon. They opened the "mill" on Market space, and a third dog attempted to referee. As usual in such cases they didn't confine themselves strictly to scientific methods, and got into a general melee.

They kept rolling over in the struggle till they came within reach of a staid old horse standing near. The bulldog was then on top. The old horse lifted a fore foot and cuffed that top dog in the neck.

When that dog walked off he carried his head as if he had slept in a draught the night before.

Their Husbands Alike.

Mrs. Gadabout—Oh, there you are, with your devoted husband, Mrs. Lovematch. I often think how much he resembles the letter q, because he and u are always together.

Mrs. Lovematch—Strange, that I should have had the same thought about your husband. He is very much like q, because, while he has less to do than any of the others, he never comes after u!—*Table Talk.*

Level-Headed 'Rastus.

Magistrate—"Thirty days, Uncle 'Rastus. It's disgraceful that an old man like you should get drunk! What would you think if you were to see me reeling along the street under the influence of liquor?"

Uncle 'Rastus—"I would think, yo' honah, dat yo' was habbin' a mounty fine time, an' wifout no danger ob gettin' sent up fer it."—*Epoch.*

IN LIFE'S BRIGHT MORNING.

The Youngsters' Budget of Wit, Sense and Sentiment.

New York World.

FAITHFULNESS AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

A young lady, while out walking a very wet day, came to a place that was almost impassable. While hesitating which way to turn she was much concerned to see a small boy literally wading through the muddy water, struggling bravely under the burden of another little fellow, scarcely smaller, whom he carried in his arms. "Why, little boy," said the lady, "don't you know it is not right to get your feet so wet?" "I know," he answered, "but you see Fweddie has a sore fwoat and mamma said to take care of him and not let him get his feet wet."

NOT AN UNCOMMON DISEASE.

A certain teacher had a very "smart" air that was exceedingly distasteful to his pupils. One day when he had been explaining a simple problem to the primary class in a particularly aggravating manner the smallest boy in the class looked up and said solemnly: "If you ain't careful you'll die of the cutes some day." It was learned afterwards that he had heard the word acute applied to disease and had gained an idea that the cutes was the name of a fatal sickness.

ABOUT HIT IT AFTER ALL.

Little Adelaide (aged three) ran out in the garden one sunny day last week without her hat, and her father told her to come in or she would be sunstruck. Running into the house, she said to her sister: "Papa says if I don't put my hat on I will get sunshined."

A YOUNG GRADUATE.

Kate and Arthur thought their parting unpreceived, and were consequently much startled at the consciousness of a "presence near." Turning, they discovered little Tommy, standing with his hands in his pockets, intently regarding them. "Well, Tommy," said his sister, in despair. "Why do you act so?" "Oh, never mind," said he, soothingly. "I only want to see if you do it all right."

BOBBY SEES NO GROUNDS FOR FEAR.

Allie—Oh, Bobby, you musn't take those tarts. Suppose some one should find it out?

Bobby—Pooh, Allie, how's anybody going to find it out? God can't tell, and you wouldn't be so mean.

AMBITION.

Bertie, who loves to help pick chickens and saw preparations being made for hog-killing, said: "Oh, papa, can't I help to pick the hogs?"

NOT A COMFORTING ASSURANCE.

A little girl while on a visit to her grandmother had been seriously ill, and, as she grew better, was spoken of as convalescent. Thinking it would be very smart to use a long word, she wrote home, "Dear mamma, I am happy to say that I am convulsive."

NO THRONE IN SIGHT.

One day a week or two ago a lady from Philadelphia brought a letter of introduction to President Cleveland that insured her a private interview. She was accompanied by a bright little son aged 6 years. The president received them in his office, and sat by his desk and talked in his friendly way with his visitor. Presently the mother noticed her boy frowning and sulking in his chair. She whispered an inquiry as to the cause of his apparent trouble. "Why, mamma, he isn't sitting on a throne and he has no crown on his head. He is only a man."

TREATMENT DRAWN FROM EXPERIENCE.

There was a slight impediment in a little Boston girl's speech, and she had been "drilled" out of all patience by well-intentioned teachers and friends. When she received a doll for a birthday present she was delighted to find that by pulling out a green string a very passable "mamma" was produced. But the "papa" which followed the twitching of a white string was imperfect, and when the little mother discovered that her child had inherited her own infirmity her heroic nature was shown. She lost no time in putting to account her own training, and pulling repeatedly on the white string, with an unfaltering hand, she said firmly: "Dolly, you must be trained till you learn to say that plainer."

MARGHERITA'S SAGE CONCLUSION.

Little Margherita, being evidently engaged in puzzling her mind over something the other day, was asked by her mother:

"What is troubling you, my dear?"

"I was wishing, mamma, that God would take care of the live folks, too, just as he does of the dead folks."

"But he does take care of the living, my child, just as well as he does of the dead."

"Does he?"

"Certainly."

"Well! Then I don't see how he ever gets time to eat his dinner!"

EUNICE "CORNERS" HER MAMMA.

Little Eunice, between three and four years old, had to be punished one day, her mother prefacing the operation with the remark that she was sorry to do it; she only did it because she loved her so much, etc. At night, after the little girl was in bed, she called her mother to her, threw her arms around her neck and said: "Mamma, we love one another, don't we?" "Yes, dear." "You don't like to punish me, do you?" "No, I do not." "You would rather punish your own self, wouldn't you, mamma?" "Yes." "Well, then, mamma, I wish you would."

A SAMPLE BIT OF MISERY.

A small boy who happened to bruise his leg said to his mother: "Oh! mamma, how awfully it must hurt to be a colored man." "Hurt, my dear? Why, what do you mean?" "Why, don't you know, I tumbled down and made the black spot on my leg, and it's just as sore as it can be all the time."

THE GREAT RACE PROBLEM.

A little girl who had spent the five years of her life in a very retired place in the country had never happened to see a colored person. She loved to be out of doors—indeed, spent the most of her time playing in the yard—but she never would keep a hat or bonnet on her head, and her mother often told her that she would grow black with sunburn. A cousin who visited them about that time had some photographs with her, and among them was one of a little colored child. Gracie, looking them over, paused at this one, was silent for a little, and then softly whispered to herself: "So that is what comes of playing bare-headed out in the sun."

THE COMING GREAT SHOWMAN.

That small boy who has a mania for picking up things and labelling them and putting them away in a cupboard has been at it again. The other day his little sister ran a piece of splinter so deep into her hand that the family had to send for the doctor to get it out. The operation was carried on with closed doors so far as the children were concerned, but they were all huddled just outside listening at the keyhole. Presently they heard somebody say:

"Thank goodness! It is out at last!"

The young museum enthusiast opened the door and rushed in.

"Don't waste it! Don't waste it! Give it to me for my museum."

And it is now in his museum labelled "No. 641—Piece of a tree taken out of my sister's hand. The stains are real blood."

A Sagacious English Workman.

There is a good deal of the much esteemed "get there" quality in your genuine Englishman. His methods are sometime crude, but he sticks to it and "gets there." A good many years ago a gentleman whose name stands at the head of the largest wire manufacturing establishment in the world—it was a very modest concern then—went to England and bought some steel rods to be shipped to this country and drawn into wire. A workman there saw them, and made up his mind that wherever they were going there was work for him. He asked no questions, but made up his mind to follow the rods. He saw them loaded on freight cars in Birmingham, made friends with the train hands and accompanied them to Liverpool. He saw them unload at the dock there and kept his eye on them. He saw them put aboard ship, and took passage for America in the vessel. He saw them landed in Boston, and again kept his eye on them until they were again put on freight cars. Again he followed them till they reached their destination, presented himself to those who received them, told his story, got a job and kept it until a year or so ago, when he died, leaving sons behind him who are employed at the same establishment. He knew enough to "follow the rods" and ask no questions, and he "got there."

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER VI.

The magnificent bar-room, or saloon, as it is called, of the Lick House. Long counters gorgeously fitted up—mirrors covering entire walls, glasss of the most expensive patterns on the shelves behind, and bar-keepers of so much gorgeousness in dress and appearance, that they might be supposed to own the hotel instead of serving for daily stipends—tables, splendidly appointed, on which is a free lunch which might make an epicure's full meal, and no small or mean one either, at which the crowd provokes the thirst which the liquors behind the bar are ready to assuage. No city in the world has more magnificent resorts for the lounger. None in the world are more liberally patronized.

There was a great throng in the bar-room, as there is always, till long after twelve at night. Well-dressed men whose natty garb bespoke them as regular citizens: men whose traveling coats showed them to be new arrivals from the East; men, whose bright new neckerchiefs and little touches of barbaric color in their dress showed them to be just off an Asiatic boat; strong men, with their trousers in their boots, and rough coats and careless manner, who paid for drinks with $20 gold pieces, and who smoked half-dollar cigars with that carelessness that betokened a belief that if the present diggings gave out there were others to be discovered; all these jostled each other at the bar or ran against each other on the floor.

A group occupied chairs in one angle of the great hall, all smoking, and all lounging in the various easy attitudes that the American off duty assumes to ease the tension of his muscles and rest him generally. They were discussing everything generally, their observations ranging from the last dramatic star that had visited the coast, to the performance of the last horse on the turf, and from that to the last fashionable woman, and the last murder. They talked of everything that was a week old.

"Ditmar, who was that woman I saw you talking with one day last week on the square on Geary street? She was as pretty a woman as I have seen for a year."

"Last week?" said the Colonel, affecting to pause and think, as though the number of women he was in the habit of encountering on squares and talking with, was too great to be kept in mind. "Yes, I remember, a Miss Winter, lately from New York—that is, I suppose she is lately from New York—at all events she said so. Very pretty girl, or rather, she was a very pretty girl."

"Did you know her in New York?"

Yes, some years ago."

Jarvas Lord happened to come to that end of the hall, and was leaning against a pillar very near the group. He heard the name of Winter, and could not help listening.

"Yes, continued the Colonel, "she was a very pretty woman, and a very bright one. She is a magnificent singer, and at one time was first soprano in Second avenue church, and was very popular; but she had an unfortunate affair with a merchant in the city which laid her out. Josselin, a hardware man, got struck after her, and it was a desperate thing. She played him, and—well, I don't know what happened, exactly. Josselin was away with her all last summer at Swampscott—he took her there because it is such an out-of-the-way place, that they supposed no one would discover them there, and there was the devil to pay. The girl—"

Jarvas Lord listened more ententiy than ever. John Josselin was his cousin, an entirely worthy man. He knew that he had loved a woman, whom, he knew not, and that he had followed her with entirely honorable proposals, but the woman had declined, for reasons which she would not give, and that his cousin had suffered unspeakably in consequence.

"Ha! ha! laughed another of the party, a New Yorker, "the Colonel is putting up a very pretty story about this girl. Josselin, indeed! Ditmar was the girl's lover—he was with her, not at Swampscott, but at Newport, and—well, Colonel, you are a nice fellow! to invent a Josselin to carry off your sins! Josselin! Ha! ha!"

And the party laughed as though the wrecking of a woman was the most laughable thing in the world.

"Colonel, you were with her at Newport, were you not?"

The Colonel did not say yes or no. He merely turned upon his friends a laugh of much meaning, and said: "I was at Newport last summer. Was the Winter there? Well, perhaps she was."

And he laughed a quiet laugh, as much as to say that if he were at Newport, that "the Winter" must necessarily have been there also.

"And I suppose she followed you out here. Well, you are in luck."

Jarvis Lord stepped forward with a glow on his face. This young man was as careless as commercial young men of good families generally are, but he had a decent regard for a decent woman, a rather chivalrous notion of taking up the defense of any one who was helpless, and was being put upon. And, what was more to his credit, he knew just how much a woman's good name was worth to her, and, as little as he liked Marian Winter, he felt that she was being foully wronged, and in a most cowardly way.

"You are Colonel Ditmar?" he asked standing squarely in front of that gentleman.

"That is my name—may I ask—"

"Certainly—Lord, Jervas Lord, of Lord & Sons, New York. I wish to say before these gentlemen, that you were not with Miss Winter at Newport last summer, that John Josselin did not go with that lady to Swampscott, for he was in Europe, nor was she there at all, nor did that lady ever have the slightest trouble about her connection with Mr. Josselin, that all there was of the matter, he offered to marry her, which she declined: and that I wish to say that Mr. Josselin is not the man you have represented him to be, and, as you have falsified him in his absence, I believe you have done the same with the lady whose fame you are bandying in a bar-room."

Long before this speech was concluded, every man in the party had risen to his feet.

"I was not with her at Newport, you say?" said Ditmar, with a pallor on his cheek.

"No, sir, you were not. You were not at Newport yourself. I spent all last summer at Newport, as I do every summer, and a gentleman so well known as Col. Ditmar could not be there without my knowing it. I repeat you were not there at all, and the statement about being there with Miss Winter is just as false as the lie you told about my cousin, John Josselin; a man who does not make woman-hunting a profession, and who, if he did, would have more decency than to make public boasts of his success in a bar-room."

The Colonel raised his cane, but he was not quick enough. Before he could strike, Lord struck him a blow across the face with his hand, and put himself in an attitude of defense. The other men in the party threw themselves between the angry men, and kept them apart.

"You shall pay for this!" said Ditmar, furiously.

"I can easily be found," was Lord's quiet answer. "I am afraid of no man who can slander absent men, and vilify helpless women. You won't have to go out of the way to find me. And for the benefit of the gentlemen of this party"—the hot young man emphasized the word "gentlemen," "I will say that the lady, whose name he has used publicly, is a relative of Hegeman, of Chicago, well known here; that she came out, not to follow him, as he would have you understand, but with her relatives. She came with Hegeman and his wife, who stand as well as Colonel Ditmar, anywhere."

The group who were together left the room immediately, taking Ditmar with them, but not so, the rest of the loungers. Talk that had been loud, and in its progress, had attracted the attention of the hundreds present. He became the hero of the moment. The well-dressed men all crowded around him and congratulated him upon his action.

And there came up immediately, the rough miners, whose highest expression of approval was to slap a man on the back with force enough to kill an ox, and insist upon his taking something.

"You did a good thing, young man," said one, "I didn't hear his talk, but I heerd what you said he said. You are a plucky one and a good one, and d—n me, ef there is anything in the bar too good for you."

And others, who heard the concluding bart of the fracas, gathered around him, and the modest young man found himself more popular than was comfortable. There is in all men a sort of sentiment for fair play, and a sort of chivalrous feeling in favor of helplessness, and it takes very little to arouse it. Col. Ditmar would have fared badly had he remained in that room.

As Jarvas Lord walked home after the event, he thought long and seriously. Was this girl a guilty woman after all? She had got the reputation that had blasted her in the East, through this man Ditmar. It was he whose name had been associated with hers, and it was through that association that she had lost her standing, and been forced into exile. It was she then, with whom his cousin had been so madly in love, and he had told him that the woman who had refused to marry him was as pure and as good a woman as ever lived, and moreover, his cousin's family, he remembered, had spoken in the highest terms of her for refusing to marry him. If Marian Winter had been a mere speculator—if she had been a designing, crafty, unprincipled woman, would she have refused a catch that the best families in New York would have been glad to make? And, as Ditmar had lied grossly about Josselin's connection with her, had he not lied about the matter, in all respects? Was there not something behind all this? And had he not done the girl an injustice in repulsing her so cavalierly, before he knew anything about her save from the merest rumor?

"I am getting myself into business," said he to himself. "Since I landed here I have got one young fellow into business, whom I knew nothing about, and I have struck a man for slandering a woman whom I never heard any good of, and whom I didn't like at all. If I keep on I shall have to buy a Rosinante, get armor and a Sancho Panza, and set up for a Don Quixote in earnest. If there any more indigent young men or distressed damsels let them come. Don Quixote Lord is the field."

The young man was a great deal better than he knew of himself.

He thought the matter over all night, and the more he thought the more he was satisfied that there was something behind the matter that was foul. Innocent girls had been ruined before by men of the Ditmar stamp, and besides, he had nothing definite on which to base his suspicion of wrong in her. This went through his mind, but he tried to dismiss it.

"What is this woman to me?" he asked himself a thousand times. "I can't go through the world righting wrongs—I am in the dry goods trade. I can't—"

And then he would think that, suppose the girl were his sister, his cousin, or his friend even, and that some scoundrel was hunting her down and blasting her, as Ditmar was this woman? She had those dear to her, and to whom she was dear, and as they were not by to succor her, why should he not take the trouble?

"There is something in the world besides dry goods," he said to himself, "and I will see her to-morrow, and get at the bottom of it."

CHAPTER VII.

Brooks was glad to be left alone, when Jarvas Lord left him, to think over the good fortune that had befallen him. It was not a brilliant stroke of good luck, but it was an assured position, and food and a home—things which, lately, he had begun to feel the want of sorely. Now, food never tastes so well, till it has ceased to come on our tables as a matter of course, and our share of the world does not seem so contemptible when we have once found that, small as it is, it can be taken from us. Harry had felt as if fate had a steady spite against him, since he had been forced to labor on the docks, but now it seemed that she withheld her gifts only that he might feel the value of them. To the day of his death, Harry will be the better for that week's hard experience. He will never sit down to a well spread table without a thankful thrill as he remembers that hot forenoon's work in the sun, faint and craving for food. And the shelter of his roof-tree will always remind him that by heaven's mercy he was not left longer to know the want of an abiding place.

But his trouble was not over yet. How was he to get to Altamont, and take care of himself the first week or month he might be there, till his salary became due. He knew it was the worst policy to ask for wages in advance, and Jarvas Lord was the last person he wanted to ask any further favors from. He had the proper horror of bearing too heavily on a friend's kindness, especially a friend of so short an acquaintance. He chafed over the situation as he walked up and down the room, and finally made up his mind that he must ask his uncle to lend him money, the very thing in all the world he would rather not do. It seems as if experience and necessity put us through the most disagreeable lessons in the world, by taking the nonsense out of us. Harry debated seriously, whether he should not try to pawn his overcoat and get what money he needed, but a visit to Abram Levy, the nearest pawnbroker, satisfied him that the worst use a man can put clothes to is to pawn them. Well, there was no help for it, to his uncle he must go, and he fell asleep, dreading the morning task, as a convict dreads the shower bath.

He thought the sun shone a little too bright the next morning on a young fellow to ask an unwilling uncle to lend him money. He lounged into the office, glad to tell the warm-hearted relative that there was no danger of his being called on to provide for a distressed nephew yet awhile, got the recommendation which the merchant gave very willingly, glad to get rid of the boy so easily, throwing in a deal of good advice, about being up to time, and always being careful to have everything look straight, as well as be straight, which Harry ought to have been very grateful for, as it was just the word for a person called to his situation. He heard the lecture out, and it did him good afterwards, but he hung round the office a few minutes, trying to find words and courage to ask his uncle for ten dollars. He meant to live in a dry goods box and eat hard-boiled eggs till he got some money of his own, and was wondering if he could not sleep in the express office and save rent, when his uncle called across the railing, "by the way, Harry, here is a letter for you, came in last night's mail, and I'd nearly forgotten it."

"By the way," for such a welcome letter as that! The first since he had left home, for letters have a trick of dragging on the way, and losing one mail, which makes a difference of three hours at the eastern end of the route, and may make a difference of 48 hours at the other end, where the mail comes in but once a day, and the trains are never on time.

Harry went off behind some raisin boxes to read the precious letter. He read the first page from Eunice before he found a blue paper in the folds of the sheet, which proved no less than a postal order for $20. How glad Harry was that he had not said a word about money to his uncle yet, and now he would not have to at all. If he had been a woman and given to kissing, he would have kissed the blue paper. Eunice wrote about it:

"I am so afraid you may get short of money before you find your salary comes due, and you wont want to ask your uncle for any right away, I send you the last part of my school money that I had in the bank. Don't be proud and refuse it, for I may want to borrow of you when you get to making money, and I shall, the first time that I want a new silk dress so badly I can't do without it, you may be sure of that. I have some left, so you needn't think I am pinched at all."

The brave little woman! She had just $25 left, earned by her last fall's school teaching in a country district, and she sent the boy nearly her all, reserving the five as much to be able to tell Harry she was not entirely without money, as for the good it would do her. Many men would not have appreciated the sacrifice of his sister's gift, but Henry was quick and delicate as a woman himself, and he did not scruple, as nobody could see him, to raise the paper traced by that loving hand, to his lips. That precious letter! If it had come two days before, it might have saved him from going hungry a whole forenoon, but it had come in time to save what was of more consequence, his self-respect. He idolized Eunice for her sisterly thoughtfulness. He went down to the postoffice and cashed her order, took out the ten dollars he wanted, and put the rest away. "That shall make your fortune, little woman," he said, as he sealed it an envelope. "I ever I make one for myself," and he made a little vow never to spend the ten dollars except for sister Eunice's benefit, and to repay the ether with the richest interest money ever brought from the days of Shylock until now. His uncle witnessed his departure with increased respect. "I thought the boy was going to ask me for money," was his soliloquy, "glad he didn't do it, I always hate to refuse to lend. Boy isn't of the leaning sort. He'll get on. Make him a partner if he does the name credit."

It was a morning's work to make sure of the place, and get ready for starting. That done, what more natural than that he should remember the only woman who had spoken a kind word to him on the Pacific coast, and seek her to get her good-speed in his new quest. He found her in her new home, surrounded by flowers. She had been out to the gardens on the old Mission road that morning and brought home her arms ful of flowers, such as one gets in San Francisco for a quarter—choice flowers that would send a New York woman wild. Table, sofa and piano were covered with them, and she was arranging them as Harry come in. His expression of delight as his glance fell on the blossoms betrayed a pleasure in them like her own, and it was her easy, friendly fashion to let him help her with them. Soon they were bending over their beauties, eager as children, Henry telling her his good fortune by scraps, while they sorted cloth of gold roses with deep-red jacqueminot, and pale hermiosa, or grouped long sprays of moss-rose buds with wild mignonette, a coarser variety than our own; filled vases with snowy lamarque and pink tea roses, with glowing outer petals, set off with dark purple heliotrope, and made pyramids of fuchsias, wax white at base, blood-red at top. The room was quite scattered with flowers, and every breath one drew was full of the delicious odor. It seemed to Harry as if he was allowed this delight in order to efface the rough, hard experiences of the few days past. This holiday labor suited him for the hour. He felt that it was a fit celebration of his better hopes to breathe the perfumed air with this beautiful girl beside him, lending a kind ear to the lightly-sketched, but lively hopes with which he was glowing. She was mistress of tact, and he did not know how she drew him to speak of his life before he met her, to tell her about the simple busy home and Eunice even to the letter that had so touched him that morning. She listened out of more than complaisance—she was deeply absorbed and touched. He wondered how he could have said so much about his own affairs, and was blushing at his forwardness, while she was wishing in her secret heart that heaven had pleased to make her such a brother, so brave, so modest and manly, which last word seemed to her a union of brave and kind. He would never play with a woman, and make her weep her heart out for him. Was not here an innocent, brave young fellow, pouring his confidences in her ear in a way that showed him her friend? If he knew what people thought about her in New York, would he shrink from her? She thought not. At least she would enjoy his friendship while he was near. It was so sweet to feel a friend near, and have all those roses about her too. She did not want love with fevers, and absorption any more, but this friendship, bland and warm as sunshine, this companionship of flowers and music, would make life so sweet to live. It rested and soothed her, she basked in it like a dream of heaven.

She chose her sweetest flowers for Henry to take with him, she bade him place the vases about the room, while she rested in an arm chair after her long walk, tired of being on her feet over the flowers so long. He liked one picture she had—a Russian engraving of an angel with pure, sweet lineaments, and folded wings and downcast eyes, singing from a scroll, and would place the chicest blossoms on a bracket before it. She smiled at the compliment, for others had often found in the angel's face, likeness to her own, and it pleased her that this new friend was so quick to see it. She told him she would have her memory kept green with him, and he carried with him as her gift, a slip of a pale tea rose bush and an ivy to grow in his window at Altamont.

Scarcely had Harry Brooks left her room before another card came up and she was summoned to the little parlor again.

It was Jarvas Lord who called, and while she knew not the object of his coming, she felt constrained to see him. What did he want of her? She scarcely knew him, the one time she had met him, he had treated her very coolly, and more than that, so coolly that it had more the appearance of a positive dislike. What did he want of her? Why should he call on her, and why should she him?

But she did see him all the same. She went down to the parlor, and there he sat, more perplexed than she was. If she did not know what he called for, she was equally at a loss to know what he was there for, after he had come. He could not tell her that he had struck Ditmar for slandering her, in a public place, nor was there any very pleasant way for him to introduce the conversation with regard to his cousin. How could he do it? What was he there for, any way!

But he was there, and he felt impelled to discover something of her before he left. During the night before this girl, with her superb beauty, her splendid manner, and her superiority to common women, which a man must be blind indeed not to discover, had been in his mind perpetually, and all the day he found himself thinking of her. The business of Lord & Sons was not remarkably well attended to that morning, for dry goods and Miss Winter were wonderfully mixed in his mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cost of Travel In 1820.

A few miscellaneous items of intelligence recorded for the benefit of travellers in 1820 may not be without their interest for the more fortunate travellers in 1888. At that time the passenger by diligence from Paris to Brussels had to sleep two nights on the road. The fare for this journey, viz., 70 francs, does not seem exorbitant, especially when we bear in mind that it included bed and board en route. It is true that for this payment you had no right to a separate chamber; there might even be several extra beds in it, but an extra fee would generally secure privacy. And the waiter expected only 6 sous as a pourboire. Where are such waiters nowadays?

From London to Geneva, including dinners, suppers, and beds on the road, the fare was not far short of £20, while the fare to Florence was about £35. Fares by sea were perhaps not higher than now in proportion to the time taken on the voyage. Thus from Falmouth to Gibraltar the fare was £38, to Malta, £59, Messina, £61. But passengers had to provide their own bedding, and there was no reduction in the fares for female servants. The packets sailed "every three weeks, weather permitting." From Hamburg to Harwich every "whole passenger" paid £5; every "half passenger" £3. Here, again, female servants were counted as "whole passengers," as also were all the children over six years of age.

The Exact Facts With Reference to Thurman.

Q. And what hold has Thurman on any of these people? A. None at all. He does not figure even in their calculations. We are not afraid of Thurman in any way. He will hold some Democratic malecontents faithful to their allegiance, but he will not get away one Republican vote. The mugwumps are indifferent to him; while the business men see in him nothing to admire but his honesty, and of that virtue, of course, he has not, and does not claim, a monopoly. He is not even so strong as he is represented in his own state. His son, young Allen Thurman, while in this city the other day, frankly admitted that "no Democrat can carry Ohio against any Republican." That is a sweeping statement, but he knew what he was talking about.—*Wash. Corr. N. Y. Evening Post.*

Recent Literature.

MOSTLY LIGHT AND SPICY

A Brother to Dragons—A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings—Summer Legends—Alden's Cyclopedia—Glimpses—Knickerbocker Nuggets—Pamphlet Stories—Literary Notes.

"A Brother to Dragons and Old Time Tales" contains three stories by Amelie Rives, the young Virginian author who has recently challenged so much newspaper criticism. These tales originally appeared in monthly magazines, and at once won favorable notice. The first gives its name to the book; the second is "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth," and the third "Nurse Crumpet Tells the Story." While faulty in some respects there is such a wealth of imagination, such an exuberance of striking language in the productions of this author as to attract and hold the reader. The first story is especially attractive. Published by Harper Brothers, New York.

"A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings," by George T. Fish, is a little volume that will be found very useful by many persons who find themselves called upon to preside over meetings without previous training. The contents first appeared in *The American Rural Home* under the name of "Our Congress Club," and was so popular that its publication in a permanent form was called for. It is made thoroughly practical, and touches upon most points that arise in public meetings. Published by the Harpers.

"Summer Legends," by Rudolph Baumbach translated by Helen B. Dole, is a collection of short stories so quaint and amusing, so full of good humor, pure thought and originality, written in a style at once so simple and graceful, that the reader is filled with keen pleasure. The author's principal productions are poetry, but these stories are taken from two volumes of prose which in Germany have been exceedingly popular. These studies are for young people, but older persons cannot fail to find great enjoyment in their perusal, they are so full of quaint conceits bordering upon the marvelous, it is true, but told with an air of realism that is very winning. The volume is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The sixth volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia extends from Bravo to Calville, its 635 nicely printed pages including 120 illustrations. Along with its manifold number of words and topics treated briefly, there are many extended articles, as for instance, Brazil, seven pages; Breech-loading Guns, eleven pages; Bridge, eleven pages; British Museum, ten pages; Brooklyn, five pages; Buddhism, fifteen pages; and California, sixteen pages. The Cyclopedia well deserves the enthusiastic commendation it is receiving from all sides; it is certainly *the* Cyclopedia for popular use. Its small handy volume, contrasting so greatly with the usual bulky, unwieldy volumes adopted by publishers of Cyclopedias, is a very pleasant characteristic, and undoubtedly adds greatly to the usefulness of the work. The publisher sends specimen pages free to any applicant, or specimen volumes which may be returned if not wanted for 60 cents for cloth binding, 75 cents for half Morocco, post-paid; the better binding is particularly commended. John B. Alden, publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York; 218 Clark street, Chicago.

"Glimpses" is the title of a wee little volume of poems by M. Georgeia Ormond, that contains the promise of some very good work in the future. There are many happy little turns of thought musically put, and some merry quilps among the "Fragments" that are exceedingly good. It is much better than some volumes of greater pretensions. Published by the author, Toledo, O.

One of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, is "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Lord Macaulay. There are besides a number of miscellaneous poems making a very complete and valuable little volume.

In the Globe Library, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, comes three stories: "A Mystery Still," by the well known author, Fortune du Boisgobey, author of "A Fight for a Fortune," etc.; "The Wrong Road," by Arthur Griffiths, author of "Fast and Loose," etc., and "A Real Good Thing," by Mrs. Edward Kennard, author of "The Girl in the Brown Habit," etc. Sold each for 25 cents.

The tourist edition of "The Doom of the Mamelons," gives in neat pamphlet form a legend of the Saguenay of W. H. H. Murray, which has already attained a large degree of popularity. This work is in the same line as that of the author some years ago with reference to the Adirondack region. It gives, beside the entertainment of the story, a great deal of information about the Lake St. John country, which will be useful to hunters and fishers, and those who like camping out. Address the author at Quebec, Canada, P. O. Box 556.

In Macmillan's Summer Reading Library appears in pamphlet form the story of "Marzio's Crucifix," by F. Marion Crawford, which ran as a serial through the Illustrated Magazine. This forms the first issue of the series and is a pleasant introduction. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

In Lippincott's series of select novels, published in pamphlet form for 25 cents each, is "Too Curious," a pleasantly written novel by Edward J. Goodman, Philadelphia.

"May and June" is one of E. P. Roe's stories, published by Laird & Lee, Chicago, in pamphlet form for summer reading. Those familiar with his writings will enjoy the book.

Literary Notes.

Miss Oliphant's new story is entitled "Cousin Mary."

Mrs. Deland's novel, "John Ward, Preacher," has already reached the third edition.

Dr. T. W. Parsons is now the oldest of Boston-born poets, but for all that is still as vigorous in body as in mind.

"Wessex Tales: Strange, Lively, and Commonplace," is the title of two volumes which Mr. Thomas Hardy has in press in London.

Mr. Oscar Wilde has just written "Five Fairy Tales," in the manner of Hans Christian Andersen, which Walter Crane has illustrated.

The late Robert Carter's lively "Cruise on the Coast of New-England" is to be reprinted. The book has become so scarce that the copy from which the new edition was "set" cost $5.

Mrs. Walford, author of some clever novels, such as "Cousins" and "Mr. Smith," has a new story ready called "A Mere Child." It will be published by Henry Holt.

The health of M. Taine, according to the *Athenæum*, is far from good. It is feared that he will not be able to finish his historic work on the French Revolution. His physician has ordered him entirely to suspend his literary labors.

D. C. Heath & Co. have just issued "Exercises in English," a drill-book on accidence syntax, and style, by H. I. Strang, of Ontario; and "Composition and Rhetoric by Practice," by William Williams.

General Horace Porter has a paper in the June *Century* on "The Philosophy of Courage." An illustrated article on the Plantin Museum at Antwerp, by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, entitled "A Printer's Paradise," appears in the same number.

Stepniak, the author of "Underground Russia," usually lives in London. He is of medium height, but of massive frame and deep chest. His head is large and his type of face essentially Slavic.

A. C. Armstrong & Son have made arrangements with George Routledge & Sons for the republication in London of "Monsieur Motte," by Grace King, by which arrangement the author is secured the copyright.

Estes & Lauriat will issue in paper for convenient summer packing Gail Hamilton's First Love is Best," and "Up from the Cape," with illustrations, a plea for republican simplicity, first published in 1883 and received with marked favor.

Count Tolstoi, Russian Minister of the Interior, is about to bring out the first volume of his edition of the "Correspondence of Peter the Great"—a work which promises to be of great bulk and extreme interest. The number of documents collected for the work, is, it is reported, enormous, all the leading European governments having cordially co-operated.

The Philadelphia *Record* says in regard to Charles Egbert Craddock's last book: It is only a Paganini who can always delight people by playing on one string, and the rough mountain folks whom Miss Murfree idealizes are not capable of evolving harmonies sufficiently varied to satisfy the ear. We begin to tire of the tree-toad trilling, and the woods sighing, and the noiseless pageant of sunset-tide, and a star in the zenith, with the inevitable moon rising from behind the mountain."

It will interest all who have heard of the famous winter Sanitarium at Lakewood, New Jersey, to know that a large picture of its pine forests, with a description by the editor, appear in the number of *Garden and Forest*, May 30. The same issue contains an interesting letter from Shanghai, describing the making of a garden in China, and as a contrast, an article telling how small American houses may be beautified by plants grown in boxes.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL.

Some of the Things that She Never Does, and They're Worth Reading.

There are some things that a well-bred young lady never does.

She never accepts a valuable present from a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to him.

She never turns around to look after any one when walking on the street.

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending the theater unless accompanied by a lady much older than herself.

She does not permit gentlemen to join her on the street unless they are very intimate acquaintances.

She does not wear her monogram about her person or stick it over her letters and envelopes.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

She never forgets her ball-room engagements or refuses to dance with one gentleman and immediately dances with another.

She never snubs other young ladies, even if they happen to be less popular or well-favored than herself.

She never laughs or talks loudly at public places.

She never wears clothing so singular or striking as to attract particular attention in public.

She never speaks slightingly of her mother and says she "don't care whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or not."—*Truth.*

NEEDS AN UNCLE.

The Sultan of Turkey In A Bad Way Financially.

The financial difficulties at the porte are daily becoming more pressing and exigent. The exchequer has never been so completely drained of cash as it is now. And here is a most striking proof of the fact. Every year a caravan of pilgrims leaves Constantinople for Mecca on a certain date, and until this present month it has never failed to start punctually. This year, however, not only did it not set off on the prescribed day, but it was not until four days had passed, and the delay was being talked of openly as a public scandal that the caravan at last moved away. It is an open secret that the reason it could not start was because the grand vizier could not anyhow scrape together the amount annually provided by the sultan to defray the expenses of the poor Mussulmans who go with the caravan to Mecca. The sum needed was a few hundred pounds, but to such a pass have financial matters come that it was only by virtually pawning some valuable portable property belonging to the sultan's property that the required sum was raised.

DAN HAS A LEVEL HEAD.

What the President Will Not Put Into His Letter of Acceptance.

"Dan," said the President, "have you any suggestions to make to me in regard to my letter of acceptance? I've begun to turn over in my mind what I'd better say and—"

"Well, I think of one thing that it stands you in hand not to say," answers Dan, with considerable emphasis.

"What's that, Dan?"

"You don't want even to allude to the subject of the third term."

"Why not? I had intended taking strong grounds against a third term."

Well, Mr. President, if you take strong grounds or any grounds against a third term you cannot but injure your prospects. Democrats, as a rule, are dead set against a third term, and if they hear you asserting that you are opposed to it they will naturally conclude, in view of what you said in your other letter of acceptance in regard to a second term, that you're an earnest third-termer from 'wayback. See?"

"Dan, said the President, wringing the hand of his private secretary, "that's a very level head you carry on those shoulders of yours. I'll keep quiet about a third term."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WAYS OF SOME DISTINGUISHED MEN.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

Turgot never worked when he had dined heartily.

Schiller, before composing, put his feet in cold water.

Bossuet wrote in a cold room with his head warmly enveloped.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexander Dumas in his shirt sleeves.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks, at which he pursued different tasks.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" on a large armchair, with his head thrown back.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian and Ruben passed from the chisel to the pen or brush.

Gretry, when composing, breakfasted and took coffee, and then applied himself day and night to his piano.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Discoverer of Gresham.

Two newspaper proprietors in Chicago, and several more in other cities, are claiming the credit of discovering Gresham's availability for the Presidency. A tall, shambling fellow, with a gray beard, who wears his clothes for several seasons, and whose name is Charley Beers, was really the discoverer. He had eleven $1,000 Wabash first mortgage bonds on the Chicago division, and did not like the way the Jay Gould reorganization committee was bulldozing everybody. He believed he had some rights as a bondholder which Jay Gould could be forced to respect, and he decided to appeal to Judge Gresham. Dillon and Swayne and all the other Gould lawyers went to Chicago, very certain that the Chicago judge would be as tractable as the St. Louis one had been. But Gresham amazed them all by removing the Gould receivers, Tutt and Ridgely, and by ordering the bulldozing tactics of the Gould committee to cease. It was after Charley Beers had succeeded in this suit that Jay Gould declared that "Gresham had gotten the Presidential bee in his bonnet."

What "Protection" Literally Means.

Protection of home industry does not mean a sacrifice of many industries that one may be favored. It does not mean a sacrifice of the primary industries, in which the greater number of persons are employed and by which raw materials are produced, in order to secure imaginary and unreal benefits to few manufactures. It means, broadly and frankly, protection for American industry as a whole. Mr. Cleveland proposes absolute free trade for all wool-growers, numbering 1,000,000, on the false theory that a manufacturer employing a quarter of a million persons will be benefited. Free trade believes that the few cannot be helped except by abandoning the many to the crushing influence of unrestrained foreign competition.—*New York Tribune.*

Higher than Gilderoy's Kite.

To be "hung higher than Gilderoy's kite" means to be punished more severely than the very worst of criminals. "The greater the crime the higher the gallows" was at one time a practical legal axiom. Haman, it will be remembered was hanged on a very high gallows. The gallows of Montrose was thirty feet high. The ballad says:

"Of Gilderoy sae fraid they ware
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hong;
They hung him high abone the rest,
He was so trim a boy."

They "hung him high abone the rest," because his crimes were deemed to be more heinous. So high he hung, he looked like "a kite in the air."

A Dish of New P's.

P stands for Pudding, for Peach and for Pear,
And likewise for Poetry and Prose;
The Parrot, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
The Pig with a ring in his nose;
For Paper and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and People who sell it;
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress
Take at once Pierce's Purgative Pellet.

Oh, yes, indeed! These are the P's for you, poor, sick man or woman. Nothing like them for keeping the bowels and stomach regulated and in order—tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They work gently but thoroughly.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It is said that professional people are always jealous of each other, and this feeling will pass into passive or active dislike according to the temperament of the individuals. The world is always talking about the antiphithies of singers and actors; authors are apt to severely criticize each other's works; artists find little to admire in the productions of rivals and so it goes. With all due deference to public opinion, the salad-server does not believe this extreme jealousy to be so universal as it is declared. Some of the most generous and beneficent deeds ever known have been those of just these classes mentioned. They have helped struggling genius to a recognition to their own cost, quite as often as the non-professional persons do self-sacrificing actions. It is only that their jealousies are more apt to come to the surface and be apparent to the public than those of other people. That there are animosities is very true, and that they are sometimes exceedingly bitter is also true, but that is by no means the rule.

This thought was aroused by reading something in regard to French authors. It is esteemed a great honor to belong to the *Academie Francaise*, but as the number of members is limited, it is only the few and not the many who can obtain the honor. Alphonse Daudet is one of the disappointed candidates, and now his enmity is turned against the "immortal Forty," and he is soon to begin an attack upon that institution in the first chapters of a new work. His pen will, by no means, be dipped in honey, and he will undertake to show that it is not merit that governs the choice of new members. Probably that is true, since we find that Moliere, Balzac, Gantier, the elder Dumas, and many others whose fame is world-wide, have never been admitted into the *Academie*. It strikes one as somewhat strange that it should be so, but it is probably the same sort of influence as that preventing some of England's greatest scholars from receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Cambridge or Oxford Universities.

The following from a little book entitled "Glimpses," by M. Georgia Ormond, is decidedly suggestive and is commended by the salad server to those whom it may concern:

A very small curl
Was it? Yes:
But fluffy and puffy and light.
A very sweet girl
Was it? Guess.
That sat by his side on the right.

The strangest part was,
'Twas her head
Not his, that was set in a whirl
While gazing, because
She was led
To look in disgust through the curl.

The truth of it is
I regret,
This dainty and delicate curl
Was the smoke from his
Cigarette,
That puffed round the face of the girl.

The Pall Mall *Budget*, London, says that "a Chelsea family is mourning the loss of a fireside companion—an old, slow-going tortoise." Tommy, as the old fellow was called, had been in the family for twenty-six years. He came to them from another part of England where he had been a domestic institution in a certain household for over one hundred years. He was originally brought from Bermuda when he was about four years old, and it is a tradition that for the remaining hundred and twenty-six years of his life he had not grown an inch. In his young and frolicsome days it was found necessary to chain him up when in the garden as he would chew up a bed of lettuce or any "garden sass," that came in his way.

"Tommy" was always a great friend of the family cat of whom he buried many gederations. They always ate their bread and milk out of the same dish and his last feline companion (who survives him) is quite inconsolable. Every year about the middle of October the tortoise made his way to the garden and mysteriously disappeared. Sometime during the month of April he would be seen trotting toward the kitchen, covered with mud and after being put through the customary toilet, would resume his old companionship with the cat over the bread and milk as though it had been but yesterday when they feasted together. When it came time for him to disappear, he would be found waiting at the kitchen door and on its being opened he would slide out and proceed to sink himself in the earth to a depth of from two to four feet according to the severity of the weather. The winter of his death the tortoise did not bury himself as usual but stayed above ground close to the kitchen fire, where he was found dead one morning. With the tortoise's death England lost one of her oldest inhabitants, though even he was comparatively young in that land of antiquities.

It is pleasant to know albeit it is told as if it were such an unusual and most wonderful thing, that the actress who became Mrs. George Gould shows herself to be a sensible woman. It is announced that she is still kind and polite to the friends which she made while a member of the theatrical profession, and that she is yet interested in theatrical affairs. Well, why in the name of all that is truly womanly shouldn't she be? She was, if we remember aright a charming and successful actress, who loved her work, for the work's sake, and not simply because it brought her bread and butter. Why should her marrying change completely her whole nature so that what was pleasant once has become hateful and disagreeable, and valued friends grown distasteful? Happiness and prosperity do not always weaken character, though the world is apt to go upon that supposition. Mrs. Gould is probably a woman with self-respect enough to feel that it is the individual who adorns the position, and not the position which elevates the individual, unless she be a very "no account creature."

It is not always necessary for a poet to write beautiful things in order to be famous. Only let some ideas or their ghosts be clothed in dark, mysterious language, of which no man, or woman either, can divine the meaning, and his reputation is made more certainly than by all the good things he may write. Take Browning, for instance, who has been asked to prepare a key to his poems. Only think of the absurdity of it! Magnificent mysteries some one has called them, and "magnificent mysteries" they are likely to remain, even should he furnish a key, which would very likely require another key to make it work. Mr. Browning has written some beautiful things, enough to give him name and fame, without worrying over those unfathomable things which are probably beyond his own ken.

That reminds me of something I was reading the other day about Dante. Within 50 years after the death of the Italian laureate his compatriots began to puzzle over the meaning of different passages in the "Divina Commedia." In their desire for enlightenment, the Florentines founded in 1373 a chair for the elucidations of the writings of Dante. To this Boccacio was called. It is recorded that even he found difficulty in explaining portions of the inspired poem, and if that is true, it is not strange that there are now Dante societies with its members puzzling their heads over what the author was probably not very clear about himself.

Money and Friends.

"I made my money by having no friends," was the startling remark of a wealthy and comparatively young citizen of St. Paul. "I came here not a great many years ago alone. I had always been accustomed to having many friends, and so much did I think of them that I cared not to make new ones here. It was quite beneficial. I had no friends to carouse with, and the money I would have spent in this way was saved. That's the seret of my success. Now that I am independent I can make as many friends as I wish, and enjoy them. My friend, don't have too many friends until you succeed."

Disheartening.

Anxious excursionist (who has run half a mile)—Hi there! Throw the gang-plank out again! I *must* go on the Aurania! Family aboard.

First officer (calmly)—This is th' Heturia, sir. We just got in. The Haurania sails in an hour from the other side of the dock.

He Was all "Business."

A butcher's wife called on a neighbor to inquire after her young hopeful, aged four weeks. "The little fellow is getting on splendidly," was the proud mother's reply; "I only wish he were a little stronger and bigger. Fancy, he only weighs seven pounds!" "Ah! with or without bones?"

Summer Vacations.

Before deciding on your summer vacation, call on or write nearest agent of the Lake Shore Ry., and obtain one of their pamphlets entitled "The Mail Bag," in which a list of routes and rates to the various Summer Resorts is given; or communicate with A. J. SMITH, General Passenger, Agent, Cleveland, O.

FUN IN A BANK.

A Depositor Who Laughed When He Was Neatly Robbed by a Stranger.

A reporter, who had been an amused and interested spectator of a funny incident in a bank, asked one of the officials:

"Do you meet with such things in the regular course of business?"

"Funny things! Well, I should say so. Most people have an idea that there is nothing that is prosaic and commonplace in the banking business, but they are altogether wrong. Some of the funniest scenes I ever witnessed happened right here in this bank. I'll give you a sample. Years ago a man whom we will call Jim Simpson, because that wasn't his name, was one of our depositors. Jim was a character. He kept a tavern a few miles out of the city and did a brisk business. He was a Yorkshire Englishman, stoutly built, and over six feet high, with a ruddy face, and keen, twinkling eyes.

"Jim used to come in every Saturday and deposit his receipts for the week, often having $200 or $300. Well, he invariably went through the same performance. Standing up by a desk near the teller's window, he would take out his big pocket-book, draw out his roll of bills and begin counting them over, laying the ones, twos, fives and tens each in a separate pile. Then he would pick up the fives, lay them crosswise of the tens, count them again, put the twos across, and go through the same process, until he had satisfied himself that his count was correct. It often took him fifteen or twenty minutes to get his money arranged in shape for depositing.

"One day, when he had an unusually large amount of money spread out before him, a stranger entered the bank, walked up to Jim without saying a word, nudged the old man with his elbow and pointed to the floor under the desk. The old fellow supposed, of course, that he had dropped a bill, and stooped down to look for it. Quick as a flash the other man sweept the pile of bills off the desk, crammed them into his pocket and was out in the street before Jim had time to straighten up. He looked around, saw the retreating stranger, then looked at the place where his money had been and broke into a loud and hearty laugh. 'Well, I'll be——!' said he, then laughed more noisly than ever.

"None of us in the bank had noticed what was going on, and we had no idea what the old man was laughing at. I never saw a person more amused than he appeared to be. Repeating over and over that he was willing to be 'd—d,' he haw-hawed till the walls fairly echoed. It was some time before he recovered his gravity sufficiently to explain what had occurred. He was so greatly struck with the rediculous nature of the trick that had been played upon him that he seemed to regard it as more than an equivalent for the money he had lost.

"Another man who used to have an account here, whenever he drew any money, always asked for 'small bills, twos and threes,' and he kept up the practice years and years after $3 bills ceased to be issued. He kept some Government bonds here, and came around at regular intervals to request us to 'cut off them there cowpens' for him.

"You have read, perhaps, of the countryman who bought a draft to pay a note which was about due at some bank in a distant city, put the paper in his pocket, imagined it to be a recipt, and only learned of his mistake when he received notice that his note was about to be protested. I have known just such cases myself. But people may joke as they like about the county folks; I had much rather do business with them than with some of the smart city men who imagine that they know everything and seems to think a cashier is wofully ignorant if he says he doesn't know them.

"Often, in answer to a request for identification, I have been greeted with the set phrase, 'Young man, I did business with this bank before you were born.' It is amusing to see what a ridiculous passion such a man will sometimes get into when he is told the fact may be exactly as he states it, but the bank does not know him now. It is to be expected that people who are unfamiliar with banking rules and methods will give a good deal of annoyance, but there are others like the man I have described, who do the same thing in order to impress us with the sense of their importance.

"An amusing thing took place in our bank only a few days ago. A laboring man had been given a check by a well known contractor, and came in to get his money. I told him he must be identified. The man started, not having the faintest idea what the word meant.

"Do you mean vaccinated?" he asked.

"'No, no,' I replied, after turning away to laugh. 'Bring somebody here that knows you are the person named in the check. We can't pay money to people we don't know.'

"The man departed and returned in about fifteen minutes accompanied by his wife. He seemed greatly surprised when I told him that her identification of him would not be sufficient, and that he must bring somebody who was known to the people in the bank. After I had wasted a half hour making explanations the maker of the check happened to drop in and I got rid of my troublesome visitor.

"I have seen men get so angry over a polite request that they be identified that they would actually tear up their checks, meanwhile denouncing loudly the man who paid his debts with worthless pieces of paper instead of cash.

"There are any number of people, sometimes, I think, as many as nine out of ten, who seem to think it no crime to cheat a bank. If there is a streak of meanness anywhere in a man's nature it will crop out when he is put to the test on a question of money. Sometimes I have amused myself by experimenting with men to find out whether they were honest. There is an easy way of ascertaining. For instance, a depositor hands in his bank book, together with a number of bills and checks, the amount of which are to be placed to his credit.

"He has made out a deposit ticket, which he holds in his hand while I count the money. 'How much?' I ask. 'What do you make it?' he inquires. I name a sum $5 or $10 larger than I have ascertained the amount to be. If the man is honest he will say he thinks I am mistaken, but often he will turn around and make out another deposit ticket, fixing the amount to correspond with the figures I have given. Then, of course, I count the cash again and announce that I have made a mistake, and to prove it hand back the money and let him recount it. Men whom nobody would ever suspect of crookedness in business matters are often very quick to take advantage of a little mistake in their favor. I know several wealthy gentlemen who I truly believe would never think of paying back any sum, large or small, that got into their hands through a bank clerk's mistake."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and wakefulness, with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from biliary derangement."

Capital Learns a Lesson.

Village Workingman—Well, sir, we're ready.

Enterprising Citizen—Ready for what?

Village Workingman—You spoke some time ago about building a factory to help the town along, and so we've been hard at work getting in shape for it. We've formed a trades' federation of all the workingmen in the county, and after a great deal of trouble have at last settled on how many hours we will work, what time we will begin, what time we will stop, what wages we want, what hands you can employ and what you can't, what foremen and superintendent you must have, and all the other little things which workingmen have a right to demand. You saw the accounts of our meetings in the paper, I suppose? Why don't you rush up that factory?

Enterprising Citizen—I have no capital now.

Village Workingman—No capital?

Enterprising Citizen—No; I turned it over to the state board of Lunacy to hold in trust for me, and instructed them that if I ever asked for the principal they should put me in a straight-jacket.—*Puck.*

No Change in the Force.

Israel Jones—Friend Thomas, is thee the agent of the Inscrutable Fire Insurance company?

Mr. Bluff (very busy)—Yes.

Israel Jones—I see by the morning papers that the company has failed.

Mr. Bluff (still busy)—All gone to the devil!

Israel Jones—Gone to the devil, thee says, Friend Thomas? Well, as thee will probably still continue to be the agent of it, I leave the policies with thee. Farewell!—*Puck.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Things That Have Become Cheap and Plenty as a Result of Protection.

A lady of Providence, R. I., the wife of a retired admiral, furnishes the following statement to the New York *Press* in regard to prices in the days of English free trade with the United States:

"Forty years ago, when I was a young lady, I remember what prices we had to pay for the things we wore and the cloth we used. We paid $1 a yard for French calico, and it was considered then quite a dressy article for young ladies to wear, too. We bought English cambric for 75 cents a a yard, and I well remember that when we were hemming our handkerchiefs we used to break our needles by the dozen there was so much lime in the goods. But we had to take what the English and French would send us, and we had to pay for it pretty much whatever they were disposed to ask for it. It seems to me very strange that any one who has lived long enough to be able to compare those times with these should be a free trader."

Those were the days, also, when the farmer had very little market for his produce. It took two dozen eggs or a pound of butter to buy a pound of sugar, and tea and coffee were too expensive to be indulged in by those who had mortgages upon their farms. No farmer kept a larger number of sheep than was need to supply the family in wool and mutton, for there was absolutely no market for wool, and there are those who remember how the surplus was tied up in bundles till the next year and the extra sheep put to death and eaten for the crime of loading their backs too heavily. A dress coat was worn almost a lifetime, and we can recall one well-to-do farmer whose blue coat with high shoulders, broad collar and brass buttons did service for his first wedding, the funeral of his first wife, and his second wedding, the three events covering a period of twelve years. In those days wheat brought 75 cents a bushels, corn 30 cents and oats 20 to 25 cents, the sole market for the latter being the canal.

Those were the days of free trade. There were no great manufacturing cities to consume the products of the farm and the only salable crop was wheat, which could be exported. England had a monopoly of our trade, and there was no inducement to the capitalist to invest in manufactures, or to inventive genius to devise labor saving machinery. Enterprise was dead.

The change came when a protective tariff was put upon American products. How great that change has become in forty years can be understood by a comparison of prices and conditions. The common people of the United States are immeasureably in advance of their ancestors in everything that pertains to prosperity and civilization. Has the same progress been made in free trade England? The movement has been in the opposite direction. The working people there are poorer, more ignorant, more debased, and there is a larger proportion living in almshouses, workhouses and other charitable institutions than there were forty years ago. Is it any wonder that one whose memory goes back forty years should dread a return to free trade and dependence once more upon England for both our supplies and our markets?

A MOUNTAIN-DEW QUEEN.

She Got the Better of the Judge When Arraigned.

Miss Bettie Smith, of Fentress county, Tenn., who was arrested on the charge of illicit distilling, is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance, "The Blue-Headed Sapsucker, or the Rock Where the Juice Ran Out." Col. Harvey Mathes, editor of the Memphis *Ledger*, says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a startling revelation. At one time Col. Mathes offered $3,000 for the discovery of the author.

When Miss Smith was arraigned before the United States court at Nashville she conducted herself with such grace and dignity that the polite old judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow.

"Miss Smith," said the judge, "to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me."

"It does me, too, judge."

"How old are you?"

"Judge, you should not ask such a question, but I will tell you. I am two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months, and still speaks well of her husband. Now, how old am I?"

"I cannot tell.

"I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency."

"Why did you go into the distilling business?"

"Because I wanted to make whisky."

"How long have you been a distiller?"

"Ever since I was sixteen years old."

"When were you sixteen years old?"

"The year my father died."

"What year was that?"

"The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas."

"Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my question. Remember that if convicted of this awful charge, you will be sent to the penitentiary. What did you do with the whisky you made?"

"Sold it."

"Who bought it?"

"Well, judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all. Some time ago a party of gentlemen came out into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whisky, but found it difficult to buy any. After a while I told a man if he would put his jug down on a dollar, and go away, he might, when he came back, find the jug full. He did so."

"Would you know the man?"

"Oh, yes, I recognized him in a moment. You are the man, judge."

He Had No Check.

Will. J. Davis of the Haymarket theater, tells of a night of minstrelsy in a California town in Petaluma Valley. He was manager of the show, which was given in a skating rink, opposite a cornfield. The average Californian was not unlike the average Chicago theater-goer between acts. He had the same thirst, the only difference being that the Californian had further to go for his elixir. Mr. Davis, knowing something of the character of the Californian carrying his point, had asked the city marshal of the town to occupy a seat with him in the box-office. The rush-out between acts had returned, and Mr. Davis was preparing to count up. A typical miner presented himself, whittling with a knife, the blade of which was six inches long.

"You know me?" said the Californian.

Mr. Davis said he hadn't the honor.

"I was in and went out," the Californian remarked, turning off another shaving.

Mr. Davis asked him for his check.

"You didn't give me no check," said the man with the knife.

"Beg your pardon," remarked the Chicago man, who began to feel that he was a long way from home.

"I'm goin' in," said the Californian, "and if you try to stop me I'll take this here knife and lay your liver out where the crows 'll pick at it. D'ye understand, you hatchet-faced, long-eared curiosity from the East?"

Mr. Davis nudged the town marshal, who got up and looked out of the window. "Is that you, Bill?" he asked of the Californian.

"Yes, it's me, and I ain't got no check."

The town marshal turned to Mr. Davis and said: "Well, if Bill says you didn't give him no check, you didn't. And I reckon it's best for the show to let him go in."

And Bill went in and put his feet on the back of a man who sat in front of him, but there was no disturbance. "It was the peacefullest show I ever gave," said Mr. Davis. "I was in that town some time after that, and I heard that Bill had been elected mayor."—*Chicago Times.*

The Microbe of Consumption.

Dr. Hime, a famous German chemist, states that the coal tar colors have had much to do with the progress of bacteriology, which may now be called a science. The almost infinitely small animals, the microbes, until lately but little studied, now seem to be either the cause or the symptom of most diseases. The microbe of consumptive disease is reported to take up aniline colors with great readiness, "and it is the only microbe known at the present day which, after being stained in this way, is able to resist the action of strong acids; so that if a number of microbes whose appearance is not distinctive enough to denote their natures are stained by the same dye, on putting them into a solution of nitric acid the only one which will stand the action of the strong acid is the microbe of consumption."

The New House.

"How many rooms in your new house, my dear?" inquired a good old-fashioned mother of her daughter, who had just acquired a West Side home. "Ten apartments—reception room, drawing-room, dining-room, larder, cuisine, lavatory, and four chambers, besides the attic and furnace-room," was the reply. "Dear me, how your father gets things mixed," exclaimed the old lady. "He told me after he bought the house, that there was a parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, pantry, kitchen, bath-room, four bed-rooms, a cellar and a garret."—*Buffalo Express.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE BOYS HAVE BRAINS.

L. E. THORP.

Tune—The Army Bean.

There's a man that the vet'rans despise,
Politician's his name without doubt.
He is known when he talks in this wise;
"Oh, the 'old soldier' game is played out."
Chorus—Then beware, have a care,
Politician you'll find for your pains,
That the Boys, whom you dare,
Are possessed of both ballots and brains.

Though the boys in their pockets are thin,
And their bodies are racking with pains,
Though crippled, or gone, are their limbs,
Yet these veteran boys still have brains.
Cho.

When the flags were all ordered returned,
And the records destroyed, it was plain
That the vet'rans, whose valor was spurned,
Were possessed of a good stock of brain.
Cho.

When in party convention you've met,
In no matter what party he trains,
Have a care, or you may regret
That these veteran boys still have brains.
Cho.

The Battle of Shiloh.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As there has been much said and written pro and con concerning the battle of Shiloh from the generals commanding, down to the observing private, I would like to throw this chunk of cottonwood on the fire to see the sparks fly, which is my deliberate conclusion derived by reading the many opinions in print upon the subject, and confirmed by a visit to the field on the 11th and 12th of July '86, and facts obtained of those who were living on the Corinth road at the time of the battle, and of those who participated in the battle of both sides.

First, that General Grant's men were at no time during the first day as badly whipped and discouraged, as were General Johnston's men after three unsuccessful attempts to break Grant's left center which was finally done by the rebel commanding general rallying his discouraged troops, for they had refused to make another attempt until forced into line and the charge made and led in person by their commander-in-chief, which resulted in his death. Grant's broken line moved to the right, making a gap, so that fresh troops from Burnville, coming in on the Hamburg road about 4 p. m., took position in the gap and rear, compelling the surrender of General Prentiss and his men, which, owing to the great exultations in the rebel ranks at the time, proved more disastrous to them in the day's result than had General Prentiss' men moved back to their left and filled the gap and not been compelled to surrender.

Second—That General Grant's army had at no time as many skulkers as Johnston's, and these were not as depleting to the ranks, as Grant's men could only go to the river, and were rallied and placed in line, while Johnston's men were scattered through the woods to Corinth.

Third—That the rebel loss in killed and wounded was the greater, and that they were whipped on the evening of the first day, notwithstanding Grant's lines had fallen back two miles.

Fourth—That after Grant took his last stand in the artillery duel in the evening, and had his forces properly concentrated and the skulkers rallied, and taking the aggressive early of the second day by the aid of General Lew Wallace, I say that had not General Johnston been killed, or General Buell and his army had not come upon the field, the result would have been the same, all others to the contrary notwithstanding, and with due respect to the gallant army of the Cumberland.—JACOB G. MATLICK, Co. B, 5th W. Va. Cav., Kirkville, Mo.

Death of a Brave Soldier.

Josiah Henry Crommett, who died in Chicago recently from the effects of a surgical operation, was one of the youngest soldiers in the army. When a mere youth at the first call for troops to defend the nation he enlisted in an Illinois regiment of volunteers at the age of 13, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Lexington, Mo. After a forced march with attendant hardships he was paroled, and returned home. But this had not quenched his patriotic feelings or dampened his military ardor, and, not acknowledging the validity of his parole, he went to Maine, the place of his birth, and enlisted in Co. E, 8th Maine Volunteers, serving faithfully until the surrender of Lee's at Appomattox Court House. At one time, during the peninsula campaign, a 30-day furlough was offered as a prize to the best drilled and most military-looking soldier in the brigade. The prize was awarded to young Crommet and he generously applied for leave to transfer the privilege to a sick comrade which was granted. He was a citizen of irreproachable character, a friend of more than ordinary constancy and his loyalty to family and country were characteristics of his nature that will long be cherished by those near and dear to him.

Care for the Privates.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will bring a pine knot to make a small blaze with. We take the dear old BLADE and we always turn to the CAMP FIRE first. We like to hear from the old soldiers. My husband served his country four years and ten months, and marched with Sherman to the sea. He gave the best years of his life for his country, and, as long as he was able to work, he asked nothing; but when his health failed, he applied for a pension five years ago but has not received it yet. Are the wives and children of the officers better than those of the private? How readily their pensions are granted! Would they have won their straps if it had not been for the rank and file? How it makes my blood boil when I hear them called "Coffee Coolers," "Bounty Jumpers" and "Paupers." No one but a coward or rebel would call them that. To my thinking the country cannot do enough for its brave defenders. We would like to hear from the boys of the old 45th. I think they could greatly add to the blaze of the CAMP FIRE with such a record as they have. My husband belonged to company F, 45th Illinois infantry.—A SOLDIERS' WIFE, Marshfield, Wood county, Wis.

Outnumbered But Victorious.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—By request of Comrade J. C. McMahon, I will advance and throw on a chip to keep the camp fire burning. I was one of the Lincoln hirelings that was with Gen. Steel from Little Rock to Camden and return. I belonged to the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 7th Army Corps, and must differ from the statement in the Chicago *Times* when it says that Steel's army numbered 13,000 men. I do not think that he had any more than 7,000 men all told. As regards the length of time we were in going from Camden, I think it was just ten days, during which we fought one battle, when the rebs outnumbered us more than three to one. We must admit that we lost some wagons, also a number of men, but we killed and captured more than we lost. As to wagons, they had none to lose. For our color bearers in 1888 give us Lincoln and Ingalls.—J. B. FREDERICK, Co. H. 29th Iowa Vol. Infa., Alliance, Barton county, Kas.

The Eastern Boys Were There.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Having been a reader of the CAMP FIRE so long, I have seen so much said of the Western armies and so little of the Eastern, that I was taught the belief that we had done no fighting worthy of mention along side that of the Western armies, and consequently was ashamed to let the BLADE readers know I had ever belonged to the Army of the Potomac and to the 2d corps; but having lately read "Chance of Being Shot" by Wm. F. Foy, in which he scarcely mentions a regiment from the West, I feel no longer like being cowed by such blowhorns. Now let us look at some of his figures. "Of the 100 Northern regiments, which lost the most men killed in action during the war, 35 belonged to the 2d corps, while 17 was the highest number belonging to any other corps, and so on." When McClellan was driven to Harrison's Landing and the capital in danger, a call was made for recruits, and reinforcements being necessary at once, a call was made in Pennsylvania for nine months' volunteers, and I believe some twenty regiments of nine months' volunteers were raised in a few days. I enlisted August 4, 1862, was mustered in the United States service August 8 and organized as Co. K, 130th regiment, P. V., August 18; sent at once to Arlington Heights, Pa., and on the 29th sent to Chain Bridge to support Fort Marcy in the expectation that the rebel army would try to cross there, and when McClellan's army passed the 140th P. V. fell in and with the 108th New York and 14th Connecticut formed the 2nd brigade 3th division 2nd corps. We reached the battlefield of South Mountain in the night after the fight was over, having been too far off on the right flank to meet the enemy. That was on September 15. On the 17th, we were placed in the center, held our ground, losing one-fourth in killed and wounded in Co. K. For the rest of the regiment I have not the number of lost. As I was one of the badly wounded, having a ball through my left elbow, it finished my fighting, but I was at Chancellorsville as hospital attendant.—LEWIS CLINE, of Co. K, 130th Regt. P. V., Lewisberry, York Co., Pa.

Privates and Officers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—G. W. Gaudy, of Co. F, 30th Iowa, in the CAMP FIRE of February 24, brings up the question of the inequality of pensions of private soldiers and officers, and some one replies that as a rule, officers were considered of more value to the government than were private soldiers. Admitting that the officers were of greater value to the government than were the private soldiers, would not the difference in the pay of the officers and that of the private soldier make up for the difference of the value of their services? To be sure the officers had to furnish their own clothing and rations, but the difference in their pay would provide clothing and rations, and have enough to pay the difference in the value of their service to the government if there was any difference. Are not a great many of the commissioned officers well provided for at the present time, with good fat positions under the government? True, officers were necessary to plan great campaigns, but private soldiers were needed to execute these plans, and should be entitled to a great share of the glory and reward for the suppression of the rebellion, but the officers will live in history, while the private soldier will only live in the hearts of the people, with not the remotest corner in history to record their deeds of daring and bravery. An officer had one decided advantage over the private soldier. He could go to the front and see the elephant, and if he did not like the looks of him, he could resign and go home, and get a pension for valuable services rendered the government, but not so with the private soldier. He was in for three years, unless sooner shot, and had to stay, unless he became disabled so that he was no good to Uncle Sam. Then he might get his discharge and go home, and if he could prove that he was a sound man before he enlisted, (after having passed a most rigid examination by one of Uncle Sam's most skillful surgeons), he might possibly get a pension, if he did not die of old age while his claim was going through.—F. M. WATERS, late of Co. G, 13th Mich. V. V. I., Climax, Mich.

Keep in Line.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been a reader of the BLADE for nearly two years and like it very much. My attention is first called to the CAMP FIRE, hoping to hear from some of my old comrades of the 14th Illinois Infantry. At last a small shot is fired by W. H. Drury of Co. H in the BLADE of January 10. He opens by saying "Hurrah for Bob Lincoln first, last, and all the time," and that he will never vote for Blaine again. Now, old dry, I remember you well, and trust you will allow me to exchange a friendly shot. I think the most that you should regret is that your vote did not elect James G. Blaine to the President's chair. I believe he would have made the best President that has ever ruled over this government since the assassination of our martyred Lincoln. Now, comrades, let us keep in line and battle for our principles, on the line that may be laid out at our National Republican convention, let that line be Lincoln, Sherman, Blaine, or any man that has proved himself true and worthy in the opinion of our convention when assembled. I think we have had an overdose of Old Veto. Little is our four years' service appreciated by him or the Democratic party. So keep in line, and we will unload the burden on the 6th of November next. What has become of the old Fourteenth boys? I hope some of them will throw the top rail on the CAMP FIRE and make glad their comrade—J. L. COLE, Co. I, 14th Ill. Inft., Bethany, Missouri.

For Lincoln and Foraker—That's Me.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I sent through a news agency for the BLADE this time, but if I get forgiveness for it I will never do it again. I am very much interested in ousting the Johnnies again. They are pretty well seated, and we have not as good generals as we had at Appomattox. Still, if we make no mistakes and the boys stand together, they will have to get. Only think of it! 'Is royal 'ness, Grover, the heavy weight, and 'er grace, Frances, taking their little satchels and descending to—well, just nothing too bad to think of. Come, boys, wake up, get the *Congressional Record*, and note the party that stood by us throughout, and let it not be said that it was you that did it.—DAN KNIGHT, Co. C, 5th Ia. Cav., Colfax, Ia.

A Patriotic Family.

EDITOR CAMP-FIRE:—I am very much interested in the CAMP FIRE letters. My father, grandfather and three uncles were in the army. One uncle died in the Andersonville prison. We never learned any particulars concerning his death, but thought perhaps this might reach some one who knew him. His name was George Thompson, 2nd Indiana Cavalry. My father was discharged from Crittenden Hospital, Louisville, Ky., 11th Ind. Cavalry.—MISS FLORENCE VESEY, Goshen, Ind.

Gossip in the Tents.

Frank Tanks, of St. Peters, Mo., came to this country in 1858 from Germany, and enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment. He says that he has five gunshot wounds, but never asked for a pension and never will. He thinks that there is too much of the pension business. He lives next to a rebel colonel who is one of the best neighbors he ever had. When the war was over he quit fighting, and he hopes all old soldiers will do the same.

The ex-prisoners of war of Michigan will hold their reunion at Ithaca, Gratiot county, Mich., on Wednesday and Thursday, June 20 and 21, 1888. All ex-prisoners of war are cordially invited to attend. The place can be reached by the Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan railroad, also the D., L. & N. A rousing time is expected. Rations of corn, ground cob and all, will not be issued on those days.

For the benefit of those of our correspondents whose contributions have not yet appeared, we reiterate that we have preserved all manuscript mention of which has not yet been made, *except where it was written on both sides of the paper*, and will, in due time, either publish in full or give liberal extracts. The old soldiers are contributing so liberally that we have a good many letters on hand, for which we are very grateful.

A Disappointed Boy.

One day a week or two ago a lady from Philadelphia brought a letter of introduction to President Cleveland that insured her a private interview. She was accompanied by a bright little son, aged 6 years. The President received them in his office and sat by his desk and talked in his friendly way with his visitor. Presently the mother noticed her boy frowning and sulking in his chair. She whispered an inquiry as to the cause of his apparent trouble. "Why, mamma, he isn't sitting on a throne and he has no crown on his head. He is only a man."—*Washington Capital.*

Heard It Before.

"Maude," he said softly, as he pulled out the tremulo stop in his larynx, "will you marry me?"

"No," she answered with all the earnestness of sincere conviction.

He paused, as if in deep thought, and then said:

"Strange, strange, how a simple word revives scenes and impressions that have passed away. I am almost certain that I have heard that before."

When Greek Meets Greek.

A man in Arizona owned the only tree in town which had a limb low enough and long enough for the purposes of lynching parties. He used to rent it out at $5 a hanging. The Western Union Telegraph company put up its poles in that town recently, and that man's source of income is gone. When one monopoly meets another monopoly the weaker must go the wall.

No Patience with that Cow.

A little city boy, while spending a few weeks in Florida, was obliged to drink some condensed milk, as no other was to be had. "Mamma, must I drink this condensed milk all the time?" he said one day. "Yes, my child," answered the mother, "we can not get any other kind for you." "Well," replied the little fellow, "I just wish that condensed cow would die."

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AMERICAN WOMEN OF TITLE.

Lady Harcourt, of England, was Miss Motley, of Boston.

Prince de Lynar, of France, married Miss Parsons, of Ohio.

Miss Jerome, of New York, is now Lady Churchill, of England.

Miss Gordon, of Ohio, became Baroness Quartorze, of Belgium.

Countess Aniadei, of Italy, was Miss Lewis, of Connecticut.

Miss Blunt, of Mobile, became the wife of Baron de Riverre, of Italy.

Miss Sharon, of California, is now known as Lady Hesketh, of England.

Countess Galli, of Italy, is known in Philadelphia as Miss Roberts.

Baroness de Charette, of Italy, was once simply Miss Polk, of Tennessee.

Lord Mandeville, of England, chose Miss Yznaga, of New York, for his wife.

Miss Mackay of California became by marriage Princess Colonna of Italy.

Miss Blake of Boston now writes her name Countess de Cootlogan of Italy.

The wife of Marquise de Valori of France was a Miss Ledoux of New Orleans.

Count Leonetti of Italy visited South Carolina and made Miss Chisholm a countess.

The Countess de Susauret of France once signed her letters "Miss French, Albany."

A lady of Philadelphia changed the title Miss Smith for Baroness Von Frieson, Germany.

Miss Ridgeway of Philadelphia now lives in France, being known of Marquis de Ganey.

Miss Hamilton of California was the belle of her state till she became Lady Waterton of England.

Miss Von Hoffman, of New York, was transformed by matrimony into Marquise de Mores, of France.

Prince Ruspoli came all the way from Italy to New Orleans to make Miss Broadwood a princess.

When the Philadelphia friends of Miss Moore write to her they address the epistles "Baroness Von Kosen, Sweden."

Finnish Enterprise.

A native of Finland named Runen was sent about two years ago to the east at the expense of the government, with the object of endeavoring to discover the art of Persian carpet-weaving, the secret of which is strictly guarded by those engaged in the trade. He made the journey disguised as a simple workman, but it was only after long and fruitless efforts to obtain admission into a Turkish carpet manufactory that he succeeded at a small place near Smyrna in acquainting himself with the process and making a design of a loom. A Persian carpet manufactory has now been established in Finland, and important results are anticipated from the new branch of industry thus introduced.

The Way to Defeat Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland will be fought on his record, on account of the violation of his pledges, his prostitutions of the public service for political purposes, his weak and pusillanimous foreign policy, his demoralizing influence on the domestic departments. There will be no necessity of discussing his personal record, and it is to be hoped that no such attempt will be made. His public record will afford ample scope for discussion. He will be sustained or condemned and defeated. He certainly ought to be.—*Chicago Tribune.*

She Concluded Not to Wait.

An obliging lady customer in a certain store insisted that she always traded with the proprietor and not with mere clerks. "But the proprietor is not in," said the clerks. "Oh, well," was the reply, "I'll sit right down and wait for him." She waited, and as the half hours sped she grew impatient. "When will he be back?" she said, loftily. "In about four weeks, madam," was the reply. "He is now on a business trip to Montana." She traded with the clerks.

Where Spiritualized Politeness Is.

American woman, she occupies a truly ideal position, and American life of the best type radiates with the light of her beneficent influence. You find in American woman a quality which I am afraid is beginning to disappear in Paris and is almost unknown in London—a kind of spiritualized politeness, a tender solicitude for other people, combined with a strong individuality.—*Max O'Rell.*

Condensed Wit.

"Seen Mrs. LePace's latest cane?"

"No; anything special?"

"Oh, it's really unique. She had a composite taken from her present and ex-husband's photos; then had a cut from it in mother-of-pearl with diamond eyes. She's always been specially fortunate in marrying good talkers, you know, and she says it's a real inspiration at a conversazione."—*Judge.*

He Was Embarassed.

Jinks was a young man who had been married a year and he was telling a friend how diffident he was when single.

"Were you much embarassed when you 'popped the question?' asked his friend.

"Embarassed? Well, I should say I was. I owed $1,500 for board and clothes and one thing or the other, and didn't have a darned cent to pay it with."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Bright Dog.

Pretty Cousin (to Young Sissy)—That is a very intelligent dog you have, Charley.

Young Sissy (proudly)—Yes, indeed, Maud. Why, I couldn't begin to tell you all that dog knows.

Pretty cousin—No, I fancy not, Charley.

No Cause for Complaint.

Editor's Young Wife—My dear, you must excuse me for coming down in a wrapper this morning.

Editor—Don't mention it, my love. Some of our most valuable exchanges come to us in wrappers.

The Small Boy's Complaint.

The minister was dining with his family; and he said to Bobby with an amused smile, "I'm afraid, Bobby, that you haven't the patience of Job." "No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry; "but Job wasn't always helped last."

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

4-11-44.

J. N. Burton, Ia.

Would you please tell me about the 4-11-44 dodge. I do not know what kind of a fraud.

The manner in which 4-11-44 came into use is as follows: There is a game called policy; it is of the lottery plan. You buy a combination of numbers, and when the drawing takes place, if the numbers you selected come out you win. Some years ago the numbers 4-11-44 came out and won for the person having it a considerable sum of money. Since then 4-11-44 has been a by-word among the policy players. Policy is a game played very extensively in the Southern States among the negroes, and to a certain extent among all classes in the North. The darkies, in playing this game, throw their whole life into it. They have a dream book filled with pictures and accompanied by numbers. When they dream they consult this book, find the numbers the thing they dream about is supposed to represent, and from this make up a combination and take a chance.

Stafford Northcote.

Hart, Mich. 1. Give a brief sketh of Sir David Salomons. 2. Also Sir Stafford Northcote.

1. Sir David Salomons the first Jew who became English magistrate, was Lord Mayor of London from 1855 to '66; born 1797, died 1873. 2. Sir Stafford Northcote was born in London, October 27, 1808. He was educated at Oxford, and studied for the bar. He first entered Parliament in 1855. He was Mr. Gladstone's private secretary for a time, and also held a secretaryship in the treasury. He first entered the Cabinet under Lord Derby, in 1856, as President of the Board of Trade, and was made Secretary for India during the following year. During his term of office the Abyssinian expedition was planned and carried out, and its success was largely due to his able management. As chancellor of the exchequer, however, which position he held from 1874 to 1878, Sir Stafford Northcote won his great reputation. He was regarded as an authority on all financial matters. He was the leader of the Conservative party in the Commons from Disraeli's elevation to the peerage until 1886, when he too was made a peer, with the title of Lord Iddesleigh. Americans should not forget that he was a member of the joint high commission on the Alabama claims. He died January 12, 1887. Sir Stafford Northcote was not a man of brilliant parts, but was remarkable for his strong sense and clear judgment. These qualities, combined with his thorough uprightness and a frank, amiable manner, secured to him the great influence which he exerted for so many years over his fellow-Conservatives of the House of Commons.

Hugh Conway.

Pontiac, Mich.:

1. Who was Eliza Thompson? 2. Who is the author of "Hugh Conway?"

1. Eliza Thompson was a leader of the first band known as the Temperance Crusade in Hillsboro, O., December 23, 1873. 2. Frederick J. Fargus was born in Bristol, England, in 1847. He received a fair education, and entered commercial life, displaying apparently, in youth, no literary ambition or taste. He was an auctioneer at Bristol, and never was heard of as an author till he attained a sudden reputation, in 1884, by a work entitled "Called Back." It is said that he wrote it in ten weeks, and received $4,000 for it from a Bristol publisher. It was first printed in November, 1883, and for a few months seemed to have attracted no attention whatever. Then it suddenly sprang into popularity, and its publisher was so overwhelmed with orders that he was obliged to purchase four new presses to get out books fast enough for the demand. The book was published in the United States, where it had also a phenomenal sale. It was subsequently translated into French, German, Italian, Swedish, Spanish and Dutch. Its great success was followed up by a rapid publication of other stories by Mr. Fargus most of them, probably, written before the publication of his first works. Their titles were: "Dark Days," "Bound Together," "Carriston's Gift and Other Tales," "A Family Affair," "Slings and Arrows," and "A Cardinal Sin." All of these were also republished in the United States. "Called Back" was dramatized and placed on the stage with considerable success, both in England and the United States. Mr. Fargus was also the author of a volume of poems and several popular songs. His health was not good, and he went to Monte Carlo, Italy, in the winter of 1884, and died there on April 13, following. Mr. Fargus's books are characterized with abundant wealth of incident, and the action of the story is so rapid and dramatic as to excite absorbing interest, but they are almost wholly wanting in literary merit.

Julius Cæsar's Wives.

Constant Reader, Fargo, Neb.

1. How many wives had Julius Cæsar?
2. When was Canada discovered and bywhom?

1. Julius Cæsar had four wives. The first was Cassulia, and he must have marrieh her when very young, for when he was 17 years old, in the year 83 B. C., he divorced her in order to marry Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, the leader of the democratic party. His Aunt Julia having married Marius, the foremost chief of the people's party, young Cæsar was doubly allied to that faction. Sulla, the patrician leader, endeavored to induce the young man to repudiate his wife, and as he would not do this, took from him both his fortune and his office. Sulla was induced by influence to withdraw his proscription, though unwillingly, remarking that he saw "in that perfumed youth a hundred Mariuses;" but Cæsar did not return to Rome until after the tyrant's death. Cornelia died in 68 B. C., and the following year Cæsar married Pompeia, a relative of Pompey and a granddaughter of Sulla. She was divorced in B. C. 61, under the following circumstances: The Roman women held annually on the 1st of May a festival to the Goddess of Earth, or the Bona Dea. No men were allowed to be present at these festivals under pain of death. In the year mentioned the matrons met at the house of Cæsar, and a young man named Publius Clodius managed to obtain admittance in the disguise of a female musician. He was, of course, detected, and as Pompeia was known to be friendly toward the young man it was supposed that she had connived at the sacrilege and had admitted the youth for criminal purpose. Cæsar made no charge against either his wife or Clodius, and when the latter was brought to trial for impiety he would not give any testimony against him, nor would he admit to his friends that he believed the parties to be guilty, but he put away his wife, saying, "The wife of Cæsar should be above suspicion." The last wife of the great Roman was Calphurnia, the daughter of Lucius Piso, whom he married B. C. 59, and who survived him. 2. Canada was discovered by John and Sebastian Cabot June 24, 1497.

John Barneveldt,

Oshkosh, Wis.:

1. What is terra-cotta?
2. Please give a sketch of the life of John Barneveldt.

1. Terra-cotta, is an Italian term signifying baked clay. It is applied chiefly to manufacturers of brickearth used for ornamental purposes. 2. John Barneveldt, the elder, was born in the province of Utrecht, in 1547. He came of an old and illustrious family. Early showing remarkable talents, he was educated for the profession of law, and began practice at The Hague in 1569. So ardent was his sympathy with the efforts of his countrymen to throw off the hated yoke of Spain, that he served as a volunteer in the sieges of Harlem and Leyden. In 1585, when the reverses of the patriots had nearly robbed them of courage, Barneveldt was sent to England to ask aid from Queen Elizabeth. In this embassy he was successful, and an expedition was fitted out under Lord Leicester, and sent to aid the Dutch. The English general was invested with supreme authority, but used his powers so unwisely that he was recalled in 1586. Barneveldt having been given the high office of Advocate General of Holland, by his prudent management, succeeded in greatly improving the financial affairs of the states. It was his influence that secured for young Prince Maurice, of Nassau, the office of stadtholder, a kindness which the young man later requitted by becoming Barneveldt's most bitter enemy. In 1598 Barneveldt was sent on an embassy to France and secured an alliance of that country, and in 1603 he also secured from James I of England a promise of friendship and continued aid. But in 1607, having secured a recognition of the provinces, he advocated a truce with Spain, being convinced that further bloodshed would bring no advantage to the country. In this plan Prince Maurice opposed him and accused him of having taken bribes from the Spanish court. But Barneveldt triumphed over all opposition, and in 1609 the famous twelve years' truce was concluded. From this time Maurice was his sworn foe. The two men were leaders of two great parties, opposed not only on civil but on religious questions. Maurice desired the sovereign power, and therefore his party clamored for the restoration of a monarchy, but Barneveldt resolutely maintained the freedom of the republic. The clerical party, which sided with Prince Maurice, was bent on having Calvinism established as the state religion and on refusing toleration to other religions; Barneveldt and the Armenians contended that each province should be left free to adopt the form which it preferred. The clerical party incited attacks on the Armenians, and when Barneveldt called together the militia to suppress the disorder Maurice disbanded it. August 29, 1618, Barneveldt and two of his chief friends were arrested and imprisoned. In November following the famous Synod of Dort was called by Maurice, which condemned the Armenian doctrines as rank history. Barneveldt and his friends were put on trial by a special commission during the session of the synod. The manner of the proceedings was wholly illegal and all the charges against Barneveldt were fully disproved, but it was determined that he should die and the farce of a trial was soon closed with his conviction. He was found guilty among other things of "having brought the church of God into trouble," and his death sentence was unscrupulously confirmed by the synod. On May 14, just five days after the closing of the synod, the venerable statesman and patriot was beheaded at The Hague, meeting his death without a word of regret or a sign of fear. His two sons sought to avenge his death some years after by joining in a plot against Prince Maurice. This was, however, unsuccessful, and one of the young men was arrested and put to death, while the other escaped and entered the Spanish army.

State Capitals.

Ellen, Tucson, Ariz.:

Is it true that many states have changed the location of their capital city?

When the country was new the capital city of all the states was placed where it was easiest of access to the greatest number of citizens. It was always placed as near as possible in the center of population, and as the state grew the population spread out in all directions, and it became necessary to change the capital city. Just now the question of moving the capital of Kansas from Topeka is being considered, and the Abilene *Gazette*, in advocating the change, sites the Nebraska case as follows: "Nebraska, whose greatest length in center, is about 420 miles, established its capital at Omaha, on the Missouri river, and the people of that metropolis would have laughed to scorn any proposition that would have taken away from them the seat of government. In August, 1866, Lancaster, the shire town of Lancaster county, had a public building of cobble stones, externally completed, which was designed for the court-house and an academy combined. There was an assemblage of citizens from the county convened therein, who met for the double purpose of forming a county agricultural society and of nominating a ticket for county officers. Buffalo grass covered the prairies, straggling bovines were picketed out thereon, and, save a store and dwelling, this embryotic state house was all that was visible of buildings on the townsite. The salines lay up to the northwest and a little gnarled timber on the west in the Salt Creek valley. And yet Hon. David Butler, a hoosier from Pawnee City, in the county of Pawnee, as its governor, succeeded in the following year by his persistency with co-operation with legislators, of making this Lancaster—Lincoln—the capital city of Nebraska!" Michigan voted away the capital from the magnificent city of Detroit, on its southeast border, by act of the legislature of March 16, 1847, and on December 25, 1847, its seat of government became established at the village of Lansing in Ingham county, which was then so much of a howling wilderness that huge stumps remained in its streets. Iowa's seat of government went from its southeast corner, Burlington, to a little distance further north to Iowa City, and finally to a central point, Des Moines, which gave satisfaction. Illinois abandoned its state-capital at Vandalia, and in 1837 established it at a central point, the city of Springfield, made immortal by having been the dwelling place of Abraham Lincoln. Georgia removed her capital from Milledgeville to its great railroad center, Atlanta, and thus enhanced the fame of the empire state of the South. Louisiana abandoned New Orleans, its great metropolis, as its capital city, and located it at the better point for its people, Baton Rouge. Indiana most willingly made a capital removal from Corydon on a bend in the Ohio river to central Indianapolis, now one of the best inland cities in the country. Missouri is agitating the matter of the removal of its capital from Jefferson City to either Sedalia or its great railroad center, Kansas City. West Virginia, to the very great convenience of its people, removed its capital from Wheeling at its isthmus between Pennsylvania and Ohio to the comparatively central point, Charleston. Ohio deemed it no scarilege to remove its capital from its now beautiful Chillicothe to its central Columbus. Connecticutt sensibly abolished its state capital at New Haven and made its central Hartford its only seat of government. Alabama satisfactorily removed its seat of government from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery, its main objective point.

Ireland.

B. C. Akers, Decatur, Iowa—J. M. J., Abilene, Kan.—Emma L., Jacksonville, Fla.:

Please give an historical sketch of Ireland; its early people, etc.

According to ancient native legends Ireland was, at a remote time, peopled with tribes called Ferbolgs and Danauns, eventually subdued by Milesians or Gaels who acquired supremacy of the island. The primitive people of Ireland are now believed, however, to have been of the same Indo-European race with the original population of Britain. Although Ireland, styled Iernis, is mentioned in Greek poems five years before Christ, and by the name of Hibernia and Juverna by ancient Pagan writers, little is known of her people until after the fourth century after Christ, when under the appellation of Scoti, or the inhabitants of Scotia, they became famous for their descents upon the Roman province of Britain. These expeditions were continued and extended to the coast of Gual, until the time of Laguire McNeil, Monarch of Ireland, 430 A. D., in whose reign St. Patrick attempted the conversion of the natives. From the earliest period every province of Ireland seems to have had its own king, subject to the Ard-Rich, or Monarch of Ireland, to whom the central district called Meath was allotted, and who usually resided at Tara. Each shire was governed by a chief selected from its most important family, and was required to be of mature age, capable of taking the field efficiently when occasion required. The laws were peculiar in their nature, dispensed by professional jurists styled brehons, who, as well as the poets and men of learning, received high consideration, and were endowed with lands and important privileges. Cromlechs, or stone tombs and structures composed of large uncemented stones, ascribed to the Pagan Irish, still exist in various parts of Ireland. Lacustrine habitations, or stockaded islands, styled crannogs, or crannoges, in inland lakes, also appear to have been in use there from early ages. It is remarkable that a greater number and variety of antique golden articles of remote ages have been found in Ireland than in another part of Europe; and the majority of the gold antiquities illustrative of British history, now preserved in the British museum, are Irish. In the sixth century extensive monasteries were founded in Ireland in which religion and learning were zealously cultivated. From these establishments numerous missionaries issued during the succeeding centuries, carrying the doctrines of Christianity, under great difficulties into the still pagan countries of Europe, whose inhabitants they surprised and expressed by their self-devotion and asceticism. Among the eminent native Irish of these times were Columba, or Colum Cille, founder of the celebrated monastery of Sona; Comgal, who established the convent of Bangor, in the county of Down; Claran of Clonmacnoise, and Adamnan, abbott of Iona and biographer of Columba. Of the Irish missionaries to the Continent, the more distinguished were Columbanus, founder of Bobio; Gallus of St. Gall, and Switzerland; Dichuill, patronized by Clotaire; and Ferghal, or Virgilius, the evangelizer of Carinthia. The progress of Irish civilization was checked by the incursions of the Scandinavians, commencing toward the close of the eighth century and continued upward for 300 years. From the close of the eighth century to the 12th century, Ireland, although harrassed by the Scandinavians, produced many writers of merit, among whom were Aengus, the biographer; Cormac McCullenan, king of Munster, and bishop of Cashell, the reputed author of Cormac's glossary; Cuan O'Lochain; Gilla Moduca; Flan of Monasterbois; and Tighernach, the annalist. Of the Irish architecture of the period, examples survive at Cashell, the well-known round towers of Ireland were believed to have been erected about this era as belfries, and to serve as places of security or ecclesiastics during disturbances. But this is mere surmise, the date of their erection having never been established, nor their use satisfactorily explained. The skill of the Irish musicians in the twelfth century is attested by the enthusiastic encomiums bestowed by Giraldus Cambrensis upon their performances. The first move toward an Anglo Norman descent upon Ireland was made Henry II in 1155. The chief Anglo-Norman by adventurers, Fritz Gislebert, Le Gros, De Cogan, De Lacy, and De Curi, encountered formidable opposition before they succeeded in establishing themselves upon the lands which they thus invaded. The government was connected to a viceroy, and the Norman legal system was introduced into such parts of the island as were reduced to obedience to England. The youthful Prince John was sent by King Henry into Ireland in 1184; but the injudicious conduct of his council having excited disturbance, he was soon recalled to England. The country was wholly subdued in 1210. In 1318 Ireland was invaded by Edward Bruce, who was crowned king in 1316, and slain in 1318. In 1361 the heiress of Ulster, Elizabeth de Burgh, married the English Duke of Clarence. In 1394 Richard II. landed at Waterford with a large army, and gained the adherence of the people by his munificence. In 1494 was passed Payning's law making the Irish Parliament subject to the English Council. In 1542 Henry VII. assumed the title of King instead of Lord of Ireland. In 1534 Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the viceroy of Henry VIII., revolted, but not meeting with adequate support from his Anglo-Irish connections, he was, after a short time, suppressed and executed. Henry received the title of King of Ireland in 1541, by an act passed by the Anglo-Irish Parliament in Dublin; and about the same period some of the native princes were induced to acknowledge him as their sovereign and accept peerages. The doctrines of the reformation met little favor either with the descendents of the old English settlers or with the native Irish. The attempts of the English government in Ireland to introduce the reform faith in English institutions stirred up great dissentions in Ireland. The county was devided into shires in in 1569. Printing in Irish characters was introduced by Walsh, chancellors of St. Patrick's, Dublin, 1579. In 1601 to 1602 occurred the famous insurrection of Tyrone, who invited the Spandiards to assist him but they were all defeated by the lord deputy, Mountjoy in the latter year. In consequence of repeated rebellions 511,465 acres of land in the province of Ulster became forfeited to the English Crown and James I. devided this land among such of his English and Scottish subjects as chose to settle there. In 1941 occurred Moore and McGuires's rebellion which was an endeavor to expel the protestant settlers in Ulster, many of of whom are believed to have been massacred. Between the years 1469 and 1456 Cromwell and his son-in-law, Gen. Ireton, reduced the whole island to subjection and Ireland was comparatively tranquil until the revolution. At the revolution, the native Irish, generally, took the part of James II., the English and Scotch "Colonists" of William and Mary and the war was kept up for four years (1688 to 1692). From this time to 1778, history records little beyond the passing of penal statutes against the Roman Catholics. In 1778 Parliament relaxed the stringent pressure of these acts, but the widely spread dissatisfaction which they caused gave birth to numerous societies, resulting in the rebellion of 1798, which was not entirely suppressed until 1800. On January 1, 1801, the legislative union of Great Britain with Ireland was consumated, and from this period the history of the country merges into that of Great Britain.

Miscellaneous.

A. L. B. Cpnsult a lawyer.

Mary Henderson, Eureka, Kansas: Addresses are not given by the Bureau.

V. B. Davis, Galveston: You will have to consult some of the advertisers in the BLADE.

H. W. Harley, St. Lucie, Fla. The tariff is receiving a full discussion in the BLADE editorial columns each week.

E. E. Temper:

Please tell me what day of the week the 16th day of December, 1867 came on.

Monday.

C. C. Steed, Forest, O.:

On what day of the week did August 6, 1863, come?

Wednesday.

Subscriber, Angola, Ind.:

Are white cedar shingles as good as pine?

Yes, but more expensive.

Mrs. G. W. Cummings, Monroe Center, Mich.: We cannot advertise firms selling goods. They may be obtained in most any city.

H. H. C., Sidell, Kan.:

Are national banks safer for individual depositors than individual banks?

No.

H. L. Makin, New Hampshire. You will have to consult a lawyer in your locality; the BLADE can not keep the road laws of all the states at hand.

L. T. S., Oxford, N. J.:

1. Who was Mrs. James G. Blaine before she was married?

1. Miss Stanwood.

Reader, Newburg, Ind.:

Please give an account of the observance of Children's day, as observed by the churches.

See answer in BLADE of July 7, 1887.

J. R., Essom, Mo.: You can address the land commissioner at Washington for the homestead particulars you require; doubtless your friends have given you a correct idea, as the valley is a very pretty place.

L. J. R., Kester, Col.:

1. Will the BLADE give me some information concerning the Argentine Republic. Who is United States minister to that country?

1. Your question has been answered in the Bureau. 2. Bayliss W. Hanna.

A. V., Cortland, Dak.:

Will you please publish the language of the postage stamp?

To put the stamp on the upper right hand corner means good, "I have common sense;" any other place, "I am a fool."

S. W. H., Sarcovie, Mo.:

A man has to live in the state of Missouri one year, and in the voting precinct 60 days to be entitled to vote in the state election. Are the same qualifications necessary to vote for Presidential electors in a general election?

Yes.

S. C., Minnesota:

1. Is a person in a cyclone cellar, covered two feet with dirt, in any danger from lightning? 2. Does eating too many sweets of any kind ever cause cancer of the stomach?

1. Not unless it strikes him. 2. It makes you fat.

E. Mark, Applegate:

To what religious denomination does J. G. Blaine belong?

Mr. Blaine's father's family were Presbyterians; his mother's Catholics; Mr. Blaine never professed either, but attended the Congregational church at his home.

R. B. H., Saybrook, Ill.:

1. Please tell me what will keep a cistern from souring or smelling. 2. Please give a remedy for killing cabbage worms or keeping them off the cabbage, and much oblige an old subscriber.

1. Take powdered charcoal and put it in a tight cloth sack, deposit it in the cistern and it will have a wonderful effect. 2. Insect powder will do it.

E. J. McB.:

Will you please answer the following question? Does Secretary Endicot belong to that class of politicians known as "Mugwumps?" The Democrats here claim that he does not—that he never was a Republican.

He never was a Republican, but is one of the kid gloved Democrats, and has been classed as a "Mugwump" by Democrats of the unwashed and unterrified class.

W. Wolfe, Plum Creek, Neb.:

1. What is the Cobden club?
2. What is Wm. H. Vanderbilt's politics?

1. The Coben club is an organization of Englishmen who have for their object the purpose of spreading free trade ideas. They have a number of members in the United States, whose ideas have become more English than American, and who hope and are using their greatest endeavors to graft English ideas into the American government. 2. Republican.

E. E. Cooley, Odessa, Kansas:

1. Was Wm. Shakespeare an infidel. 2. It is claimed by many that a man named Morgan, 20 or 25 years ago exposed free Masonary, and was drowned for so doing in Lake Superior. Is it true or not?

1. No, 2 Some such a story is in current circulation. He made an alleged exposure and was found drowned in Niagara river, near Lake Ontario, but there is no proof that the reasons above referred to had anything to do with it.

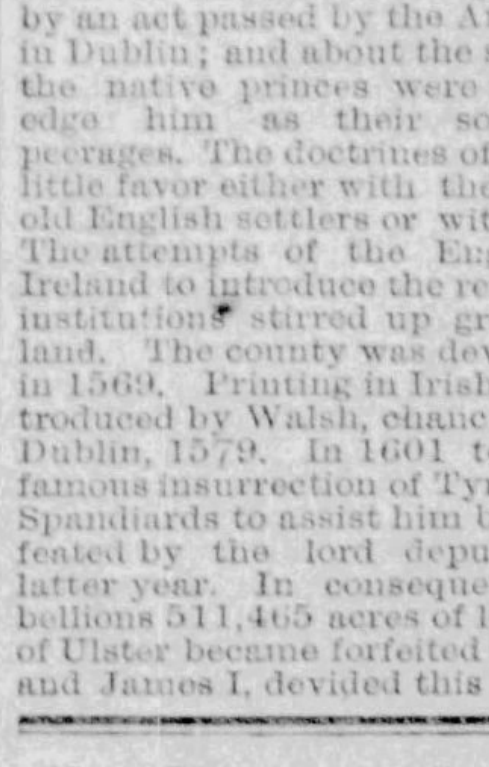
Clinging to the Last.

The virus of rheumatism often remains in the system through life, when it does not cut the thread of existence suddenly, as it is always liable to do by attacking the heart. Ere the grip of this tenacious disease tightens, it should be unloosed by that beneficent liberator from disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will free the sufferer at the outset from subsequent pain and danger. No purer or more agreeable blood depurent exists, as multitudes of the rheumatic and neuralgic have ascertained by certified experience. It is through the medium of a regular action of the kidneys and bladder that an outlet is afforded for the escape of impurities which beget not only rheumatic, but gouty ailments, and dropsical effusions. To these organs the Bitters gives an impulse, never verging on the bounds of irritation, but sufficiently vigorous to cause them and the bowels to perform their functions with clock-like precision. Use it also for dyspepsia, biliousness, fever and ague and debility.

A Happy Maxim.

"'Onward and Upward' will be the maxim of the new paper," said the editor, proudly.

And it proved a happy maxim, too. For three short months it went onward, and then it went upward.—*Harper's Bazar.*


How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the Cuticura Remedies.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster, 25c.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, **the result is certain.** Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

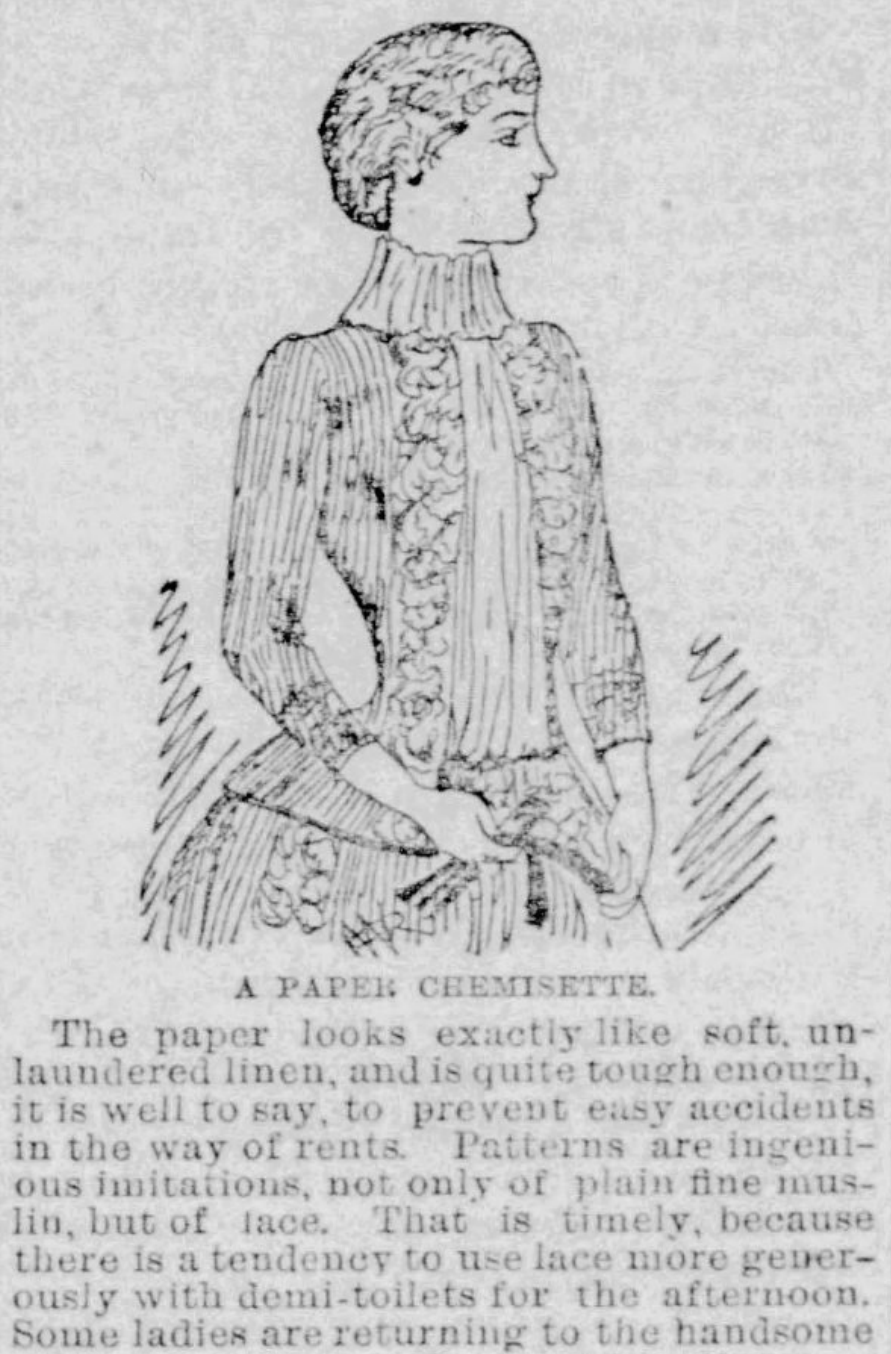
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

THE JUNE STYLES.

SOME ITEMS ON CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Redingotes and Polonaises in Style Even for Young Girls—A New Idea—Paper in Ladies' Attire—Broad Brim Hats Coming Into Vogue.

NEW YORK, June 12.—(Special letter.)—There have been divers and sundry efforts made at times to use paper as material for certain garments, notably collars and cuffs. The latest idea here is to make it ornamental to some extent in the forthcoming summer toilets. A modification of the well-known Fedora front is figured herewith. That portion of the chemisette disclosed between the front edges of the jacket, is composed of paper, stamped, and cut in imitation of lace and embroidery. I am told that this innovation was premeditated, to the extent that an order was sent to China more than a year ago for the manufacture of the stuff in the fibrous sort of paper produced only in that country. Thus it is that the masculine example of paper collars and cuffs has been followed, in an idealized manner, by a feminine acceptance of paper chemisettes.



A PAPER CHEMISETTE.

The paper looks exactly like soft, unlaundered linen, and is quite tough enough, it is well to say, to prevent easy accidents in the way of rents. Patterns are ingenious imitations, not only of plain fine muslin, but of lace. That is timely, because there is a tendency to use lace more generously with demi-toilets for the afternoon. Some ladies are returning to the handsome real laces so long laid aside, while the merchants still find their best profit in the fine hand-woven imitation laces so long popular. Gauzes, net, blonde and silk muslin, together with ribbons, are combined with frills and jabots of lace in plastrons, vests and fichus of various kinds. Even for full dress toilets, the senorita jackets are worn with a full blouse of cream-white China crape.

DAINTY UNDERWEAR.

More and more the taste of the fair ones of Gotham goes toward the utmost daintiness in underwear. The fanciful conceits in surah and ribbons with their beauty of color, of texture, of stitchery, are not for display. It makes no difference to the wearer that they are covered from sight, that no appreciative eye but her own may ever rest upon them. She herself could hardly put into words her feeling for this portion of her wardrobe. It is partly made up of pure delight of possession, of the enjoyment her eyes take in looking upon and her fingers in touching such softness and refinement; it is partly the more subtle pleasure of absolute honesty or consciousness of attire.

She feels, whether the fact is patent to anybody else or not, that she is not a sham; that however rich the color and costly the fabric in which she is clad to the view, the graceful folds and delicate workmanship have cost not one iota more of thought and care than has been bestowed for sheer love of dainty sincerity and thoroughness upon the garments which they hide. Thus it comes about not infrequently that a woman's underwear becomes her fetich, and more than one woman whose gown is simplicity itself lavishes a fortune on the white robes stowed away in her bureau drawers.

The most elaborate garments sold for clothing a woman under her street dress are entirely of hand-workmanship. The days of pride in machine stitching have gone by. There never was a time when fine hand-stitching was better appreciated than now, or when it was carried closer to the confines of a genuine art.

The chemise which the fashionable woman favors just now is made of China silk hand-woven, in any soft, light shade. Surah silk has its advocates, but it is heavier and for summer use not so cool. Foulard is not a bad material, but the washable Oriental silks are newest and best. It may be, often is this spring, striped or checked in fine lines in pink and blue, cream and yellow, &c., or it may be on occasion delicately flowered in sprays of small fine bloom. It may be cut with a V-shaped neck or it may have a square opening after the Pompadour style. It is sure to be profusely decorated with lace in a Valenciennes, or, more costly yet, and old thread lace pattern.

With this dainty garment go drawers to match and a night robe, so elaborately lace-trimmed and embroidered, of China silk also, that my lady is getting quite in the way of receiving an intimate or two in her chamber, wrapped in it of a morning, and gossipping half an hour over coffee or chocolate and half a dozen strawberries before dressing for the day.

Underwear of silk is not necessarily the best. Some of the finest is of lawn or fine linen. Mrs. Langtry uses pale tinted batiste, made to order in a variety of original patterns. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to buy linen altogether, and to keep a half dozen seamstresses busy finishing embroidery and drawn work. White linen, almost almost as fine and soft as lace, sheer as a cobweb and not overtrimmed, is about as far as luxury and good taste can go in underwear.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

It being quite impossible that mothers of any age or circumstance should always employ skilled labor for the manufacture of children's clothing, what is worn and how it is made must ever be of interest. This season not a little zeal may be added to interest in view of the beauty of materials and the attractiveness of shapes employed for the little folks.

Three kinds of dresses are in vogue at present, the most showy being made of silk, or silk combined with soft wool fabrics, the next of wool material alone and the third of laundry, or as it is more popularly called, wash goods. Thin summer silks, which come in stripes and checks, chines with minute figures, lousines in two or three colors, surahs of light shades and Bengalines are the kinds of silks now used. For dresses entirely of wool there are fine cheviots, light camels' hair suiting, mousseline de laine, nun's veiling and challis, showing dainty figures.

Wash dresses are of plain, striped and checked Chambery gingham, striped seersuckers, Madras, Scotch and domestic ginghams, cotton foulards and colored piques. For white dresses, embroidered mulls, lawns and batistes, piques and nainsooks are employed. For trimming white wool dresses nothing is simpler and more effective than rows of narrow ribbon, either watered or gros grain, with plain edges.

For Chambery ginghams there are trimmings of the checked goods for the plain, in addition to fine needle work. Dark blue Scotch ginghams are trimmed with dark red, blue or white English embroidery, or with Madeira work, white upon dark blue. Blue and white seersuckers have machine embroidery, matching the blue of the fabric, while Scotch and Madras plaid ginghams are trimmed with the same, and additionally with English open work embroidery.

In spite of the fact that little girls always complain of left over and cut down dresses, many of their prettiest toilettes are either made of or trimmed with a material which has served its day as a novelty for grown folk. Summer silks, superseded by foulards, are conspicuous among such fabrics now, and, with the addition of fine lace, Irish point or English cut out embroidery, such gowns will be rendered quite unrecognizable as having done previous service.

Redingotes and polonaises are almost as fashionable for young girls as for ladies, and are generally made in contrast with the skirt, both as to material and color. The styles and shapes are generally plainer than the grown up examples and better adapted to youthful figures. Plain skirts, with broad hems and many tucks above, are worn with polonaises having open, cutaway fronts and loose, full waistcoats. Other shapes are square upon the lower edges, while the fronts are gathered in at the shoulders, and, crossing diagonally, are confined at the belt of each by a girdle.

Pretty little blouse dresses for smaller children are made of fine woolen stuff, having yokes and cuffs "smocked" with crewel wool in contrasting color. These accompany kilt skirts and are girdled by heavy worsted cord and pompons which fall at one side. Other blouses have deep collars and cuffs of open embroidery, while a wide bordering of the same finishes the kilt shirt. Blouses of this kind are suited also to little boys in kilts, and are often made of stuff contrasting with either kickerbrockers or pleated shirts. When made up for boys, a handkerchief pocket is added to one side of the blouse, generally the left.

Kilt dresses for little boys, having the upper part in jacket form, are made to show contrasts; thus, a skirt of plaid flannel will have an upper part of Russian blue, bronze, seal brown or soldier gray. Plain cheviot will be used for a skirt when the jacket is of the striped variety. In these fancies, the dress as to design is in one piece. Where a striped material is used for skirts, the pleats are so arranged as to bring the same stripe upon the upper pleat all around. Wide stripes, alternating with plain widths that are equal, are much employed for kilt pleated dresses, the upper half of the suit showing a plain color matching the plain stripe, with a collar, vest and pockets of the striped.

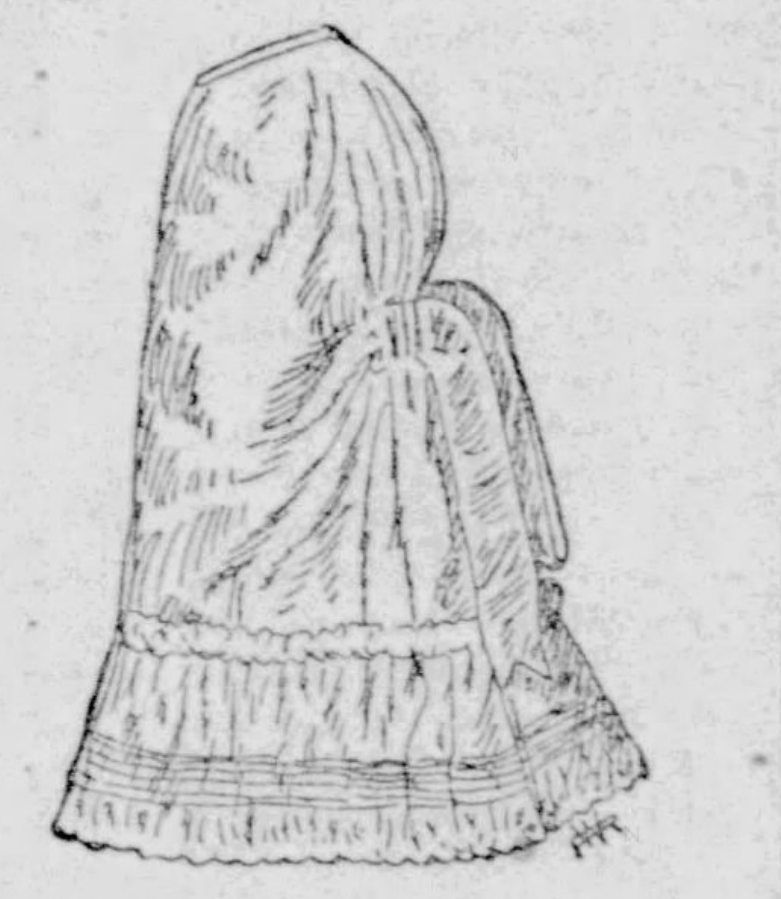
CHILDREN'S HATS.

The popular color for girls' straw hats this spring is gray, although dark red, dark blue and and all dark shades of green, brown, olive and tan are seen. Mixed straws are novel and peculiar, one style showing dark yellow brown flecked with white. A dull pink called watered wine, sage color, cream white and pure white are also exhibited.

Some of the new broad-brim hats droop on the right side, while opposite they have the appearance of being roughly flattened. The trimming added gives a picturesque effect, and the shape is one of the most popular. Deeply fluted brims are made still more dressy by inside flutings of lace and a crown drapery, which is clustered under a handsome ornament of straw.

An extremely graceful hat of yellow sun burnt straw has a slender wreath of field flowers around the crown, the brim being deeply fluted and filled in with a gauze pleating, which follows the flutings of the straw. Another particularly youthful design of gray Italian straw, with a straight brim, is trimmed with bunches of narrow ribbon, and three knots of clover blossoms sit irregularly around the crown.

Strange as the whim may seem, broad, soft ribbons of sunflower yellow are selected for trimming girls' straw hats of black or very brown straw, while dark green, ivory white and cream white straws are decorated with daisies, pansies, roses, corn flowers, poppies, clover, golden rod and striped grasses.



THE COSTUME SKIRT.

The skirts which go with such elaborate underwear are marvels in themselves. They are imported frequently in sets of two, an underskirt and a costume skirt matching the gown in length. The underskirt is set into a yoke following the lines of the figure and is comparatively simple, while the costume skirt is sometimes as expensive as the gown. Both skirts are of China silk or surah or foulard, and the favored colors this spring are white, pale blue and pink, the tinted skirts taking broad flounces of white lace as trimming.

The costume skirt is not a plain, round, flounced affair as in the days of our mothers. It is cut with an effect of drapery at the back, the fullness being sometimes gathered half way down, tieback fashion, with ribbons to hold it in place. While the bustle reigned the costume skirt was frequently flounced all the way down behind to increase the bouffant effect, being left plain in front. At present it has one or two deep lace flounces across the front or all the way around, being plain surah for the rest.

A new garment which is becoming very popular is the French under bodice in silk or lawn to replace the corset cover. It is a corset cover poetized, better adapted to the figure and rather more of a cover than some of those figure definers hitherto worn.

All Sorts of Poison.

Mr. W. F. Daley, Advertising Agent of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, writes: "Inflammatory rheumatism swelled my legs and arms to twice their natural size. I suffered excruciating pain. Your wonderful S. S. S. made a complete cure.

Major Sidney Herbert, editor of the *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have fully tested the virtues of Swift's Specific, both as a rheumatism cure and a tonic. It has done even more than its proprietors claim for it.

Mr. Michael Long, Jr., with the Strobridge Lithographic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I suffered for two years with a terrible itching and painful sores on my neck, arms, hands and fingers. No physician could help me. S. S. S. relieved me perfectly and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. Amanda Ingle, of Gastonia, N. C., writes: "My baby, when four months old, developed scrofula. He had two severe risings and sores on the neck. I sent for our family physician, who pronounced it scrofula, and prescribed S. S. S. for it. I gave the baby S. S. S. and it soon got the disease under control. The sores are healed, and the baby is well and healthy. I know S. S. S. saved its life, and I told our doctor so. He is a regular physician, and prescribed S. S. S. for the baby as soon as he saw it had scrofula.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Dare Not Face It.

Grafton, Mass., Herald.

The Democratic managers dare not face the country with the Mills bill. The action of the caucus of Democratic Congressmen proves this as completely as astronomy demonstrates that the earth revolves on its own axis. This caucus took works of art form the free list and put them back on the dutiable list. The same is true of prunes and plums, in response to California's kicking; of plate-glass, to appease Missouri; also glue, isinglass, marble, pottery, clay, india-rubber fabrics, india-rubber boots and shoes, etc., etc. The Democratic managers are finding it a mighty tough job to tinker the tariff in the direction of free trade, for the very good reason that nearly every section of the country wants protection in some form or another. This is where the rub comes, and it's where the rub will stay. Call it a weakness of selfish human nature, if you must; but the fact remains all the same.

Couldn't Name Them.

Even the twelve apostles are being bet upon in these degenerate days. Thursday a well known young fellow of Athens, while in company with some friends, started a discussion on scriptural matters and wound up by offering to bet his hearers $25 that none of them could name the twelve apostles. When the offer was reduced to $5 it was eagerly accepted, but after repeated trials it was found that not one of the numerous circle could get beyond ten, and only one succeeded in reaching that number.—*Savannah News.*

It's an I'll Wind.

Prohibitionist—You say you are in favor of abolishing poverty?

Anti-Prohibitionist—Yes, sir.

P.—You will never abolish poverty by frequenting dram shops.

A.-P.—Yes, I will, sir. The poverty of those that keep 'em.—*Boston Courier.*

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not mend the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

AN UNDERGROUND MYSTERY.

Digging for Hidden Treasures in the Depths of a Connecticut Cave During the Dead Hours of Night.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., June 14.—Preparations are being quietly made to begin again to dig for buried treasures in a cave that has been the center of interest for many years, about five miles from here. From time to time mysterious nocturnal visits have been made to this cave in years past, and various ideas are held as to just where the gold is hidden, if there is any there at all. The people who are now getting ready are keeping very quiet about it, and feel sure that the treasure can be found.

The last work done was about a year ago, and there was great excitement at the time over the matter. The cave is in the neighborhood of Samp Mortar rock, and when the last digging was done the farmers living in the immediate locality were considerably frightened at the movements of the treasure seekers. The visits occurred at irregular intervals, always near midnight, and the flitting lanterns and growls of a huge white dog which accompanied them prevented any one from daring to molest or question their mysterious doings. The visitors approached the mouth of the cave from opposite directions, driving wagons up the gorge to the fissure in the face of the rock.

The mouth or entrance to the cave is so small as to barely permit the entrance of a man's body. On the summit of the huge rock, some two hundred feet high, is the ancient mortar drilled down into the solid surface, wherein once a tribe of Indians ground their "Samp." Hence the name Samp Mortar Rock. Upon either side of the sunken mortar are the indentures worn by the Indians' feet, where once the red man pounded samp and at the same time kept a lookout. Thomas Jennings owns the wild place, and Morris Gould and wife live in the nearest habitation. Nichols, a milk peddler, also lives not far off.

At first it was supposed that a band of robbers had selected this spot wherein to hide their booty. The farmers congregated and in broad daylight visited the mouth of the cave. They found a lot of tools, which they seized, and a lot of fresh earth which had been thrown out. From this the story passed around that the midnight workers had struck silver. The timid ones imagined that the white dog was some other kind of a wild animal, and that it emitted sounds to them something unearthly. Another theory is that the men are spiritualists and are burrowing for some hidden treasure.

THE TELEPHONE WAR.

Mayor Francis is Firm—The Instruments or the Rates Must Come Down.

ST. LOUIS, June 14.—The Bell Telephone company have taken out 151 telephones since the recent ordinance was passed to reduce the rental of the instrument from $100 to $50. Mayor Francis' order to Commissioner Turner to take down the poles and wires, and preparation by the authority to do so, yesterday brought out a proposition from the Bell company that the city of St. Louis made immediate application of one of the judges of the Supreme court of Missouri for an alternate writ of mandamus directed to the Bell company and returnable on June 18, such writ to require the company to show cause why a peremptory writ should not issue commanding it to furnish to St. Louis one or more telephones at an annual charge, not exceeding $50 a telephone.

To this Mayor Francis this morning replied, refusing to make such application, with the following caustic conclusion:

"The ordinance that you refer to does not undertake to compel you to maintain telephone service. It establishes the rate at which the business may be carried on in this city. Instead of obeying the ordinance, you have seen fit to relinquish the business. That is your affair, not mine. You are no longer a telephone company. I shall not undertake the idle task of applying to a court to compel you to be a telephone company. The order heretofore issued by me for the removal of your poles and wires from the public highways will be executed. Your right to use public property terminated when you ceased to render the service required by law of telephone companies. The threat to hold me personally liable in damages will not avail."

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

The Opium-Smuggler Claims He was Ignorant of Committing Any Crime.

CHICAGO, June 14.—A dispatch from Indianapolis says: Charles Labeile, the opium smuggler, captured here on Saturday last, made a full confession to Collector Kuhp. He said that he had been employed by Ontario parties since January last to follow up and forward consignments of goods to California, and during that time he had forwarded two consignments from Fort Wayne, Ind., one from Logansport, one unusually large one from Cincinnati, one from Columbus, Ohio, and one from Lansing, Mich., and was about to forward the one from this city when he was captured by the United States officers.

The gang first began shipping direct to California, but afterward through Oregon and successfully through Victoria, Winnepeg and Ontario, when the opium shipped here was captured. Labelle still claims that he was ignorant of the fact that he was forwarding smuggled goods, and says that the capture in this city was the first knowledge that he was engaged in a criminal business.

We begin next September our usual heavy fall advertising. Before then we wish to know which papers will pay us best. Therefore we shall, until September 1, send FREE to any one mentioning the paper in which he saw our advertisement, our package 20 samples cloth, from which we cut to order the FAMOUS PLYMOUTH ROCK Custom-Made $3 Pants, and Suits at $13.25. Each package contains guaranteed self-measurement blanks, and a linen tape measure, with full instructions.

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Address all mail to Boston Office only.

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The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Plier. Ask dealers in hardware, or address, SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.

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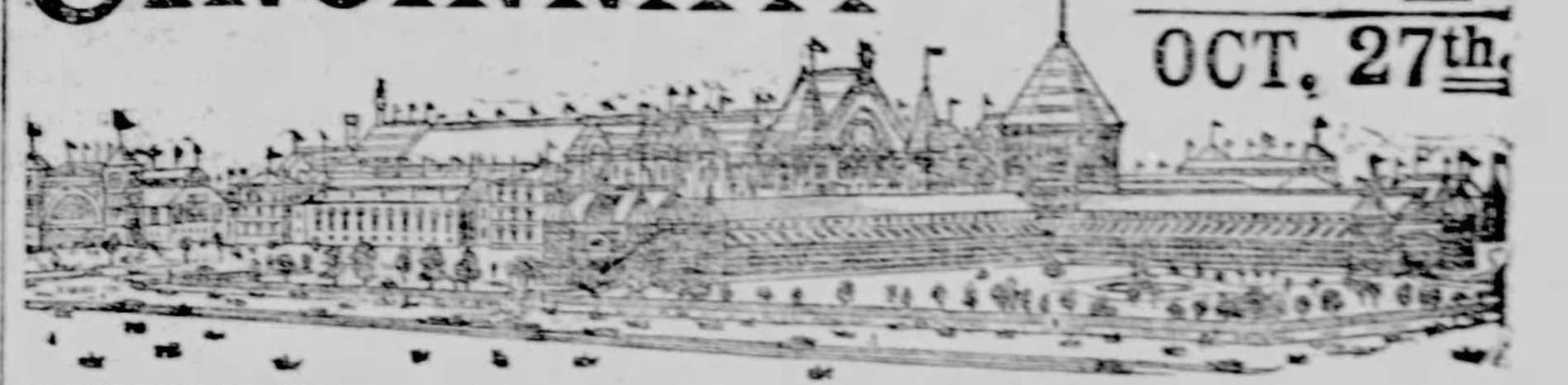

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LADY AGENTS WANTED for Ladies' and Children's Wear. [illegible] Write Mrs. F. C. Farrington, box 66, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—Permanent employment and good salary or commission. Address, giving age and references, A. D. Pratt, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

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TO WEAK MEN [illegible] PROF. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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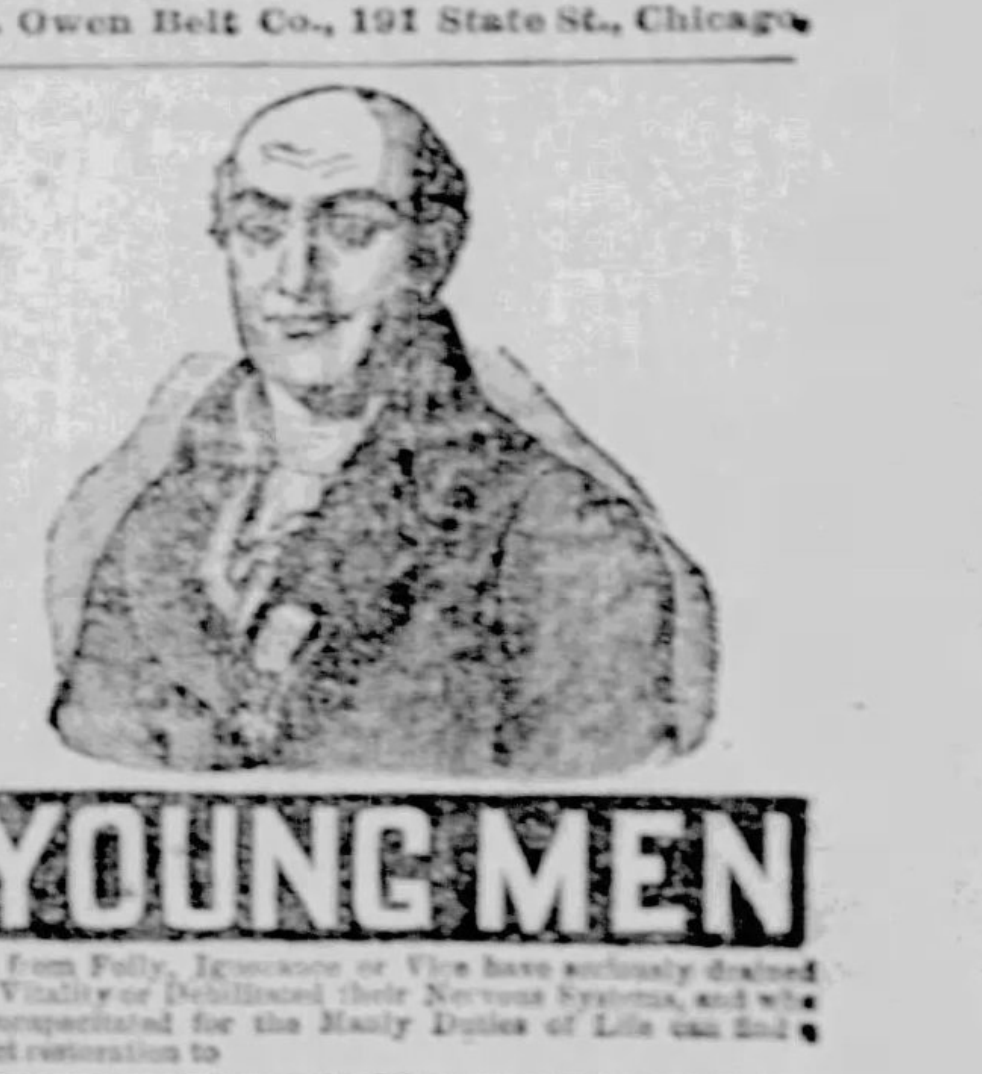
[illegible] Dr. Owen Belt Co., 191 State St., Chicago.



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THE RUM POWER FIGHTING LOCAL OPTION IN OHIO.

The Ohio Wine and Spirit Association, an organization of the liquor dealers of the state, has mailed to liquor men all over the state printed circulars asking for information upon the work done under the local option law, and also offering to send printed matter in opposition to Prohibition to any locality in which a movement is undertaken in favor of holding an election under the law. It is evidently the intention to bring the whole power of this organization to bear to defeat the friends of progress and reform wherever the issue against Rum is raised. This infernal traffic is to be perpetuated at all hazards. The saloons are the recruiting stations of the great army of the slaves of Rum, and to close them means not only a cutting off of the sale at present, but a permanent curtailment of the number of patrons of Rum; for if the facilities for social drinking and for the pernicious American habit of "treating" are taken away, there will not grow up a class of "moderate" drinkers in the community; and if there are no "moderate" drinkers there will be no drunkards.

While every honest citizen, no matter what his politics, who is not ensnared in the meshes of this most seductive vice, is indignant at this renewed attempt on the part of the Rum Power to control the will of the people through means already too familiar in Ohio, there is in it an element of hope; for nothing will more surely rouse the people to the necessity of action on this matter than an attitude of offensive aggression on the part of the saloon element. Let the Rum Power once come out fairly and attempt to forcibly antagonize the people on this question, and it will be swept from existence as completely as were PHARAOH and his mighty host by the returning tide of the waters of the Red Sea. The years of contest since 1881 have done immeasurable good for the cause of Prohibition. The arrogance and intolerence of the Rum Power, the fact that the traffic breeds evil, and evil continually, the defiance of law and public sentiment, all taken together, have placed tens of thousands of honest citizens, before inattentive, in the ranks of the grand army opposed to Rum.

The downfall of the Rum Power in this stat, and in the nation as well, is certain to come, sooner or later. And the indications multiply that it will be responsible for its own downfall, like the slave power. It is true that slavery would eventually have been extinguished in the United States, through the advancement of the nation, and the quickening of its moral impulses; but this end was hastened by the offensive attitude taken by the slaveocrats, through their endeavors to extend the "peculiar institution" into the territories, with the aim of making the slave states outnumber the free states in Congress, and thus perpetuate themselves in national control. In like manner the Rum Power is accelerating its own downfall. Its bold defiance of all laws intended to regulate the traffic, its desecration of the Sabbath, its ventures into the arena of politics in order to control elections and to defeat men who can not be controlled by it, its use of the worst elements of society at the polls to overcome the intelligent classes, all are building up an opposition to it that will eventually overwhelm it.

It is strange to note the fact that there is not enough in the Prohibition issue, as it is viewed by the average citizen, to make him take any particular trouble upon himself in the way of individual effort for the extinction of the Rum traffic. We do not say that we approve of this neutrality, or rather this attitude of passive hostility; we merely remark its existence. It was so in the years before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, with the slavery issue. The masses of the North looked upon slavery as a relic of the dark ages, a detriment to the states that allowed it, a thing that it were better for the nation if it did not exist; but they were willing that the slave states should continue it. They did not give the anti-slavery issue enough importance to actively enter the lists in its favor until it also involved the far greater issues, first, of the extension of slavery into the territories; second, the maintenance of the Union. Then they exchanged their attitude of passive enmity for active hostility, and the extension of slavery was checked, the Union preserved, and in the fierce struggle slavery died forever.

There is somewhat of a parallelism between the history of the Rum Power and of the slave power. And we have no doubt that the parallel will be carried out still further in the future, and that the aggressiveness and the desire for domination on the part of the Rum Power be the immediate cause of its overthrow. The moral sentiment of the people was opposed to slavery, as it is to the Rum traffic. All that is needed to rouse the really inimical, but inactive, masses of the nation, is a continuance of the Rum Power in its present line of action. All it has to do is to continue its defiance of the Sunday and other laws which may interfere with the perpetual sale of Rum; that it shall persist in meddling in politics, in attempting to control party caucuses and conventions, in using money to carry elections, in attaching to its cause the dregs of our social system, and, in short, antagonizing all that is moral and good and true in our society, and the tremendous force of public opinion against it will be fully awakened, the people shall arise in their might, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

There is too much agitation about the coming convention to permit the Senate to go on with its regular work, and the House has set the tariff bill aside, during the convention, and is occupying itself with appropriation bills. Seventy-five lines of the former have been acted upon.

MRS. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER waited upon the National committee and presented arguments in favor of woman suffrage, in a speech fifteen minutes long, which was listened to with respect—in other words, the men behaved like gentlemen and not like roughs.

CLEVELAND is still very popular in England.

THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The death of Frederic III. is, to human judgment, the most unfortunate event that could have happened for the near future of Germany. He had been upon the throne just long enough to show that he understood the necessity of an entire change in the form of government; that a more liberal policy must be inaugurated; that the days of absolutism are over and nothing can bring them back. Under these convictions he inaugurated a progressive policy which he has been unable to carry out in the few short months in which he has been Emperor, months of pain and weariness that have at length terminated in death.

FREDERIC was a soldier and a statesman. Brave with the bravest, he won the good will of the soldiers by his ardor, dash and enthusiasm. His quick perception enabled him to see weakness in the enemy, and to seize upon it with the celerity that belongs to a great coptain. He rendered efficient service to his country as a soldier, but as its sovereign there is little doubt his work would have been of infinitely greater importance, in placing his people in the front rank of the civilized nations of Europe.

That his political ideas were widely different from those of his father and of BISMARCK, he has made patent in the short period since his accession. That the iron chancellor has been deeply offended at his departure from the absolutism which be believes the only way to govern Germany, has also been made evident. Another thing bearing heavily upon the future, is the sympathy which the present emperor has for Bismarck's policy. His father's influence has weighed little against his early imbibed notions, and though an effort was made by FREDERICK to give him a new political bias by placing him under the training of Professor GNEIST, who so thoroughly understands the principles of constitutional government that would apply to Germany, Prince WILLIAM will not be liable, at this late day, to prove an apt or willing scholar.

It is quite likely that he will come to the throne and seek to rule as his grandfather did, and the result can hardly fail to be disastrous to the peace of his empire. His father has rendered retrogression impossible. He took a decisive step toward the recognition of the rights of the German people in the government of their own country, and they will not be likely to regard favorably any going back from this recognition.

All lovers of freedom will mourn for FREDERIC. A brave soldier, a wise statesman, a good man, he would have given Germany an impetus along the track of constitutional liberty had he lived, the extent of which can hardly be calculated. He has gone, and it now remains to be seen what steps his son, the new Emperor, will take both with reference to home affairs, and to Germany's relations with foreign countries.

THE DARK HORSE.

The first "dark horse" in a presidential campaign was JAMES K. POLK, in 1844. The first news message ever sent by telegraph was that of his nomination at Baltimore by the Democratic national convention, over the experimental wire between that city and Washington. The bulletin was received with ridicule at the capital, which changed into amazement when the train came in with a confirmation. His nomination was a surprise to the country, a dead lock, which lasted for several days, being broken by the springing of the name of the comparatively unknown POLK.

In 1852 the Democracy again took a dark horse, PIERCE, because the three prominent candidates, MARCY, BUCHANAN and CASS, mutually destroyed one another. In 1860, the Republican convention at Chicago did the same thing, setting aside CAMERON, SEWARD and CHASE to nominate LINCOLN. In 1876 the Republicans repeated the experiment in the nomination of HAYES, and in 1880 in the choice of GARFIELD. The nomination of CLEVELAND in 1884 was practically a dark horse experiment.

Out of eleven national campaigns since 1844, six have been won by "dark horses." The indications are that the Chicago convention will try the experiment once more.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE telephone war in St. Louis waxes warm. The Bell company threatens to go out of business, but at the same time is preparing to resist the removal of the wires and poles, as it received the right to establish the service from the state and not from the municipal government. Many telephones have been taken out by the company, and the city officials propose to cut down all poles and remove all wires not in actual service. The trouble is the outgrowth of a recent city ordinance reducing the annual rental of telephones from $100 to $50. The struggle will be watched with interest, for if St. Louis wins the fight, cities all over the country will be encouraged to restrict the grasping selfishness of this odious monopoly. The Bell company is making a desperate fight, but it is cheering to note that the entire press of St. Louis is against the company's action and in favor of the reduction.

A DESPERATE effort is making to put the responsibility for the circulation of that atrocious pamphlet at St. Louis upon the Republicans. There is not the slightest reason for believing that any Republican had anything to do with the vile affair. The Republican newspapers, in alluding to the matter, have expressed contempt for it and its authors. Some papers have intimated that the anti-CLEVELAND Democrats of New York know all about the authorship and circulation of this story. However that may be, the story is refuted by Mrs. CLEVELAND, had no effect in St. Louis, and is ignored by the majority of Republicans, and dismissed with contempt by such Republican papers as notice it all.

WATTERSON realized at St. Louis that there were nothing to be gained by a policy of double-dealing on the tariff question, and no use in making another "straddle" in the plank. His position was that the Democracy must stand or fall this year by the President's message. "Whether we like or not," was Mr. WATTERSON'S statement, "we shall have to face the music of the President's making, and we ought to face it like men of honor who are not afraid of their convictions." The time has passed when vague generalities on this subject have any power either to satisfy or delude a patient public.

THOSE people who believe in signs and omens will find material for speculation in the coincidence that on Wednesday last, during the fire in Tammany Hall, New York, a plaster cast of JEFFERSON fell and was smashed, though a portrait of CLEVELAND was uninjured, while at the same time the platform committee at St. Louis smashed JEFFERSON'S idea of protection and adopted CLEVELAND'S free trade message as part of its platform.

OBSERVE the eloquent silence preserved by Mr. CLEVELAND as to his utterance four years ago on the second term question!

THURMAN AND HIS CAREER.

Personal enthusiasm is all very well, but when a candidate appeals to the people for their support for one of the highest offices in the land, the matters of his opinions on public questions, and of his record on such in the past, naturally enter into the discussion. Mr. THURMAN is a very nice old gentleman of the antique school, with no taint of venality about him; but this, and his habit of snuff-taking and the use of a particular style of handkerchief afterwards, are hardly sufficient basis for a national campaign.

Mr. THURMAN'S record as a politician has been that of a steady, unswerving supporter of the Democratic party for fifty years. In that half century, he has never found anything in the many extraordinary attitudes of his party which he felt called upon to dissent from, nothing against which he has ever lifted his voice in rebuke. His connection with the prosecution of the tally-sheet forgers is simply that of a paid attorney, retained by the state. That the defendants are Democrats, it is true; but they are men prominently identified with the faction of Ohio Democracy that in 1884 knifed THURMAN at Chicago, and who have waged relentless war against him at every turn. How far his personal vindictiveness may have been concerned in influencing to accept the state's retainer must be left to individual judgment.

Judge THURMAN has been, in all the half-century of his public life, the supporter, apologist and defender of all that his party has done. He was one of its leaders in Ohio during all the years of its truckling to the slave power. He not only commended the repeal of the Missouri compromise, but zealously worked for the success of Democracy in its effort to extend slavery into the territories. He stoutly defended the Dred Scott decision. He lifted up his voice in indignation when, the Southern states having seceded, the government determined to suppress rebellion by force of arms. He was a supporter of the extreme state rights doctrine, and did all that in him lay, through political effort, to embarrass the administration in the prosecution of the war.

Not only was he an obstructionist all through those years of national peril, never saying nor doing anything that could aid the Union cause, but after the rebellion had been crushed he was still the consistent adherent of the doctrines that he had always held. He had protested against the Emancipation Proclamation, and he opposed the war amendments to the constitution. He gave his aid to the reactionary efforts of those who, beaten in the field, endeavored to restore the old order of things through diplomacy. As a Senator, he was on the side of the old slaveocrats, and against progress in national affairs.

His record on other points is also that of the fossil, not the progressive. He was the strong opponent of the homestead law. He bitterly opposed the greenback when it was resorted to as a war measure, and did his utmost to destroy the national credit in that time of deadly peril; yet when the greenback craze was adopted by the Ohio Democracy as a desperate bid for votes, he supported it. He opposed the resumption of specie payments, and made bitter speeches all over the state in the campaign following its accomplishment, claiming that there was no real resumption. He has always been the enemy of American industries, the deadly foe of protection. His idea of America is that it should be a mere grower of raw material for European manufacturers. His ideals are all in the past. He has followed his party through all its meanderings of principle, instead of taking a position in the front rank and endeavoring to lead it onward in the straight path of right and justice.

He has never been a loud-mouthed, violent brawler, but his pleadings have been none the less strong for being couched in good English and delivered with old-time dignity. The voters, however, care but little for this. It is the matter, not the manner—the record itself, not how it was made. By that record THURMAN must be judged. Age is no bar to an honest examination, a fair judgment. Age is only venerable in politics when it crowns a career which aided the nation's progress, not retarded it.

THE Emperor Frederick of Germany has followed his aged father to the tomb, and the sceptre falls into the hands of his son, Prince WILHELM. Though this has long been known to be the inevitable end of the Emperor's illness, that knowledge gave no power to avert the dangerous possibilities that open in Germany's career under the rule of the new Empuror. Time only can tell whether the forebodings of evil will be realized, and whether WILHELM will prove himself to be the rash, impetuous, vindictive ruler, anxious for a career of military glory, which he has been pictured.

THE *Christian Advocate* makes a capital suggestion to the "Christian science" people, that before they may expect people to believe them they must learn how to feed a multitude with a few loaves and fishes. The faith healers' pretense in reality is that they have miraculous power. Let them prove it by doing a miracle or two.

THE Senate committee on Appropriations has increased the post office appropriation bill by $1,549,000. One million dollars is appropriated to carry out the eight-hour law with respect to letter carriers, and $800,000 is appropriated for subsidies, the provision being substantially that advocated by Senator FRYE last year.

"CLEVELAND'S luck" has taken a turn. He has lost his mascot, D. N. LOCKWOOD, who nominated him for mayor of Buffalo, governor of New York, and for President in 1884. This year the nominating speech was made by DOUGHERTY, who nominated HANCOCK in 1880—and HANCOCK, be it remembered, was beaten on the tariff issue.

SALT sells now at 65 and 70 cents a barrel in Michigan. Twenty-five years ago, before the present protective system was inaugurated, it sold at $2 to $2.25 a barrel. Can any one explain why the free traders should howl for "free salt?"

IF the "free wool and free lumber" idea increased the Republican majority in Oregon three fold, what will it not do for Michigan and West Virginia? The same causes produce the same results, the world over.

THE leading English papers are as much gratified over CLEVELAND'S renomination as they were over his free trade message. They will not be so hilarious when the returns come in on the night of November 6.

REPRESENTATIVE KNUTE NELSON, of the Fifth Minnesota district, has been defeated for nomination in the Republican convention. He leans too much to free trade for his constituency.

THE collapse of the Panama canal enterprise will be the signal for commencing active work on the Nicaragua canal.

OF the 820 delegates to the Chicago convention only 93 served in the convention of 1884, and but 55 in that of 1880.

THE size of the Oregon victory increases as the returns come in. Seven thousand Republican majority it stands now.

IN the contest between symbols, the American flag will prove victorious over the red bandana every time.

LET us have an American for Vice President, not a Roman, even if he be an "old" one.

TAKE THE CAMPAIGN EASY.

Things are very lively just now in the political world, and will grow more so as the weeks and months roll on and bring around the fateful 6th of November, when the arguing, and talking, and worrying will end and the contest be decided in a peaceful battle of the ballots. The indications are, we are glad to say, that the campaign will be a clean and good-natured one. It will turn on questions of public policy, not on the comparative personal decency of the two candidates. The contest will be a hot one, but there is nothing in it which should make men lose their tempers, and grow foolishly angry. The country is in good condition, in all respects, thanks to the economic policy put into operation by the Republican party twenty-seven years ago. Business is a little duller than we like to see, but if Congress will only adjourn before harvest, the movement of the crops will enliven things, and the people will settle the everlasting tariff question at the ballot-box for themselves.

It is a good thing, in some respects, for the nation at large that the political margin is such a narrow one that it requires but a very small percentage of the voters to change their votes to throw a national election one way or the other. It keeps both parties on their good behavior, the "ins" doing their best to show that they are worthy of a continuance of the people's confidence, the "outs" to prove that their opponents are less capable than themselves, meanwhile being as circumspect as possible in their own conduct, that they may prove themselves worthy the support of those dissatisfied with the policy of the ruling party. It isn't as pleasant for the demagogues, of course, to have things on a nearly even balance, but this is a blessing to the country. The pestilent fellows who are in politics for the money there is in it, are a curse to the nation, and the sooner we get rid of them the better for us all.

The two great parties are arranging themselves for the political battle, the standards are raised, and everybody looks for a close time of it. The Democrats assert that they are perfectly certain of winning, but secretly they are on the "ragged edge," remembering that they won in 1884 by a scratch, and fearing that luck will not favor them this time. The Republicans know they must do better than they did four years ago, or stay on the outside for four years more, and though they proclaim confidence, they are by no means allowing anything to be omitted that can possibly aid their campaign. And there will not be the least certainty about the matter for nearly five months. It will take the actual vote to decide.

Meanwhile, there is nothing to prevent the people from pursuing their usual avocations, from working hard and enjoying their summer vacations, from marrying and giving in marriage. All the political skirmishing is not going to injure any body. People must eat and they must have clothing and all the necessaries of life; and there is no reason why every body should waste four or five months in talking politics. The best thing to do is to go straight ahead at all the ordinary business enterprises, serene in confidence that the country is not going to the dogs just because we have to elect a new President and Congress this year.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE "bloody shirt" will be resigned to the exclusive use of the old-line Southern Democrats during the coming Presidential campaign. The dominant issue is the tariff, and the battle will be fought out on that line, so far as now appears. Apropos of this, we quote the following from an interview with Governor FORAKER, which we find in the Pittsburg *Dispatch:*

> They accuse me of waving the bloody shirt. I want to say right here that the man who waves the bloody shirt in this campaign will get a bloody nose. I want to add, also, that I have received hundreds of letters from Confederate soldiers commending me for the stand I took in relation to returning the Confederate battle flags which the President himself sanctioned, and which he will have to answer for.

A PROBLEM that is knotty, but nice, has been raised down East. It is this: Are Sunday marriages legal? Sunday is a *dies non* in law, and no binding contracts can be made on that day; marriage is a contract; therefore, if entered into on Sunday, it is not binding. The Supreme court of Pennsylvania is said to have decided as above given.

THE British ministry retreated from one position of the local government bill by dropping its licensing clauses, which were carrying all the publicans against that measure and the Tory party. The ministry palpably grows weaker from day to day, but does not propose to relinquish office, unless by an evicting process.

THE new liquor low is strictly enforced in Philadelphia. One saloon keeper has just been sentenced to $1,000 fine, and fifteen months' imprisonment for selling without a license. Philadelphia may be a slow city, but when she does wake up she makes the wrong-doers tremble.

THE Democratic platform declares that "unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation." Well, that party has had the majority in the House for six years past, but has not been able to formulate a bill for the purpose of reducing taxation. Hadn't the job better be turned over to the Republicans?

SOME of the Democratic papers are spelling THURMAN'S first name "ALLAN." Has the orthography of the name of THURMAN'S famous uncle, WILLIAM ALLEN, so soon been forgotten by the Democracy? "Rise up," unquiet ghost, and rebuke their ingratitude!

UMATILLA county, Oregon, the largest wheat and wool-growing county in the state, has been solidly Democratic since the war. It gave a Republican majority the other day. Cause—the free wool policy of the Democrats in Congress.

IN 1884 the political Prohibitionists declared that the Republican party would be dead by 1888. Now ST. JOHN makes the same prediction for 1892. It will take numerous similar extensions before the prophecy is fulfilled.

CLEVELAND, who arrogates to himself the title of "the man of destiny," once applied to NAPOLEON, will find his WELLINGTON in a Western Republican candidate for the Presidency, and his Waterloo at the polls next November.

IT is computed that in each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year round, 24 barrels of beer have to go down 12,096 throats. National convention years are not counted in making the average.

THE New York *World* remarks that "at St. Louis the stream of fraternal love gushed like a geyser." This is the first time we ever heard St. Louis whisky called fraternal love.

THE South is not represented on the Democratic ticket, but she will get a fat share of the pickings, all the same, if it should be elected.

HINT to head-liners for THURMAN'S letter of acceptance: "Hark! from the tomb."

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

There is a strong demand, on the part of all who are familiar with the actual workings of the consular service of the United States, for the passage of the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill now before the United States Senate, and for further amendments, if possible, in the interests of efficiency and reform. Very nearly all the scandals connected with our consular service have grown out of the wretched inefficiency of the system, and the struggles of the incumbents to obtain fees, upon which they must depend for remuneration. The bill under consideration wipes out this system, and places under salary all consulates where the annual fees exceed $1,000 per year.

Since the original law of 1793, establishing and regulating the consular service, there have been but two amendments thereto, and both trivial, passed in 1856 and 1874. There are in commission about 700 consuls of all grades, hardly one-third of whom are paid salaries. As a consequence, the fee system has led to an unseemly struggle between rival consulates—many, in fact most of the consular agents being foreigners and in business in the countries where they represent us—in order to obtain fees, and undervaluations are often resorted to as a means of attracting business and increasing their scanty emoluments.

It is a curious commentary on the conservatism of governmental methods that, though these evils were recognized by President JACKSON'S secretary of State, who urged the abolition of the fee system, it has been continued down to the present time. That official said:

> I have no hesitation in giving a decided opinion that the exaction of fees has been the source of misunderstandings between our consuls and the masters of vessels, injurious to the reputation of the country; that it is degrading to the officer who is obliged to wrangle to them, is unequal in its operations, oppressive to our commerce and ought to be either wholly abolished or modified.

These evils have multiplied since then, through the natural increase of our trade. There is also another place wherein reform is urgently needed, viz. many of our salaried consuls are much underpaid. At Shanghai, for example, the United States consulate receives an appropriation of but $8,400 per year, while France pays $16,000 and Great Britain $50,000. No man of ability will exile himself for such meager stipends as are paid by the United States; hence our consular service contains some very undesirable timber, by no means reflecting honor upon the country. Good men should be sent abroad as consuls, in order that the commercial interests of this country may be fostered. It would be well if we took a lesson from Great Britain in this respect. She pays heavy salaries, thus securing first-class men; and as consuls are the commercial agents of the countries they represent, she thus is continually fostering her own commerce.

ELEVATOR CHARGES.

Governor HILL, of New York, has signed the bill reducing elevator charges in that state, and the elevator men are furiously angry. Men at Buffalo refuse to run grain through their establishments, and they talk loudly of fighting the bill in the courts, alleging that it is unconstitutional. The only point that can be raised against it is whether the state has the power, through its legislature, to regulate the charges to the public and mode of conducting any private business. On the one side is the assertion that the recognition of such a right puts every man's business at the mercy of the state. On the other hand, if there is no such power allowed, the people are at the mercy of trusts, rings, pools, and all sorts of such combinations.

The question has been passed upon already, and that, too, in a similar case. The Illinois legislature passed a law regulating elevator and warehouse charges on grain. The case was fought through both the state courts and the United States Supreme court, and the law was upheld. The honored Chief Justice WAITE wrote the opinion in the Supreme court of the United States, in which he laid down the principle, whose equity is apparent to all, that under the national constitution any business which affects the public interest is a proper subject for state control, and that the manner of conducting it may be regulated, and the charges may be fixed, by the state through its legislature.

DURING the years of Republican supremacy, a favorite text with Democratic howlers was to charge the Republicans in Congress with holding back appropriation bills for the influencing of tariff legislation. Now, however, it is another ox which is gored. The Democratic chairman of the committee on Naval Affairs says: "I do not intend to bring in the Naval bill at this time, when by so doing it could be used to antagonize the tariff. I propose to do nothing to hinder the early passage of the tariff bill."

THE continental governments of Europe all express the warmest desire for peace and the fullest confidence that it will be maintained. At the same time every one is increasing its armaments and demanding larger appropriations for the army and the navy. This kind of armed peace is nearly as costly to the over-taxed people as open war.

LET the voters who have to depend upon their daily labor for their living ponder this paragraph from BLAINE'S Paris letter:

> Were it possible for every voter of the republic to see for himself the condition and recompense of labor in Europe, the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage-worker between the two oceans.

SENATOR CHASE, of Rhode Island, Republican, has been re-elected to the United States Senate. Only three months ago the Democrats were confidently claiming they would elect a majority of the legislature of that state, and thus gain a Democratic Senator.

WASHINGTON dispatches state that Democratic Representatives are being inundated with letters from their constituents, asking that this and that industry in which they are interested be removed from the operation of the Mills bill.

THE best definition we have yet seen of a "tariff reformer" is that he spends one-fourth of his time denying that he is a free trader, and the other three-fourths howling for free trade.

CLEVELAND chafes because he can not control the Senate as he does the House. The Oregon election dashed his hopes in this direction.

WHEN GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS remarks that "the Republican party is thoroughly Blaineized," he only shows how entirely he is Clevelandized.

BOULANGER shot up like a rocket, but the indications are that he will carry out the illustration and come down like the stick.

IT little matters how the Democratic platform is interpreted. That party will be judged by its acts rather than by its words.

FOR the first time in sixteen years the Democratic party failed to take its Vice-Presidential candidate from Indiana.

NO Northern candidate has ever been elected to a second Presidential term by the Democratic party.

THE true color of the bandana is turkey red. It harmonizes exquisitely with the average Democratic nose.

THE Wheeling *Intelligencer* thinks it should be revised to read: "Public office is a private snap."

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of

FOR THE the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free

CAMPAIGN! trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner

SEND FOR so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so

CAMPAIGN that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have

TERMS. no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE SECOND PLACE.

The framers of the constitution originally provided that the defeated candidate for the presidency should be the Vice President, under the third clause of article II, section 1, of the constitution. The result of the earlier presidential elections made it probable that the Vice President of one administration would become the President the next—which was the case with ADAMS, who was Vice President under WASHINGTON, and JEFFERSON, who was Vice President under ADAMS. But this clause was suspended then by the twelfth amendment, which provided for separate votes by the electors on President and Vice President, and since that time only one Vice President has afterward become President by election—MARTIN VAN BUREN. TYLER, FILLMORE, JOHNSON and ARTHUR succeeded by the death of the President.

It has, in fact, become practically the rule that no man elected Vice President is ever elected or even nominated to be President; and as the office of Vice President has no necessary functions attached to it, and gives no great influence to its possessor, either in legislative or administrative affairs, it has come to be rather shunned than sought by men fit to occupy high places in the national government. As its only real use is to supply a successor in the event of the death or disability of the President, and as Congress has passed a law vesting the succession—after the Vice President—in the several members of the cabinet, it may be a question whether such usefulness as the office ever possessed has not been destroyed.

Few public men who are fit to be President, care for an office the sole importance of which lies in the fact that its incumbent will be President in the event of the President's death; and as time passes there will be more and more tendency to elect inferior men to this place, because it will be increasingly difficult to induce superior men to accept it, and only good luck can save the country from the succession of a JOHN TYLER or an ANDREW JOHNSON and assure the succession of a CHESTER A. ARTHUR, unless there is a reform in the nomination of Vice Presidential candidates.

At the present time parties concern themselves exclusively with the question of a candidate for the first place. Having secured one, they know perfectly that the member of the party who stands second in favor, and who ought therefore to be the candidate for the second place, cannot be induced on any account to accept the nomination. The post is much too unimportant, and its occupant is much too obscurely placed for any strong man to desire a nomination for it. The convention therefore takes up some man who is supposed to have the political influence necessary to help the party in some doubtful state, or whose nomination is supposed to be a sop to a defeated faction, and nominates him for the Vice Presidency without any regard whatsoever to his fitness or unfitness for the presidential succession. This tendency is one to be deplored, and one that needs correction.

CIVIL service reform was ignored by the Democrats in their national platform this year. Having obtained the offices, they didn't want anything to interfere with their being used to aid the party in pepetuating itself in power. Here is the plank of the St. Louis platform:

> Honest reform in the civil service has been inaugurated and maintained by President Cleveland, and he has brought the public service to the highest standard of efficiency, not only by rule and percept but by example of his own untiring and unselfish administration of public affairs.

The assertions therein contained are absurd enough to excite a bronze statue to cachinatory demonstrations. The postal service is a standing demonstration of the incapacity and maladministration of the party in power.

THE free trade press is busily endeavoring to make it appear that the Oregon election was not affected by the tariff issue. But the defeated Democratic candidate for Congress declared that free trade caused his defeat, and that Oregon wants none of it. And, just before the election, the Portland *Oregonian* declared:

> The main issue of this campaign is the question of protection to American industries and upholding the dignity of American labor. The main issue of the campaign for the November election will be the same. It is the dividing line between the two great parties. The issue is plainly made and must be openly fought. There is no room for political copperheads in the great party of protection.

A VERY large amount of railroad building is going on in this country the present year, although it has been called one of depression in the way of railway construction. The new lines are in California, Georgia and Alabama, and there is much activity in laying tracks throughout Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas.

IS A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR A BAD ONE FOR TRADE?

Already the croakers have come forward with the old saying that this is to be a poor year for business, because of the Presidential election. It is strange how the idea first received circulation, that a Presidential campaign injures trade. There are men who invariably assume that political discussion means commercial disturbance, a period of unsettled values, disaster to business men, and a narrow escape from commercial ruin. They sit down and fold their hands, refuse to push their trade, and spend their time in assuring every one that the country is going to the dogs.

But the country has never gone to ruin in a Presidential year. The fiercest political conflicts have not brought evil to the business interests of the country. If we could stand the shock of a terrible civil war for four years, and such periods of excitement as the Tilden-Hayes disputed election, there is not much ground for anticipating the least injury to business from the peaceful campaign just opening. This year there is absolutely nothing for business men to fear, except it be the prospect of a free trade tariff, and that will not be a result of the Presidential contest, whichever way it may be decided. That is the business of Congress and it is already well assured that if the House should pass anything so radical as the original Mills bill, the Senate would not permit it to become a law. Consequently, there is little in that to worry about.

As for the Presidency, the Democratic candidate is GROVER CLEVELAND; and after three years' experience the country knows pretty well what his policy will be if he is re-elected. It also knows what the Republican policy will be if he is defeated. So what is there in the Presidential prospect to make business ventures uncertain and business men timid? Nothing whatever. Not even as much as in ordinary Presidential campaigns. This is anything but a good year to "bear" the political stock market.

THE "OLD ROMAN" AND THE "RED BANDANA."

A postal card correspondent wants to know, "Why is ALLEN G. THURMAN called the 'Old Roman'?" We do not recall on what occasion, nor by whom, the admiring epithet was applied to Mr. THURMAN, but it was because of his character. He is a man of integrity and honesty, and of great firmness of purpose in pursuing a cause which he believes to be right, and from this probably arose the comparison with the ancient Romans, whose tenacity of purpose and firmness in a predetermined course is well known.

As for the significance of the "red bandana," about which we already have three inquiries: it does not mean anything, save that Mr. THURMAN, being a snuff-taker, has frequent need of a handkerchief; and as he is a gentleman of the old school, he has always used the old-fashioned red bandana silk hankerchief. While in the Senate he was in the habit of displaying his antique red handkerchief quite frequently, and became known as "the statesman with the red bandana." This is why his friends have adopted it as his symbol. It may be of interest to reproduce the following account of the mode of manufacture of the real bandana:

> The material of which the *bandana* (a Spanish word) is made is either silk or cotton, and is dyed in different colors—more commonly red, but sometimes also yellow and blue, with round or diamond-shaped spots all over it. The process of the manufacture of the bandana is this: The material is first dyed the desired color, and a pile of the handkerchiefs is then put into the press between two copper plates, one of which is fastened to the top and the other to the bottom of the press. These plates are pierced with holes, just like the spots to be made on the handkerchiefs. A great pressure is then put on the pile, and a bleaching liquid, called chlorine, is made to flow over the top of the plate. The liquid goes down with the holes, passes through the cloth and comes out of the holes in the bottom plate, taking out all the color, and making white spots just the size and shape of the holes in the plates. The pressure is so great that the liquid can reach the cloth only where the holes are.

CLEVELAND AND THE TRUSTS.

Representative ROWELL, of Illinois, told the country some things about the Democratic party's wide variance in its practice from the precepts it lays down in its platforms, in a recent speech in the House. His remarks must have been somewhat unpalatable to the Democrats of the House, but they can not be successfully controverted. Mr. ROWELL pointed out that though the Democrats are loud in their denunciation of trusts, and abuse of the "money power," yet ever since the war they have taken every Presidential candidate from New York, in the interest of this same money power. The only trust of consequence of the United States at the time of CLEVELAND'S inauguration was the Standard Oil trust, and one of his first acts was to appoint a man identified with that trust—Secretary WHITNEY—to a Cabinet office.

Mr. ROWELL certainly made a good point when he directed attention to the incontrovertible fact that the brood of trusts that curse the country have all sprung up since that act, which he claims to be simply the natural outgrowth of CLEVELAND'S recognition of the power of the Standard Oil trust. He also showed that every affirmation of the present administration has been in the interest of the money power, and the failure to call bonds was the result of the desire that capital might be hoarded that it might be used in the organization of trusts and the placing of the people at the mercy of these modern monopolies. The Democracy should carry out its preachments. Its promises are by no means fulfilled in its practice.

CONFESSING INCAPACITY.

It is instructive to read the St. Louis platform in connection with the Democratic platform of four years ago. The latter document declared that a change in administration was "necessary" because there was then "an existing surplus of more than $100,000,000, which has yearly been collected from a suffering people." The platform this year declares:

> The money now lying in the federal treasury resulting from superfluous taxation amounts to more than $125,000,000, and the surplus collected is reaching the sum of more than $60,000,000 annually.

Here is a confession of Democratic incapacity to deal with national finance. The party has been in power for over three years, with a large majority in the House of Representatives, yet it has not passed a single measure to remedy the state of things which in 1884 it declared was a sufficient reason for a change of administration. It will not do to say that the Republican Senate prevented it, for the Democrats of the House have never been able to pass a bill looking to this end, though they have full power to do it. Doesn't it look as if the people begin to think that it is about time for a change again, and for the placing in power of the Republicans, who are pledged to correct this condition of things and to protect the best interests of American labor while doing it?

THE Detroit *Journal* was recently forced into court to defend a libel damage suit, but the plaintiff dumfounded the court by forstalling the trial and rising to ask for a dismissal of the case. He stated that he had no idea of bringing a suit at all but five different lawyers kept at him, insisting that he had been defamed unjustly and that he could procure big damages. Thus persuaded he consented to allow one of the legal snarks to bring suit under a contract that he should receive one-half of the sum awarded, if any, and nothing if the defendant won. There are undoubtedly such lawyers to be found in every community. They are ever ready to breed contention for the prospect of a fee.

CURRENT EVENTS.

This is a Presidential year in Colombia, Ecuador, and Bolivia.

George Eliot never got less than $40,000 for any of her novels.

Ingersoll offers any one $10,000 who can convict him of plagiarism.

Senator Fair, despite recent reverses, is said still to be worth $20,000,000.

A United States man-of-war was sold in the Brooklyn navy yard a few days ago for $10.

Emperor Frederick is fond of violets, and vases in his room are kept filled with them.

It costs South Carolina $75,000 a year to pension those disabled and the widows of those killed in the late war.

One of the benefits of statehood to Dakota is a donation of 9,000 acres of government land for the Agricultural college.

The largest railroad system in the world is the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, which operates about 8,000 miles of road.

The money spent for drinks in an American city of 200,000 inhabitants is put down at $25,000 per week the year round.

A man near Bangor, Me., is trying the experiment of grafting apple twigs into a pine tree. He wants to raise pineapples.

The retirement from the cabinet, March 4, of Secretary Whitney and Attorney General Garland, is definitely determined upon.

Sam Randall's health appears to be seriously shattered, and his friends are becoming alarmed. Some days he sees no one except his physician.

The new wire gun at Shoeburyness has thrown a 500 pound shell a distance of twelve miles, the greatest distance ever covered by a cannon ball.

Joseph Davis, of Wayne county, West Virginia, is father of a 6-year-old girl weighing 150 pounds. She is a perfectly healthy and intelligent child.

Nearly half of the successful contestants for Cornell University fellowships are women. Their studies have been architecture, botany and mathematics.

William S. Wyse, of the Harpers' publishing house, who won a great sum of money betting on Cleveland four years ago, is now laying odds the other way.

Eugene Rimmel, the London perfumer, left a personal estate valued at $100,000, and made bequests to all persons who had been in his employ for ten years.

What may be of great value in ship building and watchmaking is the discovery that steel mixed with 24 per cent. of manganese becomes non-magnetic.

Little three-year-old was out in the fields the other day and came running with, "I saw a pansy and I was going to pick it, and it was a butterfly and it flied away."

One of the cheapest and best modes of destroying insects in pot plants is to invert the pot and dip the plants for a few seconds in water warmed to 130 degrees.

George B. Thayer, of Hartford, Conn., who crossed the continent to California on the bicycle two years ago, is crossing the ocean now to do Europe in the same way.

Bananas have become so cheap in Queensland, Australia, that their cultivation is no longer profitable. Only one shilling per bunch of twenty dozen is paid for the fruit.

Dr. William A. Hammond writes that the nervous temperament is more disposed to insanity than any other. He avers that the business men of to-day are as nervous as women.

As Tammany held its ravaging course through Illinois on its way home, the braves exchanged badges for kisses from girls that looked upon the savages from various stations.

When Tammany, returning home from St. Louis, was crossing Detroit river, a witty New York alderman, looking toward the Canadian shore, sang: "I Love to Steal Awhile Away."

Mrs John A. Logan has secured all the suitable mementoes of her late husband that she could obtain and arranged them in what she maintains as a memorial room in her house at Washington.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who has been writing for the public over 30 years, is only 44 years old. *Youth's Companion* printed her first story, written when she was 13. She began "Gates Ajar," her best-known book, in 1864.

O. H. Rothaker in Omaha *Republican*: "After all there is a great deal of fitness in alluding to the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate as 'the old Roman.' The striking peculiarity of all old Romans is the fact that they are dead."

Back of Senator Morrill's appropriation of $17,000 to make a wing of the Smithsonian Institution fire proof is a gift of armor, said to be the finest in the world, and worth a million dollars, but the Vermont Senator will not yet tell who the donor is.

Col. J. P. Eagle, Democratic candidate for governor of Arkansas, got most of his schooling after his 33d year. He lived till manhood on a farm, from which he went into the rebel army as a private. He came back a colonel, went to school, and finally to the Mississippi college. He is now 51 years old.

Judge Thurman tells the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that he has used the red bandana since 1845, when he began using snuff. In the memorable campaign of the Hon. William Allen for governor, his red bandana attained considerable celebrity. The history of the bandana anterior to this time is not known, even by Judge Thurman.

The Finance committee of the Senate was debating a knotty point a few days ago, and Mr. Beck could not be persuaded that Mr. Vance had been accurate in a certain statement. "Why don't you put it in writing?" asked Senator Beck sternly. "What you say goes in at one ear and out at the other." "Ah!" retorted Vance, "that's because there's nothing there to stop it."

Allen G. Thurman, it is discovered, goes into the campaign with the evil spell of the number thirteen over him. There are thirteen letters in his name, he was born November 13, 1813, and he was nominated June 7 as a candidate for the suffrages of November 6, the sum of these two dates being thirteen. These figures do not worry the Old Roman half so much as the knowledge that he is expected to drag his mate over two-thirds of the course.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

THE principle of protection to American industries and American labor, laid down by JAMES G. BLAINE with such clearness and wonderful force in his Florence letter will be the watchword of the mechanics and laborers of America next November, and we shall have the action of Oregon duplicated in all the great industrial states of the North. Oregon is an agricultural state, and her verdict for protection shows that the farmer is right upon the overshadowing public question of the day. Protection won in that state, and the Republican party shares in the glory as the exponent of that doctrine.

THE days are now on when people are seriously discussing the advisability of getting away from their cool and comfortable homes for the stuffy and heated and costly quarters in some alleged resort. Toledo itself is the most charming summer location that can be found.

THE Oregon election has proved an astonisher to the Democrats.

THE hose will be turned on the bandana craze next November.

FIRST Rhode Island, then Oregon, next the nation.

THE DEMOCRATIC RECORD

As Sketched by Mr. Watterson Himself.
Louisville Courier-Journal.

In 1864 the Democrats nominated a Union soldier on a platform declaring the war a failure.

In 1868 it nominated a hard money Democrat on a soft money platform.

In 1872 it nominated a life-long protectionist on a non-committal platform.

In 1880 it nominated a Union general on a platform declaring for "a tariff for revenue only." This platform the nominee repudiated under the direction of Mr. Barnum.

And in every instance we were ingloriously and deservedly beaten.

In 1876 we put a positive man on a positive platform; he was elected, and fraud alone kept him out of the White House.

In 1884 we nominated Mr. Cleveland on a compromise platform, and he was elected by a scratch because he in New Jersey and Mr. Hendricks in Indiana spoke openly for tariff reform.

FROM CONSUL TO EDITOR.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne (England) *Chronicle*, of June 2, has the following editorial mention:

The Toledo BLADE—a smart American newspaper, long associated with the name of "Petroleum V. Nasby—has, on the death of that humorist, passed into the editorial charge of his son, Mr. Robinson Locke. There is a little local interest attached to the change—for Mr. Locke was known to some of our readers as the American consul in Newcastle. The BLADE is devoting a good deal of its space to anti-liquor attacks.

AMERICA'S DISCOVERER.

Prince Bonaparte Thinks That He Was Probably a Chinaman.

At Wednesday's session of the Anthropological Congress at New York, Prince Roland Bonaparte said that he was not disposed to question the discovery by Norsemen of the northeast coast of America, but he wishes to state a little fact that at least suggested the probability of an earlier discovery of this continent by the Chinese. Within the present century a Frenchman has discovered in very ancient Chinese history mention of the travels of some Chinese priests to the remote land of Fu-Sang, which is supposed to have meant this country on its northwest coast.

"It may or may not have been," continued Prince Bonaparte. "We do not seem to have any means of knowing positively about it. But here is a fact that we do know. My friend Du Charnay, in his Mexican explorations, discovered in Palenque a symbol—this (sketching rapidly upon the blackboard a circle enclosing a horizontal line, with a single wave like an elongated letter S laid on its back, with a small circle in the larger part of each division thus made). It is a symbol known to the Buddhists as Tai Ki, is common in China, and has a philosophical signification. When it is painted upon monuments in China, where it frequently appears, the lower division of the circle is painted red and the upper part blue. It represents the idea of physical perfection, the lower part representing the bad and the upper part the good elements. I have in my possession a small ornamental Chinese junk, upon the bow of which appears this symbol, in the more ornamented form of two dolphins, head and tail, making its lines. The same exactly has been found in Mexico. These similarities are at least curious. I am not able, of my own knowledge, to say whether the Chinese brought that symbol to Mexico or not, but no longer ago than 1875 a Japanese vessel was driven by contrary waves and winds across the Pacific and thrown upon the California coast, and it may very well have been that centuries ago a Chinese vessel was thus driven across the ocean, and carried the knowledge of that symbol to the priests of Mexico, who adopted it and placed it upon their monuments.

A SUFFICIENT HINT.

Thomas Probably Did Not Forget this Hint as to Personal Speed.

A late reverend gentleman who resided in Yorkshire, and was as well-known for his eccentricity and his talents, one day sent his son, a lazy lad about 12 years of age, to catch his horse. The lad went sauntering along with a grain of corn in one hand and the bridle in the other, dragging the reins along the ground. "Thomas," said the father, calling after him in a very solemn tone of voice, "come here, Thomas; I want to say a word to you before you go." The lad returned, and the parson proceeded:

"You know, Thomas, that I gave you a great deal of counsel. You know that I have taught you, before closing your eyes, to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., besides a good many other things in the way of explanation and advice. But this is the last opportunity I may ever have of speaking to you. I couldn't let it pass without giving you my parting charge. Be a good boy, and always say that pretty prayer before going to sleep. I fear I shall never see you again." As he said this in a very sad and solemn manner, the poor boy began to be frightened and burst into tears with this exclamation: "You'll never see me again, pa?" "No; for I shall probably die before you get back with the horse." This quickened Thomas's ideas; and, gathering up the reins, he ran and caught the horse in less time than he had ever done before.

WHICH WAS THE FOOL?

And Who Did the Swindling in the Case?

There are more than a score of men in New York who make their living by inventing or buying new advertising devices. The most prominent of these is a man named Nathans, whose office is in West Broadway. A friend of mine got up a little puzzle made out of pieces of movable pasteboard, on that memorable "blizzard Monday," a couple of months ago. It was an absorbing little puzzle, simple-looking, but not easy to arrange in the order and shape required for solution. Next day the inventor showed his puzzle to me going up town on the elevated, and explained its solution. "Jones," said I, "that little thing can be sold for $50."

"Pooh!" sneered Jones.

I had hard work to make the man believe that there was any market value in his little pieces of pasteboard, and it was only after much coaxing that I induced him to go and see Nathans, but at last he went.

In exactly twenty minutes after he climbed the stairs he had Nathans's check for $150 in his pocket and Nathans had the puzzle. "Lord, but that man is a fool," said Jones when he showed me the check. "I feel as if I had swindled him. I hope I'll never meet him again. I wouldn't dare look him in the face."

Recently I saw Nathans in a Park Place print shop. When I spoke of Jones's puzzle Nathans's eyes twinkled and he became gleefully confidential. "Dot liddle t'ing," he whispered, "gosts me to make t'ree-fifts of a cent apiece. I haf daken orders alretty for one hundert an' eighty tousand of t'em at five cents apiece. My teer boy, I baid dot Chones so tam liddle for dot t'ing dot I wouldn't meet him on de sdreet for a Texas ranche. I couldn't look dot feller in his face, I shwindled him so. Lord, but he was a fool.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Who People Do Not All Go to the Theater at Once in America.

Will some kind reader inform us why it is that all the people who go to theaters don't some time, by accident, take it into their heads to go on the same night? Why is it that in the course of a week it often happens that the house is just evenly filled every night? Why is it that the receipts for a whole week do not vary more than $10 or $12, and seldom more than $50 on a night? In a city like New York or London a piece often has a run of six months or a year, with full houses all the time, but very few, if any, turned away. How is it that audiences of just such a particular size will distribute themselves over such a large period? What law is it that regulates the attendance at the theaters and makes the audience almost uniform?

There can't be an understanding among the people as to who will go and who will not. The size of the audience is in one sense purely accidental, and the puzzle is how a series of accidents can be of so uniform a character. Why is it that some time every body doesn't conclude to go Monday night, or Wednesday night, or some other particular time? Is there any reason why an accident of that kind should not happen? And yet it never does happen. It must be by some unseen, unknown, mystic influence that the theaters-goers of a community apportion themselves to the various nights of the week, so that the attendance shall be about the same each night. But that is an explanation which does not satisfactorily answer the question.

Cupid Dressed In Gold And Gems.

A conspicuous figure at M. Cernuschi's dress ball—which was an assemblage of the most brilliant people in the cosmopolitan society of Paris—was Mme. Gauthereau, the noted Creole beauty. She was dressed as Cupid, and of course her raiment was exceedingly scanty. But she was literally encrusted with gold and gems. The abbreviated skirts of her costume were actually made of pure gold, spun and woven into the gauze so delicate that it was not much heavier than silk. Another much-admired costume was that of the famous beauty Mme. Bernardaki. She was a Diana. Her bodice was of blue velvet and her skirt of white satin, and every stitch in the seams of these was marked by a diamond or sapphire. Hanging over her shoulders was a panther's skin, and her hair was powdered, not with diamond dust, but with diamonds and sapphires as big as peas, all held in place by a network of gold thread. She had on her person more than $250,000 worth of precious stones. Mlle. Marie Van Zandt, the American singer, was esteemed one of the most beautiful ladies present. The daughter of M. Carolus Duran was charming in a Japanese dress. Mme. Pasta, the actress, wore a set of real imperial Russian sables, one of less than a dozen sets in the world owned by persons outside of royalty. She had also a marvelous coronet of pearls and diamonds said to be worth more than $100,000.

THE GREAT FETICH.

SENATOR INGALLS ON CLEVELAND

An Extract from His Article in the North American Review on Fetichism in Politics.

In an article on "Fetichism in Politics," in the June *North American Review*, after noting Grover Cleveland's personal characteristics and unfitness, as already quoted in these columns, Senator Ingalls says:

From this inert and vacant mass the transcendentalists and Pharisees of our politics have made unto themselves a graven image to which they bow down and worship with ignominious idolatry and self-abasement. They declare that he possesses the courage of Jackson, though the first treat of public exasperation, like that aroused by the battle-flag order, drives him to retraction, and to the imputation of unpopular acts to the indiscretion of subordinates. His tedious platitudes are described as wisdom, and his dull self-complacency as imperturbable poise and resolution. His wearisome protestations of purity, and of antagonism to the corrupt and malignant influences of his party associates, are announced as evidences of official integrity, which justify his assumptions of superior honesty, and warrant him in perpetually impugning the motives of mankind. He regards as enemies all who are unable to concur with his swollen estimate of his superlative pre-eminence, and manifests resentment toward all opponents, whether in his own party or elsewhere. Having cheated the "reformers" and bullied the renegades in the North, he truckles to his masters in the South, aknowledges his hypocrisy, admits his treachery, and, not disconcerted by exposure, demands another term in the face of his plain avowal that he would not ask for a renomination. Devoid alike of imagination and of conscience, he appeals neither to the sentiment nor to the moral sense of the people. Attention will not be diverted, therefore, from the real issue of the campaign by considerations personal to Cleveland. He will be nominated, not as a leader, but as a fetich—a thing endowed by superstition and ignorance with fictitious attributes. There will be no hero worship. It is impossible to excite popular enthusiasm for an executive who confessedly reached the climax of his great powers in refusing to approve an appropriation for a public building in a country town, and vetoing with ghoulish glee a two-dollar pension bill for a mutilated and disabled Union veteran. Paradoxical as it may appear, the administration of Cleveland has resulted in inestimable advantage to the people of the United States. It has furnished additional evidence, if such were necessary, of their capacity for self-government. There is no longer occasion to despair of the perpetuity of the republic.

The Democracy were intrusted with power upon a pledge of economy and reform in the administration of the government. Reform implies that there is something which needs reformation, and the electors have the right to inquire whether this pledge has been kept or violated. It will be one of the most important issues of the campaign, and the evidence is conclusive and overwhelming that since the days of Jackson there has been no such shameless and dissolute prostitution of the public service to personal and partisan uses as that which has occurred under this new dispensation of purity, sweetness and light, which was supposed to usher in the political millenium. The degradation is complete. Even the pretense of virtue has been dropped, and the unhappy victims of the mock-marriage are treated with unfeeling derision and neglect. Every department of the government has been transformed into a party machine.

One of the most profound and pervading impulses of the American character is an intense pride in citizenship, and the institutions and the honor of the nation. The Democratic party will be called upon to render an account of its stewardship in dealing with foreign powers. It is an unparalleled record of sycophancy and imbecility. No one can read its annals without humiliation, shame and indignation. The fiasco in Mexico, the surrender to England, the disgraceful exhibition of boorishness and ignorance at other courts, form a chapter of ignominy that fittingly supplements the policy of selecting as diplomatic representitives of the government those who had only signalized themselves by efforts for its destruction.

But the issue that exceeds all others in importance is suffrage in the South. There are 153 votes in the electoral college assured to the Democratic party without any other effort than that required to write the certificates of election. Forty-eight more in the North will give Cleveland another term, during which the Supreme court will be reconstructed upon the basis of hostility to the constitutional amendments and the statutes of freedom. Not only among the white politicians, but among the white voters of the South there is a settled and avowed determination to eliminate the negro as an element in the political problem, and suppress his vote. In the language of the Senator from Louisiana, the negroes are to be "persuaded" to abstain from voting! There is no longer any disguise or concealment of this purpose. They are citizens entitled to vote, and generally Republican in politics, and in several states are the majority; but the election machinery being in the hands of the Democracy, they are either excluded from the polls, or their votes are suppressed and destroyed. The election in Louisiana, April 17, is an illustration of the methods employed. The state is undoubtedly Republican and Warmoth was unquestionably the choice of the majority of the electors. The Governor publicly pledged himself to an honest election, admitting that frauds had been committed in the past which should not be repeated. Relying upon these assurances, the Republicans organized and entered upon the canvass. The Governor, becoming terrified at the prospect of defeat, issued orders to fabricate and manufacture Democratic majorities' and the result was a spurious majority so astounding that the only reply Senator Eustis could make was: "It is none of your business!" That is to say, by the suppression of majorities, by ballot-box stuffing, by forging certificates of election, a President may be chosen, Senators and Representatives elected, who are to decide every question affecting the tariff, the revenues, the currency, our relations foreign and domestic, the taxes of every citizen, and guide and control the destiny of the nation for the coming century, and it is none of our business! If such methods are to prevail, then constitutional self-government is at an end upon this continent. Dahomey and Zululand are no worse.

What "Society" Is.

Mrs. Burnett's two handsome little boys are with her, and, as usual, are considered living reproductions of that adorable child, little Lord Fauntleroy. The original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is Mrs. Burnett's younger son, Vivian, who has experienced in his small life many of the incidents related in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Cedric's acquaintance with the applewoman, for instance, is taken from real life, so to speak. An incident that did not appear in the story was recently told me by an intimate friend of Mrs. Burnett. One day Vivian Burnett asked an old applewoman, whom he religiously patronized in Washington if she were "in society." "My mamma is in society; are you?" "Bless you, no, child, I reckon I ain't in what you call society. What is it?" "Society," said Vivian, "why it's a thing where there's lots of people who all come to your house, and they come up to your mamma, who is in the drawing room looking very beautiful, in a lovely dress, and they shake hands with her and say 'Why how do you do?' and then they gabble, gabble, gabble, gabble, gabble, and then they come up again to your mamma and say, 'Oh, I'm so sorry, but I must go now, good-bye,' and then they go away, and that's all."—*Boston Herald*.

Red Lips.

Red lips are the announcement of good health, and good health is the fashion: women who have very determined wills frequently get into the habit of drawing their lips together in a way they think expresses determination; the lips are very pliable and naturally assume the position which is oftenest given to them, so she who feels on pleasant terms with the world at large, who makes it a point only to say pleasant things, will have about her mouth that something that the French call riante—the look that tells of a laugh without the sound, and a smile that is not a smirk. With all his gallantry it took a Frenchman to say this: "To be beautiful a woman must not talk too much or she will contract her mouth in an unbecoming manner."

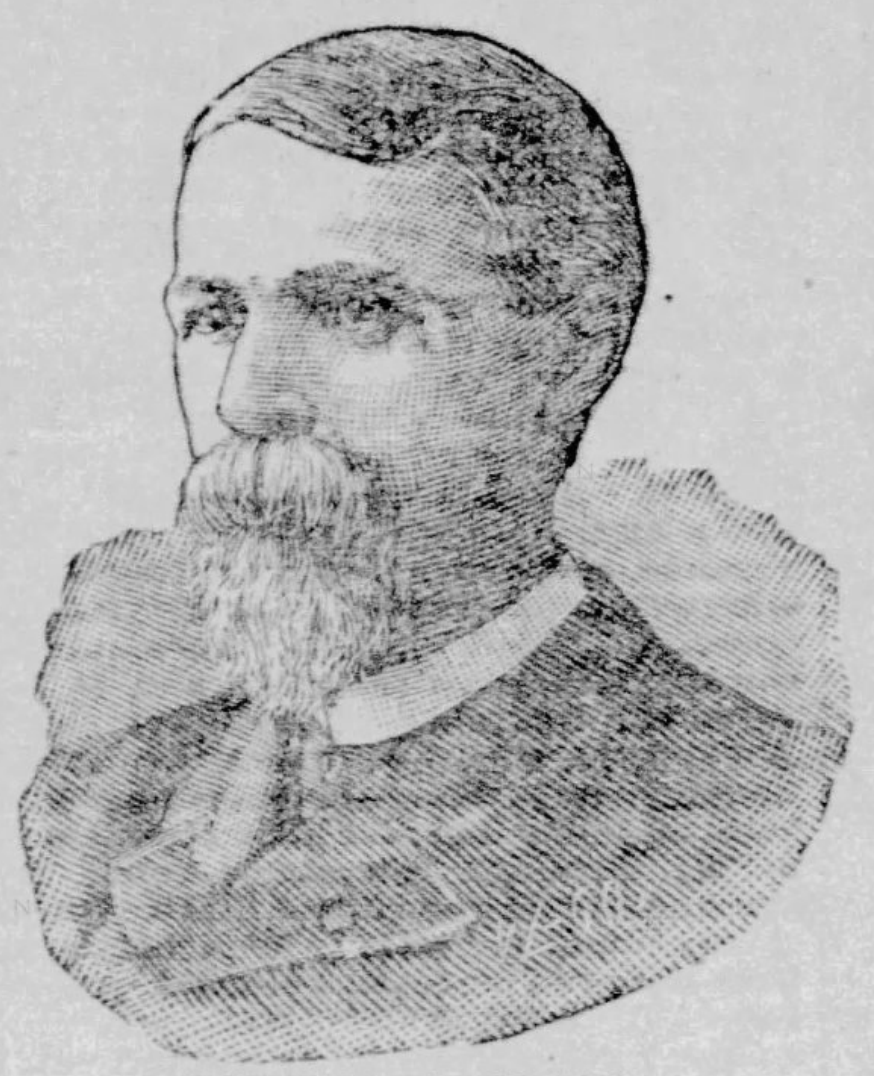
The Democratic Slogan.

Chicago Tribune.

Wipe, brothers, wipe with care,
Wipe your noses on the bandanaire!
A plain red wipe for the proletaire,
A dainty wipe for the debonnaire,
A big silk wipe for the millionaire—
Wipe, brothers, wipe with care,
But wipe all the same on the bandanaire.

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.

Sketches and Portraits of the Men Prominently Mentioned for the Presidency—One of Them Will Possibly be Named at the Convention in Chicago This Week.

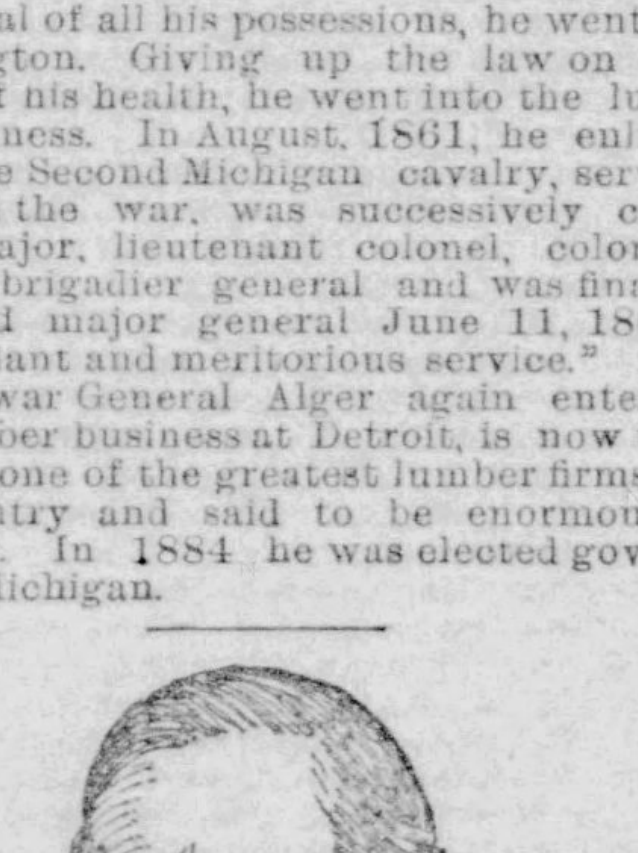


RUSSELL A. ALGER.

He Hails from Michigan and Ohio Claims Him.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit, Mich., is "an Ohio boy," having been born in Medina county on February 22, 1836. His parents were of New England stock, and his great grandfather fought in the war of the revolution. The family came to Ohio in the year 1800. The boy Russell was left an orphan at an early age, and not only had to earn his own living, but to help support his younger sister and brother. For eight years he did farm work, two for his board, clothing and three months' schooling, and six years by the month. Eventually he taught school. In March, 1857, he began the study of law at Akron, and was admitted to the bar two years afterward.

He then went to Cleveland, where he remained a few months, when, with $5 in money and an extra suit of clothes, as the sum total of all his possessions, he went to Washington. Giving up the law on account of his health, he went into the lumber business. In August, 1861, he enlisted in the Second Michigan cavalry, served through the war, was successively captain, major, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brevet brigadier general and was finally breveted major general June 11, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious service." After the war General Alger again entered the lumber business at Detroit, is now the head of one of the greatest lumber firms in the country and said to be enormously wealthy. In 1884 he was elected governor of Michigan.



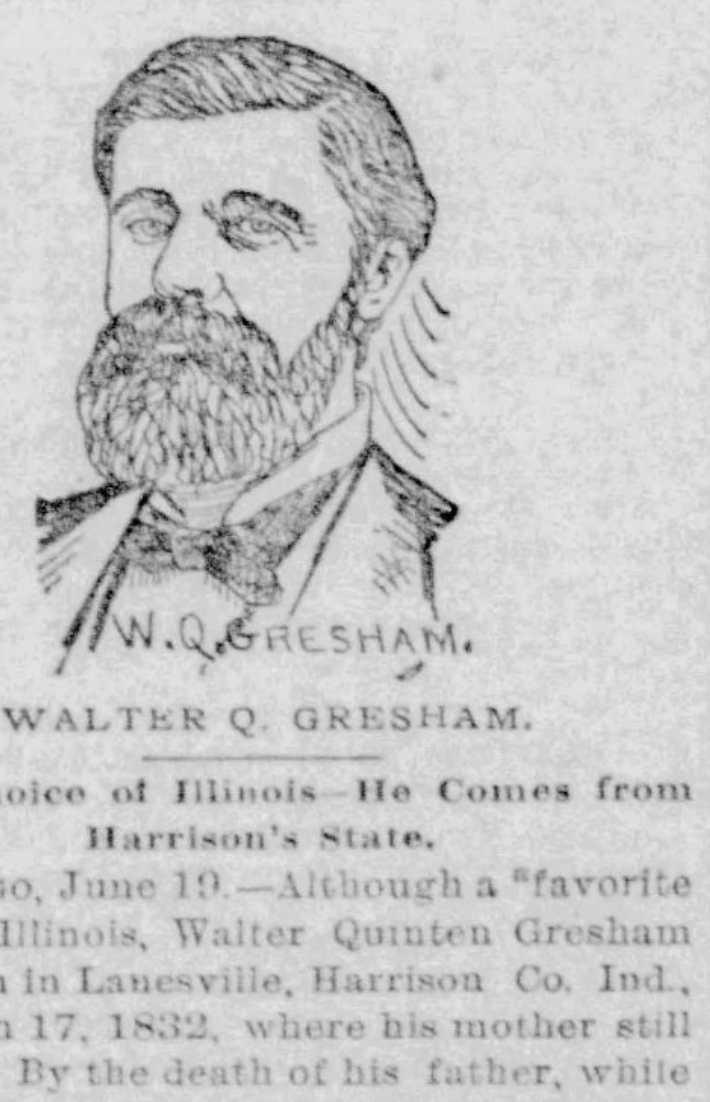
JOHN SHERMAN.

JOHN SHERMAN.

The Honored Senator From the Buckeye State.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special)—Senator John Sherman was born in Lancaster, O., in 1823, and early entered public life. He was a delegate to the Whig national convention of 1848 and 1852, and he was a member of the House in the Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses and in 1859-60 he was a candidate for Speaker. In 1861 he was elected to the United States Senate, and was re-elected in 1866 and 1872. When President Hayes was elected, he appointed Senator Sherman secretary of the Treasury, a position which he filled throughout the term, and which gave him the high reputation which he now enjoys. It will be recalled that in 1879, when the Ohio legislature was to elect a successor to Senator Thurman, Sherman was a candidate, but Gen. Garfield's stragetic move gave him the succession, and finally paved the way to his nomination for the presidency. However, Senator Sherman was the second choice, and he was returned to the body of which he has been a member ever since.

Senator Sherman studied law with his brother Charles, at Mansfield, Ohio, and was elevated to the bench. He has amassed considerable money and is one of the wealthiest members of the Senate. He has traveled in every part of the country, but his reserved manner, and his lack of those social qualities which attract people, he has not those warm, ardent friends which many have gathered about them. He first visited Washington in 1846, and became intimately acquainted with Stephen A. Douglas and contemporary statesmen.



WALTER Q. GRESHAM.

The Choice of Illinois—He Comes from Harrison's State.

CHICAGO, June 19.—Although a "favorite son" of Illinois, Walter Quinten Gresham was born in Lanesville, Harrison Co. Ind., on March 17, 1832, where his mother still resides. By the death of his father, while sheriff of the county, at the hands of a desperado, Mrs. Gresham was left in moderate circumstances, with three sons and two daughters of tender years. "Wal," as the judge was familiarly known, grew up on a farm until nearly 16 years of age, and up to that time had only the limited advantage of a district school. Through the assistance of a friend he subsequently entered the seminary at Corydon, and afterwards graduated at the Bloomington University. He studied law with Judge Wm. A. Porter, and was admitted in 1854, becoming a partner of Thomas C. Slaughter.

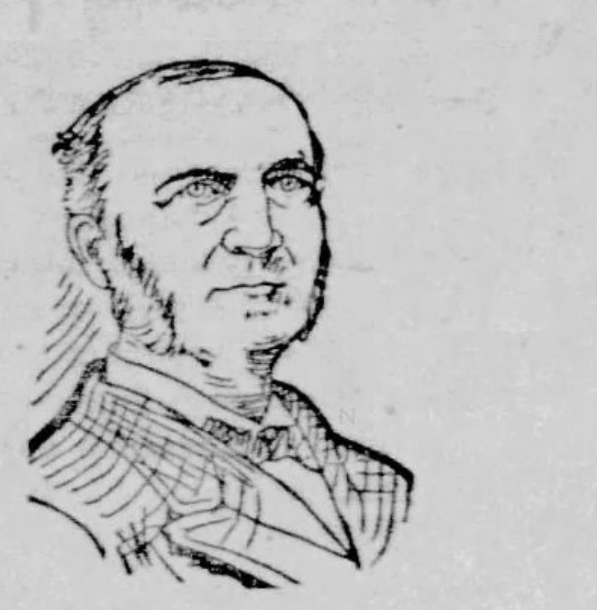
His first political move was with the Know Nothings and it was used against him by his enemies. In 1855 he joined the Republican ranks and stumped the state for Fremont and Dayton. In 1860 he made a vigorous campaign for the legislature and routed his Democratic opponents.

When the war became inevitable he was made colonel of the Fifty-third Indiana regiment and participated in Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Corinth and in all the other engagements up till the battle of Kenesaw mountain, when he was wounded. A year he was confined to bed and for two years longer depended on crutches. He was breveted major for meritorious services, and while under Grant was held in high esteem by him.

While President, Grant offered him a district attorneyship and then collector of the port of New Orleans, both of which he declined, but afterwards accepted the appointment of United States district judge, and until 1883 he held the position. In 1883 Judge Gresham was appointed postmaster general, vice Gen. Howe. He was subsequently appointed to the treasury portfolio, but in December, 1884, he withdrew from the cabinet, and President Arthur appointed him United States Circuit judge, a position he still holds. In all the places he has been called to occupy he has demonstrated his clear judgment and the determination of his character.

His deliverances as a Circuit judge, however, have placed him in the leading ranks of jurists, the recent litigation growing out of the Quincy railroad troubles bringing out a decision which made him thousands of friends among the working classes. His most important decision, probably, was that of the Wabash litigation, in which Jay Gould, Russell Sage and others were parties. The decision disgruntled Jay Gould, but its justice has been fully demonstrated.

Judge Gresham is a fine looking man, six feet tall, of slender proportions, and has regular but strongly marked features. He is a forcible rather than an eloquent speaker, although some of his addresses have attracted great attention. He married Miss Matilda McGrain in 1855, and has one son and one daughter.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

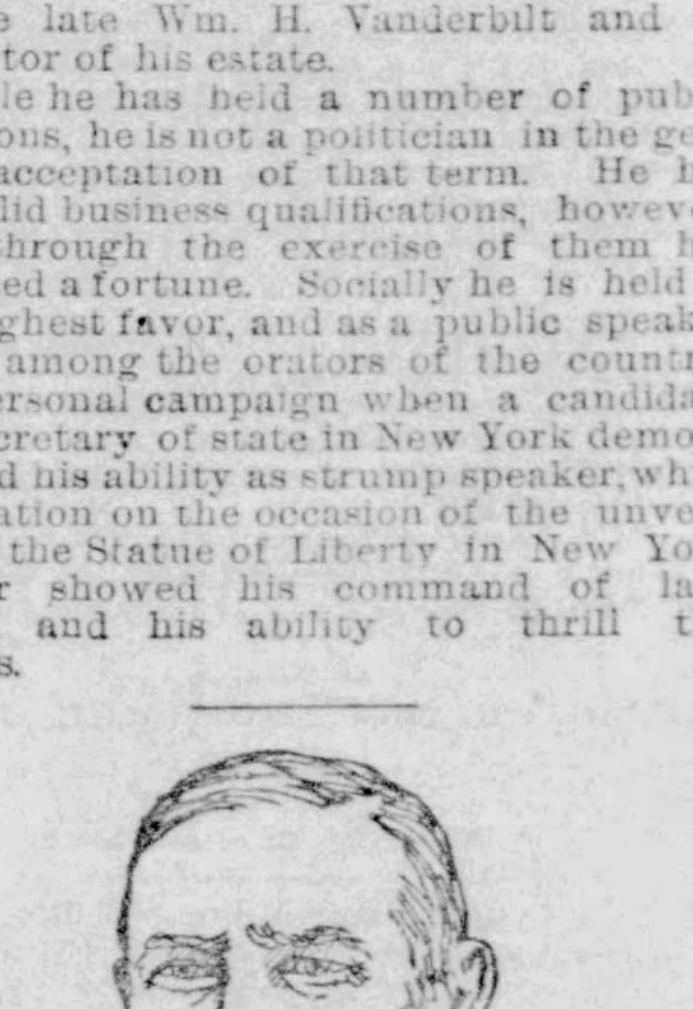
Some of the Characteristics of the Man from New York.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, is a native of Peekskill, N. Y., where was born in 1834. His paternal ancestor was a French Huguenot, and his mother was the descendant of a brother of Roger Sherman. He obtained his preliminary education at Peekskill, and graduated from Yale with high honors in the class of '56. Three years later he was admitted to the bar, and soon secured a lucrative practice. In 1864 he was elected by the Republicans to the state legislature and served as chairman of the Ways and Means committee and also as speaker. In 1863 he was elected secretary of state, overcoming Governor Seymour's majority of 30,000, the previous year.

He declined to be a candidate for re-election, and in 1866 he was tendered the Japan mission, but resigned after holding the appointment four months. He was defeated for lieutenant governor on the Greeley ticket in 1872, but two years later he was elected by the Republican legislature as regent of the university, a position he still holds. In 1881, Depew was a candidate for United States Senator, but after holding three-fourths of the Republicans for 82 days, he withdrew, and declined to allow the use of his name again in 1884.

Mr. Depew is president of the New York Central railway, was a confidential friend of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt and an executor of his estate.

While he has held a number of public positions, he is not a politician in the general acceptation of that term. He has splendid business qualifications, however, and through the exercise of them has amassed a fortune. Socially he is held in the highest favor, and as a public speaker ranks among the orators of the country. His personal campaign when a candidate for secretary of state in New York demonstrated his ability as strump speaker, while his oration on the occasion of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor showed his command of language and his ability to thrill the masses.



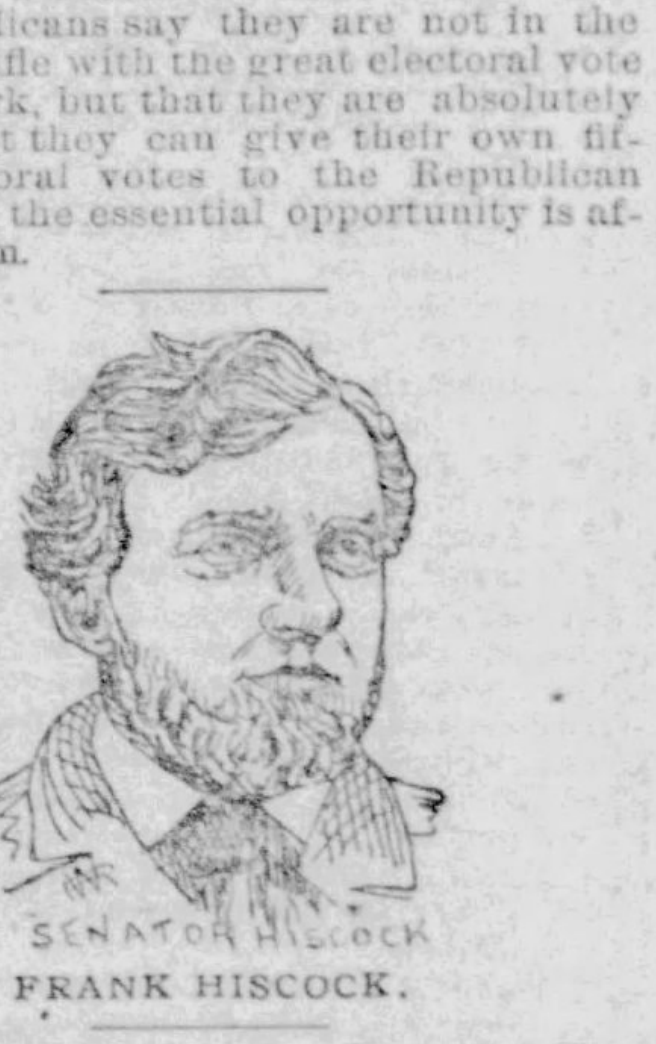
BENJ. HARRISON.

BENJ. HARRISON

The Man the Hoosiers Were Willing to Tie to.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—Indiana instructed her delegates to Chicago to present the name of Senator Benjamin Harrison, as the unreserved choice of the Hoosier state Republicans, for the Presidency. Ex-Senator Harrison comes from a sturdy stock, his great-grandfather having been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, while his grandfather was William Henry Harrison, who, after having served his country in peace and war for 50 years, during which he fought the battle of Tippecanoe, died one month after having been placed in the Presidential chair.

Benjamin Harrison entered public life as an ardent speaker in the great campaign of 1856, was elected reporter of the Supreme court of Indiana, abandoned his profession to enter the volunteer army as a lieutenant, fought long and well, and went home a brigadier general, and the Republican candidate for governor of Indiana in 1876, was elected a United States senator in 1881, and served six years. Indiana must always be thought of among the first when the subject of doubtful states is introduced. It has been for eight years at least, and will be this year fair fighting ground, where the greater skill and prudence and energy are sure of their reward, and where a blunder is most fatal. Indiana Republicans say they are not in the mood to trifle with the great electoral vote of New York, but that they are absolutely certain that they can give their own fifteen electoral votes to the Republican nominee if the essential opportunity is afforded them.



FRANK HISCOCK.

The Young U. S. Senator from the Empire State.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—Senator Frank Hiscock hails from New York, which he now represents in the United States Senate. He is a vigorous worker, and his addresses in Congress are always confined to the subject matter of the bill or measure about to be voted upon. He has been steadfast in his Republican principles, a vigorous and successful worker. A correspondent in referring to his candidacy says: "In his own state—the state of his birth and his home from infancy to the present hour—where his affections are centered, and for which his energies have been trained and expended, Senator Hiscock is invincible. No accident could trip him up. No acknowledged hostility, nor cynical indifference, nor narrow jealousy, nor local prejudice would keep voters at home or send them to the wrong ballot-box. And what is true of New York is true of the whole country. There is not a state between the two oceans, nor a locality within a state, in which the conviction of Hiscock's claim upon the votes of men who love their country would not grow steadily stronger from June 19 to Nov. 6."

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." —J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition."—T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

★ WENT HOME TO DIE. ★

In the spring of 1878 I was taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly blood appeared mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of brown gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another said it was

Inflammation of the Bladder

and another that I had a stone in my left kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent specialist at Albany, but constantly growing worse I gave up in despair and went home to die. Relatives heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and urged me to try it. Soon the medicine began to help me, the pain and distress lessened. In two months' time I left my bed and in six or seven months I wss robust and strong. Many witnesses will substantiate what I say. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to find relief in the same source.

C. W. BROWN, Petersburg, N. Y.

M'KINLEY'S LUCK.

The Ohio Congressman's Hit in His Tariff Speech a Fortuitous One.

When Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, made his celebrated speech on the tariff a few weeks ago he emphasized the fact that a suit of woolen clothes could be purchased in this country for $10. Representative Leopold Morse, of Massachusetts, it will be remembered, interrupted the speaker at this point with a flat denial, coupled with the statement:

"You couldn't buy it of me at that figure."

Mr. McKinley at once drew from his desk an entire suit, which he showed to have been purchased at Mr. Morse's own establishment in Boston at the price named. The Massachusetts member resumed his seat amid the laughter and jeers of the Republicans, but the oddness of the coincidence was such as to make it the subject of extended comment.

"The suit," said Mr. McKinley, subsequently, "was sent to me from Boston to prove how cheaply the workingman could buy his clothes. Accompanying it was the receipt. As I started for the capitol that morning a friend suggested that I carry the suit with me. I had no intention of doing so, and at first declined, but I afterward changed my mind and had the suit sent up and placed inside my desk. Mr. Morse's interruption came like an inspiration. Had the whole affair been prearranged it could not have been more dramatic in its effect. Such a thing could not happen once in 1,000 years of legislative experience. The very singularity of the coincidence gives a new interpretation to the old saying that it is the unexpected which usually happens."

SELTZER TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

How a Cowboy Was Paralyzed by a Barkeeper.

It was a great big ranchman, with a broad-brimmed hat, flannel shirt, and a 44-caliber revolver, who came into the Brunswick saloon on Washington street last night, says the Chicago *News*.

"Gimme some whisky," he ejaculated, in a gruff voice, to "Jimmy" Mills, the bartender.

Jimmy passed out the bottle, and the ranchman filled a glass to the brim, at the same time throwing down a quarter. The bartender put the money in the drawer, and began to manipulate the ingredients for a cock-tail.

"Gimme my change," demanded the ranchman.

"No change coming," was the response. "You drank more than 25 cents' worth of whisky."

"If I don't get my change I will fill this shanty so full of lead that it will weigh a million tons," said the big cowboy, drawing his huge weapon, and pointing it directly at Mills's face.

A bottle full of seltzer was standing on the bar, and before the ranchman could realize what had happened half the contents of the bottle were down his throat and up his nostrils. "Jimmy" had turned on the squirt, and the ranchman's face was deluged with the pungent liquid. He dropped his revolver and started to run, but was pursued into the street by the bartender, who sent the seltzer in a relentless stream upon his head. When he got out of the saloon a small boy could have cowed him. He has not returned for the revolver, which Mr. Miller will keep as a reminder of the effect of seltzer upon the wild and woolly Westerner.

How Handsome Women are Playing Confidence Games on Business Men.

"A new class of swindlers have begun operations in Fifth avenue and upper Broadway," said one of Inspector Byrne's detectives this morning while watching a well dressed woman across the street.

"That 'lady' over there is a leading member of the gang," he continued. "She would make $10 or $15 to-day if let alone. She used to be a shop-lifter. Because of the danger of detection and a certain knowledge that she'd be sentenced to the longest term possible if again arraigned before any justice in the city she and some of her former companion have conceived the idea of making a good living as aristocratic beggars. You see they dress fashionably, have pleasing manners and know just whom to strike.

"A good natured business man is their victim every time. One of the gang will accost him in the middle of a block, out of hearing distance. Her manner of greeting him would lead any one across the street to think her an acquaintance. In a low tone she says she has lost her pocket-book or been robbed. Her husband or brother, of course, is a member of the same exchange as the gentleman addressed. Her name is given and recognized, and then, with false embarrassment and blushes, she would trouble her victim for a few dollars.

"Nine times out of ten the unsuspecting individual will say, 'Why, certainly; pray don't mention it,' and pass over a five-dollar note in a hurry, glad at the opportunity to do it. The swindler asks for his card and goes in search for another victim, after expressing her hearty thanks. The same person is never 'struck' twice, and in this way the swindlers escape positive detection. A few of the fraternity will will tackle members of their own sex with a story calculated to win a dollar or two; but this is only done when there is scarcity of male prey. They work all sorts of dodges, and are often successful simply because of their fine appearance and good manners. I tried hard to get a well-known man who had been swindled by that woman across the way to prosecute her, but he declined, saying it would be a shame to lock up such a pretty woman."—*New York Telegram*.

Electioneering in the Hallway.

A young man of Jackson, Mich., called upon his lady love and she met him at the door. By some means not explained, while in the hallway, she found that his breath smelled strongly of whisky. She led him to the door, and with more of sorrow than of anger in her voice, she said: "Joe, this county has voted on the prohibition question, and now I am going to vote. I vote no! Now don't come back until you have got around on the side of the majority."

Won't Change His Vote.

Detroit Tribune.

Washington advices inform us that "Mrs. Cleveland now has two heifers at Oak View which is making a study of." Also that "she has a very large dog and a very little one, and a beautiful Angora cat named Mildred Lee." This may all be true, but our mind is made up. We wouldn't vote for Mr. Cleveland if the cat's name was Abraham Lincoln.

Childishness Rebuked.

"What did Santa Claus bring you down the chimney on Christmas?" asked old Mrs. Peterby of her little grandchild, Tommy.

"Grandmother, I am surprised that a person of your age should still believe in such childish things," was the reply of the little fellow, who will be 5 years old on his next birthday.—*Life*.

A Permission With a Reservation.

Chief justice (to associate on the bench)—My learned brothers, have you any objections to a moustache?

Associate Brethren on the Bench—Certainly not, judge.

Chief Justice—The fact is that—er—Mrs.—Mrs.—er—

Associate Brethren—Certainly, certainly, judge.

Chief Justice—Then may I wear it?

Associate Brethren—Most certainly, judge, but not in court.

Girls Who Ride Astraddle.

One thing that impresses the loiterer in the Yosemite—and I find that it is not mentioned in the circulars or guide books—is the number of girls who ride "straddle." Even girls who can ride their own way often prefer to gallop around the valley and climb the mountain trails a la clothes-pin.—*Burdette*.

It Ought to Take.

Miss Budrose (getting vaccinated)—"Do you think it will take, Dr. Montague?"

Dr. Montage (gallantly)—"If it doesn't take on such an arm, my dear Miss Violet, I shall have but little respect for vaccine hereafter."—*The Epoch*.

What They Pay For.

Preacher Simon Gooseberry—"De collection will now be took up. I jis' want to express it upon you, dat de watahs ob salvation am free; but I am de hydrant, an' you got to pay fo' de hydrant!"—*Puck*.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over a Million Distributed.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, July 10, 1888.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000 is	$	300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is		100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is		50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is		25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are		20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are		25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are		25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are		50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are		60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are		100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $500 are		50,000
100 Prizes of $300 are		30,000
100 Prizes of $200 are		20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 do. 100 are		99,900
999 do. 100 are		99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to		$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

☞ FOR CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
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REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

Disturbing the Roar.

Wife (at Niagara Falls)—How grand and awe-inspiring it all is, John.

Husband (drawing a long breath)—Yes, but don't talk, my dear; I want to listen to the roaring of the waters.—New York *Sun*.

So H'English, You Know.

Brooklyn Times.

The red bandana is very properly selected as the Democratic emblem. It's made in England, you know!

Before the Owl Cage.

Mrs. Gallagher—Samesey!
Mr. Gallagher—Norah!
Mrs. Gallagher—Will yez git an t' th' angle wid th' mumps!—*Judge*.

—Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, etc. Prompt and effective treatment by latest methods. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, O.

Can Probably Get In.

Wife—John, do you know if the Rev. Dr. Jones's church will be open next Sunday?

Husband (absent-minded)—Yes, the side door will.—*Sun*.

Publishers' Column.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

The BLADE portrait of Gen. Sheridan is the best one ever published, and the finest of all the portraits of eminent men issued by the Blade Co. We have made arrangements in anticipation of a large demand for this portrait. Sent postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube on receipt of 25 cents. Agents will write for wholesale terms.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size by 10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We wil send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

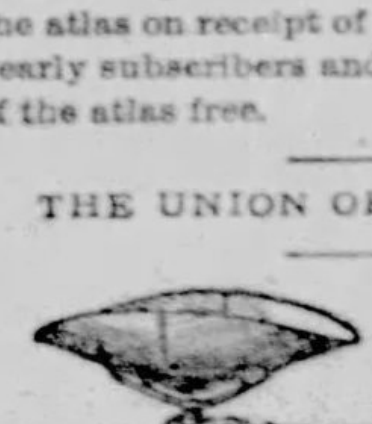
We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD

RAND McNALLY STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

"The Ohio Farmer" RAZOR STEEL MAHER & GROSH TOLEDO O.

THE GREAT TOLEDO RAZOR STEEL KNIFE.

Two blades; cut exact size; oil temper, file tested. Price, 65c, but for awhile sent postpaid for 50c, 5 for $2. Compare with any $1 Knife you have. Boys' two blade, 25c; ladies', 35cents; fine 3 blade, $1. Shears 8-inch, 75c, postpaid. Butcher Knife, 50c. 64 page list free. Also "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH, 81 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.

ARTIFICIAL ARMS AND LEGS
WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.

The use of rubber hands and feet on artificial limbs simplifies the construction so that the limbs can be worn for many years without requiring repairs. Persons engaged in every conceivable occupation operate on rubber feet or use rubber hands to great advantage.

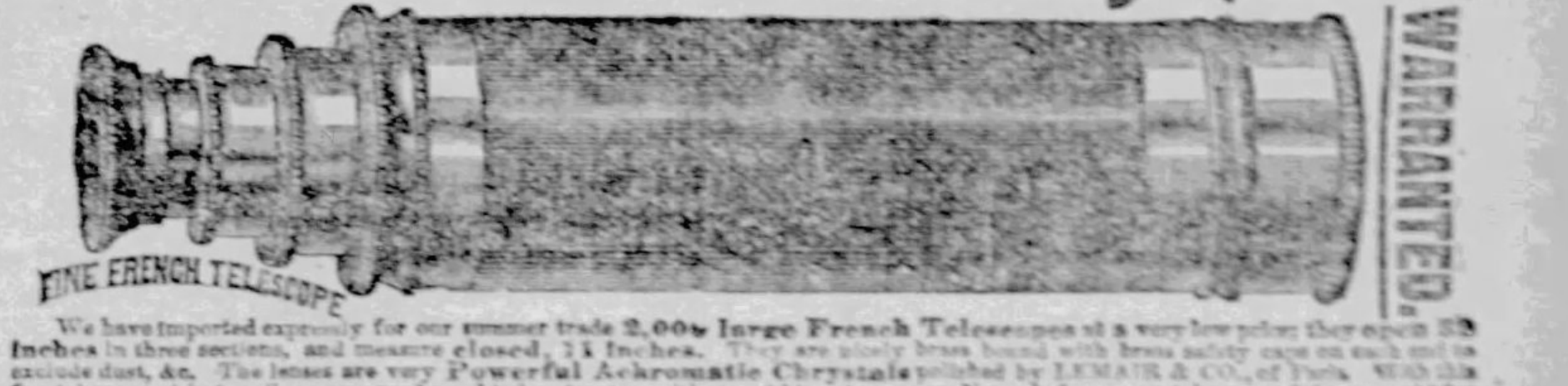
McDONOUGH, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1887.

Mr. A. A. MARKS—Dear Sir:—I have worn one of your artificial legs for nearly five years and am exceedingly well pleased with it. The rubber foot is a grand invention, no squeaking or getting out of order. I am farming and do all my work, such as plowing, sowing, cradling and everything a farmer has to do. I have a farm of 100 acres and do not keep any one to work for me. I can recommend you very highly in fitting from measurements. You could not have fitted mine any better if I had come to you. Yours respectfully,

CHARLES E. WEBB.

By our copyright formula, applicants can supply us with all the data necessary to secure a fit while they remain at home. One-half the legs and arms furnished by us are made from measurements and profiles without our seeing the wearers. Fit always guaranteed. A Treatise of over 400 pages with nearly 200 cuts and illustrations, and nearly a thousand endorsements and testimonials sent to those needing artificial legs or arms, who will give a description of their case.

A. A. MARKS, 701 Broadway, New York City.



A TELESCOPE for Only $1.00.

We have imported expressly for our summer trade 2,000 large French Telescopes at a very low price; they open 33 inches in three sections, and measure closed, 11 inches. They are nicely brass bound with brass safety caps on each end to exclude dust, &c. The lenses are very Powerful Achromatic Chrystals polished by LEMAIR & CO., of Paris. With this fine telescope objects miles away are brought close to view with astonishing clearness. Never before was a telescope of this size sold for less than from $5.00 to $8.00, and we shall offer only a limited number at this price. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. Sent by mail or express, safely packed, prepaid for only $1.00; four for $3.00. DOMESTIC MANUFACTURING CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.

1,000 MORE AGENTS WANTED.

$6 to $8 per day in your own town, selling the Ornamental Tidy Holder. Send 25 cents for sample.

O. T. HOLD CO., Wauseon, Ohio.

A RARE OFFER.

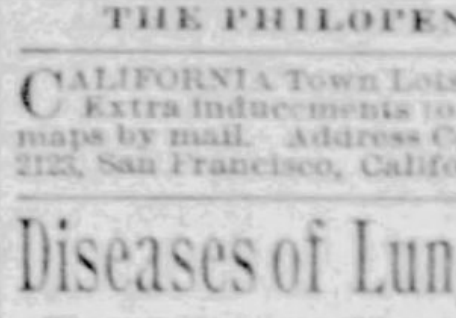
By cutting this out and sending it, together with full name, P. O. address and a 2-cent stamp, any bona fide subscriber of this paper will receive by return mail, entirely free of charge, a deed for a lot in the new town of Pasadena, Garfield county, Kansas.

Name.........................
Address.........................

Address Western Kansas Development Co., Ravanna, Garfield Co., Kansas.

A $2 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 of our celebrated self-operating washing machines. No wash-board or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill.



The Spanish Philopena Love-making easily and quickly commenced. Priceless to the bashful as well as to those who are in a hurry and haven't time to wait for old fashioned preliminaries. The forfeit is almost unavoidable and extremely satisfactory. Sealed package with full instructions by mail for $1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address

THE PHILOPENA CO., Erie, Pa.

CALIFORNIA Town Lots within the reach of all. Extra inducements to agents. Particulars and maps by mail. Address Central Cal. Land Co., Box 2123, San Francisco, California.

Diseases of Lungs and Throat.

Pneumatic Cabinet, Oxygen, Medicated Air, Special Diet, etc. Special private hospital thoroughly equipped. Not one single failure in two years, in first stage of consumption and other chronic diseases of lungs and throat. Reference of patients cured. If Desired We Guarantee a Cure in the early stages. Hopeless patients, case not admitted. Terms reasonable. Medical and Surgical Institute, Norwalk, O.

40 Photos for Gents 10c., Ladies Shields 50c., Gents protectors 25c. Both 50c. J. O. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

Please state what periodical you saw our advertisement in.

GOLD for AGENTS. Finest Campaign Badge out! Democratic or Republican. Sample 15c.; $1.00 per dozen. Special terms for larger quantities. W. H. HARD, 914 Second Avenue, New York. AGENTS WANTED.

NO TITES. Photos for gents only. Samples, sealed, 25 cents; 20, $1. Box 50, Otway, Ohio.

WRINKLES! HOW TO REMOVE. Natural process; highest indorsements. Information free. P. O. Drawer 179, Buffalo, N. Y.

BAIRD'S Mouth Organ Chart, guaranteed to teach anyone to play a tune in 10 minutes. Circulars free. Music Novelty Co., Detroit, Mich.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Advice Free HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT and permanently cure OBESITY. Only sure method. Starvation diet and nauseous drugs unnecessary. New Treatise, with full instructions HOW TO ACT, sent in plain sealed envelope for 6 stamps. E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V NASBY."

This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the famed artist, Thomas Nast. It contains the very best of the "Nasby" letters which were written during the war, and is prefaced by an autobiography of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written specially for the book. Its former retail price was $3, but we will send it by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Or, we will send one copy, postpaid, and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year on receipt of $2.00.

"HANNAH JANE."

This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, is here produced in an *edition de luxe*, square 8vo., on fine, heavy, tinted paper, profusely illustrated with full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.50; or, we will send a postpaid copy and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75.

The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

"SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE."

This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour through the country just after the war, and comprises some of the best of the "Nasby" letters ever written. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents; or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY."

This book embraces another series of the "Nasby" letters, written during the early period of the war, and contains some of the strongest letters Mr. Locke ever wrote. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents, or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"ABOU BEN ADHEM."

This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, but contains a series of articles by Mr. Locke in another style of humor. A better book than Æsop's Fables; one of the very best books ever written by Mr. Locke. We will send one of these books, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"A PAPER CITY."

This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomers of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25; with Weekly BLADE one year, $2.10. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes, and the most reliable, ever printed. It has always sold for $3. Price now, postpaid by mail, $2; or, with BLADE one year, $2.85.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or, with BLADE one year, $1.85.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or, with BLADE one year, $1.85.

Address

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE ART OF ENTERTAINING.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Away up on the mountain side, so far up that the whole world seemed at our feet, and it needed only a little more effort to reach the blue heavens above, in a little log house containing but two rooms, I once found an ideal hostess. The stage road leading to a famous summer resort passed some distance away, but an accident had led, during the waiting this caused, to the wandering of several of the passengers, one of whom I chanced to be, to the door of this little eyrie. Here, to our intense surprise, we were met by its mistress with such a heartsome welcome, so cordial, with a cordiality mingled with dignity, with a manner so free from all affection, and entirely without the embarrassment which might, perhaps, have been expected under such circumstances, that she has ever since dwelt in my memory as a lady to be favorably compared to the most accomplished queen of the drawing-room, in her reception of strangers. She seemed utterly set apart and independent of her surroundings, as if, indeed, they had nothing whatever to do, (as they really had not,) with her personality.

I never saw her save that one time, and know nothing of her history—whether this courtesy, so exquisitely tempered to the occasion, was the product of previous training in cultivated circles from which some strange chance had removed her to this out of the way spot, or, if a naturally refined and sensitive nature drank in such influences from the natural glories upon which her eyes daily feasted, that she had entirely lost self-conciousness, and knew intuitively the right thing to do in this sudden visit from a party of strangers. Perhaps both suppositions were true in part. Foubtless she had been well reared, and then I think no one can live really *en rapport* with Nature in her beauty and grandeur, and be a boor. At any rate she showed tact enough in a short half hour to carry her safely through any court in Europe. The situation may not seem, by this telling, to have been a difficult one, but the tranquil squelching of one or two important youngsters who proposed "some fun with the log-hut goddess," in a way that transformed their aggressive manners into those of courtesy, was worthy of a Duchess, and we passed a decidedly pleasant half hour in that hill-side cabin.

To entertain gracefully is, without doubt, the most important part of social life. Any lack of good breeding, any failure in self-possession, any want of tact—all these things make themselves more apparent in a hostess than in any other position. In this country we have no immutable laws made by absolute distinctions in rank, as in Europe, and therefore, far more depends upon the lady who gives an entertainment in rendering her guests at ease one with another, in securing their enjoyment, and in sending them away well satisfied with themselves and their hostess.

The very first thing in which the tact and discrimination of a lady become evident is in the gathering of her guests, the selection of those to be brought together in her parlors who are not at social "loggerheads," but among whom a comparative community of tastes will insure harmony of feeling. I am speaking now of the smaller entertainments, where individuals must necessarily be thrown into more intimate relations than in large parties or balls. It may happen, even with the utmost care, than two "haters" meet in a parlor, but in that case the hostess can only trust to their courtesy to ignore all differences for the hour, and simulate good nature, though at its end they be ready with a dagger-thrust, each for the other.

The basis upon which the invitation to the smaller social entertainments is given should never be simply that of debt-paying. If it is, the result is almost certain to be a failure. Broken sets of china may be made to present a very unique appearance when mingled with good taste upon a table, but broken sets or cliques of people can rarely be brought to harmonize, even in outward seeming, sufficiently to render the entertainment a social success. I have been to places where the guests were jumbled together in this way, for the purpose of "paying up" as one hostess expressed it, and the heaviness that weighed down the whole affair was almost crushing. Social lights were present but they would not shine brilliantly upon such a mixture, and the stray gleams given forth were apt to cross each other and be lost. If a lady finds it to be impossible to give a series of small entertainments, in which she may bring together at each one, those persons who have similar tastes or pleasures, the better way is to keep up her part in social festivities, by a large reception or party in which her guests have an opportunity to make their own choice of companions for the hour.

The difficult matter of the selection of the proper persons to make up her company having been disposed of, the next thing is for the hostess to so receive them, that they may feel their welcome and be at once at ease. In this position fine manners show themselves for what they are—the clothing of a sweet, or a "princely nature." Hans Cristian Anderson tells the story of a cloth woven of the silken cobwebs spun by the busy spider,—its use to be the making of a kingly garment, and when it was done, so exquisitely fine was its texture that it was invisible to the outward eye, and yet it robed the king in radiant beauty. Emerson imagines that this garment must mean the fine manners that are the exponent of a good heart joined to thorough good breeding. "Their charm," he says elsewhere, "cannot be predicted or overstated. 'Tis perpetual promise of more than can be fulfilled. It is music and sculpture and picture to many who do not pretend to appreciation of those arts."

The hostess who has, by nature and training, this valuable possession, wields a social power that can hardly be overestimated, and especially is it made evident in this matter of receiving and entertaining her guests. Necessarily to some degree a student of human nature, she has learned of those she habitually meets socially, just what she needs to know, and remembers in her greeting exactly what will be the most likely to put each individual in good humor with himself and ready to draw out the best in others. And that is really the essence of the success of her whole entertainment. In fact this ability to make people at one with themselves is the key to the most brilliant and commanding position in society. It is more than any intellectual acquirements or the most elegant accomplishments.

Another very important element in the best entertaining is the placing of the guests in agreeable prominity. "'Tis a great point in a gallery how you hang pictures; and not less in society how you seat your party." While all may be upon friendly terms, or in the attitude of strangers ready to be pleased with those they are meeting, yet there are those who have an exhilirating effect each upon the other, and the power of observation which has enabled a hostess to take advantage of this fact is a most valuable gift. "The circumstance of circumstance," to quote again from Emerson, "is timing and placing. When a man meets his accurate mate, society begins and life is delicious." There is more in this than appears at first thought.

The question of introductions has been well considered by Mrs. John Sherwood. It is one that has caused more perplexity, perhaps, than any other one thing connected with social etiquette, and here Mrs. Grundy has so far failed to give due emphasis to her opinion. Without stopping to discuss the question exhaustively, to me there can be no manner of doubt as to the propriety, where guests are limited to a small number, of making them known to one another, and the lady or gentleman who, by word or manner, objects, in reality charges the hostess with knowing and inviting people obnoxious to society. Perfectly good breeding would make the introduction accepted courteously, leaving the question of a continuance of the acquaintance to the future. Nor should the hostess show by any hesitation that there is a possibility of questioning the social standing of any of her guests. She has invited them to partake of her hospitality, and she should be as loyal to them as is the Arab towards those with whom he has eaten salt. The care-taking must be expended in the selection of the persons whom she brings together under her roof in a social way.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

TRAVELING CASE FOR UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.—Get ¾ of a yd. of gray linen, a piece of red braid and some red working cotton. The width of the linen will make the length. Turn a hem 2½ inches deep upon the end that is to be open and stitch twice across to make a casing for the drawing string. Turn one side down eight inches. The other 11 inches will make the lapover. Round the corners, etch some pretty pattern upon the outside of this lapover, line it with Turkey red calico, or gray silesia, letting the lining just run under the edge of the turned over part. Stitch across, then stitch a parallel line down the middle of the turn-over. Bind the open edges all around with the braid. Sew two strings on the lap, at equal distances from each other and from the ends to tie it up when rolled. A string must also be run through the casing at the top to fasten the umbrellas in place. Other material may be used in place of the gray linen.

A HOME-MADE MUSIC RACK.—This rack is intended for sheet music, as it will not hold the weight of heavy books. It is also adapted for newspapers when not needed for music.

For the frame four pieces of wood twenty inches long and about the size of a small broom handle, will be required. Cross them and fasten firmly near the center; then ebonize them or else cover neatly with plush the same color as that used for the lower part of the pocket. If the sticks are to be covered they should not be more than three-quarters of an inch in diameter or they will seem clumsy.

After the frame is ready make a pocket to fit it of wigan covering it on the inside with dark-red satin, and on the upper part of the outside with old gold plush, embroidered with heavy silk in design of pine needles, which is very effective for anything so large; cut the bottom in rounded points, turn the edges in, line with silesia, and finish each point with an old gold plush point.

Cover the lower part of the pocket with dark-red plush, tack the pocket in the rod that runs across the top, letting it come over on the outside, then tack the old-gold piece on its wrong side directly on the top, so it will fall over the rod on the outside and cover the tacks; fasten it on the pocket at the side, but allow the bottom to remain loose; a gilt chain should be fastened around the top of the sticks which compose the frame and extend across each end of the rack.

Send 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get "Fancy Work and House Decoration."

DECORATIVE ART WORK (No. 2.)—In my last article there was a typographical error, viz: Siccatif de courtray was made to read nicotine de courtray, so I hasten to correct the mistake.

HANDSOME SPLASHER.—A very pretty and useful splasher is made by taking a piece of perfectly plain white oil cloth, the size desired. The edges are pinked, and a large branch of wild roses is painted upon it. It is cheap, easily made, and at the same time is the handsomest splasher imaginable.

PHOTO HOLDER.—Since albums are getting out of fashion and holders are taking their places, I will describe mine. The cover from a large album formed the foundation. It is covered with purple plush, the front of which is decorated with wild roses, daisies and leases in chenille embroidery. The back has nickel letters, "Our Friends," upon it. It is lined with rose-colored satin, having two four-inch pockets at each end. The satin is made over crinoline, and each pocket is divided so as to hold two sets of cabinets. The lining is fastened into place with strong glue, which gives a much more artistic effect than sewing would have done. It would hold 24 cabinets.—MONTANA MAY.

LAMBREQUIN.—I have a pretty lambrequin made from an old dress. I cut flowers and birds from some pretty cretonne I had in the house, and I put them on the lambrequin in applique. I worked some of the flowers and birds in silk and some in fine worsted or yarn. You can applique the flowers on in any way that best suits your fancy. Mine is a long trailing vine, with the birds and small sprays of flowers scattered all over. Try it, "Farmer's Daughter," and I think you will feel repaid for your trouble.—A.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SCROLL LEAF LACE.—Here is a very pretty lace pattern: Cast on 16 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o 3 times n—k 1—o—n—k 1; 2d row—k 6—p 1—k 1—p 1—(making four stitches out of large loop)—k rest plain; 3d row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 4—n—o—k 2; 4th row—k plain; 5th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 2; 6th row—same as fourth; 7th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 2—n—o—k 2; 8th row—same as fourth; 9th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 2; 10th row—same as fourth; 11th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2; 12th row—same as fourth; 13th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—k 3; 14th row—bind off 3, k rest plain.—MISS ELLA WIKE, East La Porte, Jackson county, N. C.

CROCHETED VANDYKE EDGE.—Chain 16 stitches. 1st row—Pass over last 6 foundation stitches—3 d c in next st—1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in next—4 ch—pass over 4 st—3 d c in next st—1 ch—3 d c in same—2 ch—pass over 2 st—1 d c—2 ch—pass over 2 st—1 d c in last st; 2nd row—4 ch—pass over 2 st—1 d c in d c below—2 ch—3 d c in 3 d c below—3 d c in 1 ch—then 1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in loop of 4—4 ch—pass over 3 d c of 1st row—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—t c in 3 ch of 1st row; this makes the edge for sewing on; 3rd row—3 d c in 1 ch on 2nd row—1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in loop of 4—4 ch—pass over 3 d c—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—6 d c in 6 d c below—2 ch—pass over 2 st—1 d c in 2 ch—1 d c in last loop of 2nd row; 4th row—4 ch—pass over 2 st—1 d c in d c below—2 ch—9 d c in 9 d c below—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in loop of 4—4 ch—pass over 3 d c—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—t c in 3 ch of 3rd row; 5th row—3 ch—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in loop of 4—4 ch—pass over 3 d c of 4th row—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—12 d c in 12 d c below—2 ch—pass over 2 ch—1 d c—2 ch—1 d c in 3rd st of loop; 6th row—4 ch—pass over 2 st—1 d c—2 ch—15 d c in 15 d c below—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in loop of 4—4 ch—pass over 3 d c—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—t c in ch of 5th row; 7th row—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in loop of 4—4 ch—pass over 3 d c—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—2 ch—pass over 2 st—1 d c, and so continue until there are 8 loops; 8th row—4 ch—1 d c, the same until 8 loops are made—3 d c in 3 d c below—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—1 s c in loop of 4—4 ch—pass over 3 d c—3 d c in 1 ch—1 ch—3 d c in same st—t c in 3 ch of 7th row. This finishes it according to the directions I crocheted by, but I crochet 3 d c, 1 s c in each loop of the edge after it is long enough. If any have trouble I will send them a sample if they will send two 2 cent stamps. A sincere friend—MRS CLARENCE PINNEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE FROM WHITE ROSE.—E. C. R. is sure I would not have written my letter had Mrs. Cleveland married a Republican. Why wouldn't I? I have an impression that Mrs. C. comes of a Republican family and may be supposed to have been a Republican herself, albeit a very "liberal" one, but I did not hesitate on that account. I was looking at the moral not the political effect of the marriage. Our Presidents should be above suspicion morally. I am glad, on this account, Blaine is not going to run again, not that I believe there was anything at all dishonorable in his marriage, but it may have been indiscreet, and, like all secret marriages, made him trouble when he least expected it. As for that Ohio President who incurred the contempt of all the Democrats, what Republican Pesident escapes that? and how much harm does it do them? The Democrats scorned Lincoln and they laud Cleveland. What is their opinion of men worth, anyhow? But she says some Republicans had contempt for him, too. Doubtless they were "liberal Republicans"—otherwise mugwumps, and they do not count. I beg the good sister not to be too sure of our not having an Ohioan for our next President. If you'll excuse the slang, Ohio men have a habit of "getting there" when it comes to high offices and if "Honest John Sherman" fails there are numerous Ohioans among the "favorite sons" of other states. One of them may win the race.

E. C. R. seems to think a change of administration only means a change of hands at the public crib or that politics are only a race for office. That sounds like good Democratic doctrine and I fear the good sister has been reading Nasby's letters too much and has become a disciple of his. To good Republicans I think the last change of administration means a change of policy in the government, unsettling the tariff question, a sham civil service reform, a solid South in the saddle, and various other evils. I like liberality but there is such a thing as being too liberal, I think. We have Christians so liberal they think God is going to take everybody, good and bad, to heaven. What sort of a place will it be then? A lady might as well stay here. I fear I am not so liberal as E. C. R. By the tone of her letter I would have thought her surely a New York mugwump, had she not told us she is a strong Republican and an Ohioan.—WHITE ROSE.

ABOUT LETTERS.—This evening as I took up the BLADE, I noticed the following article, "Some Things About Letters," which I read with great interest, as only yesterday my attention had been called by a young friend to an advertisement of a gentleman wishing to correspond with a young lady "for fun." I regret to say this young friend was thinking about answering, and during our conversation informed me that her mother did not object, "as it was only for fun." I told her of several instances, in which young ladies of my acquaintances had been glad to stop the correspondence, and of one case that resulted in a very unhappy marriage. Afterwards I was talking with an elderly lady on the same subject, and was surprised to find that she could see no impropriety in such a correspondence. Now, is it to be wondered at that so many young girls answer those advertisments if their mothers do not object? There are girls who answer them without their parents' knowledge, but should not a father and mother impress upon their children's minds the evil results and folly of such work? Mothers, do watch over your daughters more carefully, and try to train up true women to go forth in this world, that they may never look back and think "if mother had only told me that this was wrong." H.

WANTS TO KNOW.—Did any one ever see a man who was entirely satisfied with his shirts? If so, please give the world the benefit of his name and address. My husband thinks his shirts are almost the best fit he ever had, and I take that as quite a compliment. But, oh! the toil and tribulation it cost! He wanted some heavy ones suitable for farm work, and his "boughten" ones were a constant source of distress to both of us, they fitted so badly. I got some nice cheviot, and, being a novice in the business, I made alterations with fear and trembling. The result wasn't happy; the improvement was visible. My husband, good soul, said, "It does well enough; don't bother." But I did "bother," for I told him if he had to wear that shirt I had to look at it, and I meant to have it right if it took six weeks. I won't tell how long it did take, nor bore you with details, but four times did I rip the shirt entirely apart, and begin adding to and taking from as seemed needful. Where I had to piece I matched stripes by threads and felled down. But I can cut and now lay my pattern without any qualms and I don't do any piecing. I cut the garment moderately short on shoulders and sloping the front one and one half inches longer than the back; sew up one-half in seam on right side, then stitch flat over it a graduated strip from neck to shoulders. I allow two and one-half to three in fullness to be gathered in back of neckband. The sleeve, all in one piece, has one side almost straight, the other bias, and the latter is three inches longest. The extra fullness is disposed of about three inches in above and below elbow, and is so slight as scarcely to be noticeable. I have no more trouble with elbows punching through, or backs splitting. The front, collars and cuffs are so much a matter of taste I'll say nothing about them. But I allow four yards of cheviot to a shirt, as I dislike piecing, and want material for mending in case of accident. Of course there are many older or more experienced matrons who will give a pitying smile at my attempts, but there are a large number of us who own we have something to learn, and bought wisdom is dear.

But I will take it as a kindness if some of these older sisters will explain why there is such a difference in the expected alacrity and cheerfulness of men and women. I do not speak of this difference as an absolute fact, but as a very general rule, and as such it has no more than the orthodox number of exceptions. Here is a little illustration. Dick comes in, quietly or otherwise—generally otherwise, and says—"Mary, I want so and so," in brisk, hurried tones. Mary may have her baby almost asleep, or her hands may be in the bread, or engaged in some other time-taking employment. No matter! It must be dropped instantly and cheerfully while she meets his wish, else he will deem his wife cross and disobliging, and the neighbors may say—too much. Well, does Dick return the compliment in kind? By and by Mary says: "Dick, will you please bring an armful of wood and a pail of water?" Dick is too much of a gentleman to refuse, and he really loves his wife, so he says: "Yes; presently." Now frequent experience has made Mary dread this, and she don't ask Dick's help until she needs it; so she says pleasantly if she can: "My bread is almost ready for the oven, and I fear baby will wake." Does he hear? Not a bit of it. He coolly waits to light his pipe or to finish the article he is reading, or his chat with his neighbors over the fence. Meantime the kettle goes dry, the bread runs over, the baby wakes, and if the domestic machinery continues to move without perceptible jarring it is because Mary is a superlatively good woman. But, some of you will say, she ought to have seen that she had wood and water on hand before. All very true, but that is begging the question, and does not touch the point at issue. The wood and the water are to be used as much for the benefit of Dick as of Mary. Why should *he* not see that both are provided? The baby is his as much as hers. Why should he not help in taking care of it? Why should the continuous treadmill care-taking be left more to one than to the other? Suppose Dick "does earn the money!" Doesn't Mary take care of his earnings? And if he had to pay cash for all the service she renders, where would be his profits and how much of a home would he have? And if she were using the same energy in her own behalf wouldn't she probably have more money than she usually has now? A "mutual benefit" society is supposed to mean fair play.

A big, burly fellow was complaining to me the other day about his wife's failing health. "She had been so well and strong, had done all her work, taken care of her children, 'tended to the milk and butter of fourteen cows, tended the garden and poultry, and even helped in the field. Why! I tell you! She saved the cost of a hired hand!" Now, she seemed to have no strength. It took three or four days to do her washing, etc. And he wound up by saying, in an utterly indescribable tone, "Why! I've actually had to do her cooking for her!" The pity of it! Even if the poor lady could not taste a morsel herself, how could she be so inconsiderate as to compel that poor hungry man to eat his own cooking? Never mind, girls! Such men take better care of their second wives.

In the meantime, those of us who are bringing up sons to be somebody's husbands, might better look to it that either they, or the girls who are to be their wives, have training to meet requirements.

TOM'S WIFE.

INQUIRIES.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE who has solved the problem of floor covering to avoid dust tell us how you did it? Is there not good authority for the belief that the sharp dust from wool (ingrains or Brussels) carpets is the cause of much throat trouble, irritating the delicate passages and leaving them unfit to meet and resist the rigors of our climate? If matting may be used, what kind is best, and where obtained? I have been much annoyed and suffered new stings of conscience every day in being obliged to sweep in the presence of my little children. I have removed them from one room to another, but am still unsatisfied with the quality of the air which I am able to give them. Let us have the subject discussed.—SUBSCRIBER.

If any of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD has a nice lace pattern, with insertion to match, suitable for a baby dress, I would like to have it through the HOUSEHOLD. I want a pattern that is easy to knit and can be knit quickly.—A FRIEND.

Will the HOUSEHOLD please answer the following questions:

1—What is the matter with my violet? It looks well, but does not bloom?

2—What will destroy the worms which are so detrimental to hardy roses?

3—Where can hair such as upholsterers use be obtained?

4—Is it proper to pass toothpicks after eating, or is it a frivolous fashion? Will the editor please answer the last?—BESS.

It has always been considered ill-bred, as you say to pick the teeth in the presence of others but until within a few years past, when it is considered proper after a meal to pass the picks and to use them. We cannot yet feel that it is an elegant process, but think the gentleman or lady who will defer it until alone, exhibits the finest manners.—ED.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what will take smoke off of hard finished walls?—MRS. E. JONES.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE inform me where Ella Gurnsey is, formerly a resident of St. Louis. I have not seen her writing for quite a while and will be very thankful for anything concerning her address.—BLONDE MAY.

I would like some flower seeds, if any one has some to spare. Please tell the lady from the heart of the pine woods, that we do not have any Sunday, either. We live only a short distance from a lake, where we go boat riding, but all the rest is tall timber and heavy underbrush.—MISS JENNIE BUCHANAN, Woodlawn, Whatcorn Co., Wash. Ter.

We are trying to organize a Sunday-school, and not having sufficient means to purchase Sunday-school books, I having seen in the columns of the BLADE how several others got books by writing to you, I thought I would try. Now, if any one can send Sunday-school books to us, they will have our sincere thanks and lifelong gratitude. Address ANNIE BOLE, Akron, Washington Co., Colo.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Tell "Anxious Inquirer" that Squaw Vine or Squaw Pumpkin, as some call it, is indigenous to this country, and is a regular nuisance on the bottom lands.—S. S. BOZARTH, Little River, Rice Co., Kan.

For "A. A. Jones" Tell her there is a worm at the roots of the geraniums. Pour water over lime, let set 4 hours and water the plants with the lime water made strong. This will kill the worm.—MRS. CYLE.

Please tell "Discouraged" if she strains her milk and covers it before it is quite cold, it will make her butter taste very badly. Milk will keep sweet longer and taste much better if allowed to become quite cold before covering.—H. L. H.

Tell "Discouraged" if she keeps her butter in a wooden butter bowl or firkin, it will be strong where ever it touches the wood. Stone ware is the best for butter and milk.—M H. PEPPER, Woodruff, Kan.

"A Subscriber" wants instruction for staining a violin. I would say wash off the old paint, then get a package of diamond dyes, real brown for cotton, dissolve a little in water until the desired shade is obtained. Apply with a soft brush. When dry, varnish. I have used the above on varnish.—MYRTLE.

I would like to give my experience with bed bugs. Sure poison for them: 2 ozs. quick silver; 2 ozs. red precipitate; 1 oz. turpentine; 1 cupful lard. Fill all the cracks and crevices and it will prove effectual and will not have to be repeated.—MRS. A.

Please tell the mother who asks for a remedy for quinsy to make a strong solution of lobelia, covering with a flannel cloth and apply hot, with a dry bandage over it. Continue the same until inflamation ceases, which will be in a short time. Have tried it a number of times hopefully.—A SUBSCRIBER.

To the kind friends who sent singing books and papers to the Bassettville, Kas., Sabbath School, please accept our thanks.—MRS. L DEUPREE.

If one had decided to be "at home" Fridays only, just where should that word be written on their cards, the lower right, or left hand corner, or beneath the name.—E. B.

In the left hand corner.—[ED.]

Some weeks ago I noticed in the HOUSEHOLD a request for a recipe for Balm of Roses. I have a recipe for Cream of Roses which is simple and harmless. It is magnesia and rose water mixed to the consistency of thin cream and allowed to stand for several days before using. Bathe the face and moisten with glycerine before applying the cream. I always use warm water for bathing the face. I think 2 oz. rose water and 1 oz. glycerine, mixed is the best preparation for softening and whitening the skin.—MRS. O. D. FISHER, 789 Gallagher St., East Saginaw, Mich.

Will you please say through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD that our Sabbath school sends a vote of thanks to the many friends that have sent us papers? I have received so many kind letters but could not answer all of them. We do not need any more papers at present.—FANNIE WOODMANSEE, Norton, Norton Co., Kansas.

RECIPES.

TO MAKE LIGHT CORN BREAD.—To those wanting to know how to make light corn bread and raise beer seed. The recipes have been published in the BLADE twice in the last three or four years, but as they may be new subscribers and I cannot answer each one individually, will send it for publication again; and dear friends, if you would only pay particular attention to recipes sent, it might save you, with our kind editress, and others a vast amount of trouble, in making a book of them you are providing a treasure for your children in after years, for they may not find a Miss Bouton.

DIRECTIONS.—Put ½ gal. water in kettle, let get nearly boiling hot, add 1 tablespoonful salt and 2 of molasses. Stir meal in as for mush and add the same of cold water and stir in meal as long as you can stir it. Let set over night or until it rises and cracks open; stir down and when it rises again add a level teaspoonful of soda and if you have no beer a glass of buttermilk; mix thoroughly and bake in a moderate hot oven.

TO RAISE BEER SEED.—Put 1 lb. of the bread and a pint of the dough each in a bleached domestic sack; put these in a 2 gal. jar, fill half full of water sweetened with molasses; let set four or five days, skim off top and taste, if sour enough use out and replenish each time with sweetened water; do this at least three times per day. If rightly managed it is equal to sweet cider. The seeds form on under side of sack and generally begin to drop off and multiply in five or six weeks. I hope these directions are sufficiently plain.—MRS. JOHN L. EVANS.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—As it is about time to begin preparing fruit and vegetables for winter use I will give my way of making cucumber pickles. I take my cucumbers from the vines, wipe all the dust off with a dry cloth, then lay in a jar, sprinkle a very little salt and pepper over each layer, continue to do so until the jar is full, then turn on strong vinegar and cover tightly. (I use horseradish leaves for covering if packed in jars.) Will keep a year.—A CONSTANT READER.

ANOTHER.—Put small cucumbers in a brine, made by putting nearly a half teacup of salt in a gallon of water, let them stand in this over night, then rinse and drain, then take enough white wine vinegar to cover them, put it on the stove, add a very little sugar and a few pieces of horseradish stalks. When hot put in the cucumbers and let them just come to a boil; then put them in glass or stone fruit jars and seal hot. They will keep nicely for a year or more. I have tried this with good success for three years.—MRS. R. BAYSINGER, Lena, Ill.

GRANDMOTHER'S BUBBLE PUDDINGS.—1 qt flour sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls (level) of salt, enough warm new milk to make a very thin batter; 5 eggs well beaten added at last moment. The old time way was to bake in a Dutch oven (and it took a deft hand to take out right side up); but the modern way is, heat gem pans hot, grease well with good sweet lard, pour in batter and bake in quick oven about 15 minutes. If wanted extra nice, beat yolks and whites separately adding whites last, cream plain or sweetened, butter, syrup or jelly can be used to suit tastes.—JEANIE.

BED-BUG EXTERMINATOR.—I have noticed several letters in the BLADE lately, recommending "gasoline" for bed-bugs. I know, from boarding at houses where it was used, that it does not always kill them, but I wish to give a sure exterminator, which a reliable physician told, was used on shipboard. Tell your druggist to put up one ounce of corrosive sublimate with enough alcohol to dissolve it. Then wash your bedsteads and put some wherever there is liable to be bugs. Be careful not to get any into any finger cut you may have, as it is poison.—DELLA.

—Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ARGYLE, N. Y.
Myra Whitcomb
Jessie McDougall
Eunice E Whitcomb
Lucy H Sanson
Nellie E Sharp
Maggie McDougall
Annie Lindsey
Emma McClellan
Edith Deyoe
Lulu M Clark
Mamie Ketcham
Neva Hodge
Eddie Loy
Earl F Wandell
George Wandell
Wm J Bussing
Newman McMillan
Wesley C Hodge
Eddie Saville
Jesse P Harsha
Fred A Wallace
Bertie B Saville
Emma Loy
Alma Hodge
Alice E Wandell
Lizzie Harsha
ALMOND, WIS.
Hettie H Brown
Daisy E Plank
Ella P Soule
Bertha L Young
Edith M Soule
Lois E Bowen
PORTSMOUTH, IOWA.
Ebenezer Quick
Lottie Quick
Ina Stamm
George Kimbrough
Mary Kimbrough
May Kimbrough
BATES, DAK.
Nellie Ditch
J W Ferber
Hugh Harper
Evart Austin
Roy Davis
Jessie Ditch
Ella A Ferington
Ira Bodine
SOUTH ENGLISH, IA.
Eva L Robison
Jennie Robison
Earnest Robison
Estella Robison
Cyrus Robissn
Fletcher Robison
Cora Van Auken
MOUTH OF SENECA, W. VA.
B W. Miller

Names this week, 54. Total 23,737.

The above embraces all names received up to June 14.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go 'till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened Our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*America.*

MABEL'S ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

"Ruth, dear," said Mabel Brinley, aged 15, fingering a bunch of keys with one hand, in the pocket of her pretty apron, and holding the other hand tightly closed over something still more precious, "it's full time you were getting ready for school." For, as if nothing were to be wanting to convince the speaker that she was a grown up young lady and a house-keeper in good earnest, her own summer vacation had begun, while Ruth had still two weeks of school, Maysville being a place which Mabel, with her city experiences, called still very much the country, although she loved it dearly.

"Yes," answered little Ruth, twelve, "only Mab, do wait until the train has got out of hearing with papa and mamma, before you put on such tremendous airs, even if you have got a hundred dollors to spend all yourself. It isn't all for you, you know, it's for the whole of us. Part of it is mine, too."

"Certainly, dear, only I am to spend it for you; it is for the benefit of the whole family. But don't talk it so loud, Ruth; and don't tell anybody—not until afterward, or somebody might steal it."

"I guess my friends don't steal," retorted Ruth.

"No, child; but then somebody might overhear, might be hid in the bushes somewhere."

"Oh," said Ruth, looking with new interest, at the clump of syringas. "We'll have a jolly time, though, Mab, if you don't hold too tight a rein over a feller."

"Ruth!"

"Well, I won't any more. We shall miss father and mother awfully, though. But it'll be only for ten days."

"Perhaps a fortnight," corrected Mabel.

"Say, Mab, are—"

But a hand laid for an instant over her mouth checked her.

"Ruth," cried Mabel, "I had rather have you talk any slang than begin your sentences 'say.' Nothing can be more vulgar. Now, ask properly what you have to ask."

"'Say'—nothing," answered the little girl.

"Very well, then. I must go at once and see about having the dinner sent up. Hurry, and I'll drop you at your school on my way. I shall take Roger when Dennis brings him back from the station." And with a stately step Mabel swept into the house.

Ruth stood looking after her at first with a sigh. Then she consoled herself with the reflection that by and by Mab would forget her new importance and be jolly again. "*I* should feel big to be a housekeeper," she said to herself. "I wonder if I ever shall be. But there's the old school to be got through with first. No, Mab hasn't finished hers. I know what I'll do. I'll keep on growing and look out for vacations." And Ruth measured her height against the doorpost as she still stood on the piazza, and then before going to make ready for school sent her glance wandering over the lawn green as June could make it, and up into the branches of the elm-tree at hand half hidden in their masses of leaves, and beyond these into the brilliant sky that smiled upon her, so that Ruth could not help smiling back again, and ran off smiling.

Mabel's first care was to put away her money. She changed its hiding place twice before she found one secure enough. How faithful she was going to be with this money! Yes, of course, faithful, but how judicious! She would surprise her mother who had been a little anxious about giving her this responsibility, and justify her father's confidence in her. She went into the kitchen.

"Mary," she said to the cook, "I shall end up some beef for a roast for dinner, and the vegetables. How many pounds shall I get? You know I don't want to have any of us starve."

"No, indeed," answered Mary, as she told her; "and I am shure ye'll make the beautifullest housekeeper that iver was, barrin' yure mother, and jist as good as herself, and why not, now?"

Mabel saw no reason for disagreeing with her.

In the stores she walked about examining her purchases with a judicial air which expressed more knowledge than Mrs. Brinley ever felt herself to possess. But she sent home a fine dinner, and did not forget strawberries for desert. After this was bought, she let her eyes range from shelf to shelf of the stores to see if there was anything that might be wanted which Mary had forgotten to mention. For she had heard her father tell her mother, in speaking of the amount of money to be left with Mabel, that he was determined to do the thing handsomely. Mabel was also determined to do it handsomely. It struck her that she and Ruth would be able to do very little toward disposing of all that she had been buying. But then there were the two girls in the kitchen, and Dennis, the out-of door man. And she had her reputation as a housekeeper to make. And besides—the "besides" was, that she had invited two friends to dinner. Mrs. Brinley had advised her to ask her mates, so that she and Ruth should not feel too lonely while their parents were away.

"You know it is for Mr. Brinley?" Mabel said in leaving the stores. And the complaisant shopkeepers assented, and filled her orders with no less alacrity, understanding that payment was to come when the head of the house returned. Credit is one of the few things in the universe that strengthens by want of use, and Mr. Brinley's was so untried as to be perfect.

But the money that he had given his daughter? Surely he had not meant that she should tax his credit. Mabel did not mean it either. It was her purpose to pay for everything that she bought, as her father had told her to do. But she had a plan.

Just before leaving home, she had taken out the hundred dollars and stood with it in her hand, deliberating. It so happened that she had never seen a one hundred dollars before, and its amount impressed her responsibility upon her. She knew, from her experience with fives and tens, that the fragments of broken bills have immense facility in scattering, although the fragments of this one would be either so much larger, or so much more numerous than in ordinary cases, that the evil day of nothingness would be postponed, still, she recognized the fact that the tendency was the same. She had said to herself, therefore, that since money was much more easily kept in a hundred dollar bill than in fives, and twos and ones, this was the way in which she would keep hers. What she was going to get for dinner was a mere trifle out of so much, yet it will spoil the whole. No, she would manage better; she would leave the bill untouched now, and, at the end, pay for everything together. As she put back the money into its hiding place, her eyes had sparkled with delight in the thought that she had discovered the secret of economy. But, for the present, this was to remain her secret. Time would prove its wonders, the short time of two weeks would prove her possessed of a financial judgment which would do credit to gray hair. Full of the happiness of this conviction, she had run down stairs and taken her place beside her sister in the two-seated wagon which had returned from carrying Mr. and Mrs. Brinley to the train.

That afternoon Mabel gave her friends a long drive. Ruth, who had but one session of school, went with them. It looked like rain when they started, and when they had gone between two or miles, it sprinkled. But they did not mind that in a carryall. It rained fast; they put up the boot and went on. Then there came a gleam of sunshine, and they gloated over their perseverance, and drove to the next little town, where they paid visits to their friends in common. There came no more sunshine, the showers were frequent, and it thundered and lightened, though not sharply. But four merrier faces never peeped from under cover to meet the splashings of the rain, and four happier girls never met under Mr. Brinley's hospitable roof. When the guests had gone home, Ruth threw her arms around her sister's neck and declared that Mab was perfectly splendid. And Mab, before she went to sleep, had one more look at her triumph, as she began to name her unbroken bill.

The days that followed were more or less like this one. At the end of the week the girls' two cousins, Constance and Kenneth Brinley arrived unexpectedly. They had arranged to come a month later, but a change in their plans brought them now. They were twins, nearly eighteen, city people, and lived in more style than Mabel, but not at all more comfortably. They were very welcome, but the young girls felt the responsibility that had fallen upon themselves. Mab even condescended to consult Ruth, whose bright wits were full of resources, as to amusements. One day it was a picnic for her cousins, a small party that Mabel had invited, and for whom she chartered the prettiest picnic wagon in town. Had she not a hundred dollars untouched?

The following week Mabel resolved to give a small party for her cousins, that is to say, recollecting that they were used to city asssemblies, she called it small; but as she issued fifty invitations and nearly all were accepted, it seemed to her quite an affair. She had long confidences with Mary, who was an excellent cook and would do anything for Mabel, and the result was a supper that Constance pronounced "*recherche.*"

In Mabel's new method, she had bought at stores without asking prices; she had but to assure herself that she had a hundred dollars, and all doubts dissolved. Before the party, however, she indulged in one expense that she realized was somewhat costly for a temporary housekeeper. The ice-cream plates would fall short. She rejected Ruth's suggestion that mamma would make up with saucers, and that the cream would be so nice that nobody would notice. Her mother had intended to buy some of these plates. Here were necessity and opportunity. She ordered three dozen, so pretty, that Constance went into raptures over them, which confirmed Mabel in her judgment, and one dozen spoons—her mother had often said that they needed them for an extraordinary occasion, and had not Mabel the money? One hundred dollars, untouched, would do a great deal.

Nothing could be more successful than the party was. Mabel's own enjoyment set her guests at ease. But there was a dignity and sense of propriety about her which kept her from deteriorating into a romp.

The next day but one after the party, Mabel strongly expected her mother and father. The fortnight was not quite out, but they were due by any train after ten days had gone by. Therefore, as she drove out that morning with her cousins, she stopped at the different stores and collected her bills which she put unopened into her pocket.

Two hours later Ruth said to Constance, "Where's Mab?"

"In her room. I'm afraid something is the matter. I called her and she didn't answer, and then I knocked, but I believe she heard me. The door was locked."

Ruth flew up stairs. "Mab, Mab," she cried, "let me in, right away."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

The door was unbarred, and Mabel with eyes red and swollen, drew her sister into the room, and bolted the door again.

Ten minutes afterward there was a sound of wheels on the drive. A carriage stopped. Mr. and Mrs. Brinley had arrived. Ruth flew to meet them. She was warmly greeted, and Constance and her brother were made welcome. Then Mr. Brinley cried, "But where's Mab?"

Ruth drew him aside cautiously.

"Hush! papa," she said. "Now, promise you won't be angry with her. It's about the money. We've been adding up the bills, and, oh, papa, they are one hundred and forty-nine dollars and eighty-seven cents, and we can't make 'em any less, and Mab can't imagine how it happened."

"Bills?" cried Mr. Brinley.

"Yes, papa. Dear Mab was so very, very careful of that one hundred dollars, she would never break it for fear it would go too fast." And Ruth explained her sister's method. "And I don't see about this," she added, "and she's just found it out"—and Ruth gave a sympathetic sob—"but she has been awfully lovely, and we've had, oh, just the very jol—best of times, and, papa, you won't be angry, will you?" And Ruth held her father's hand fast, and looked into his eyes. There was something restraining in their glance as Mr. Brinley answered,

"I won't be angry long."

After he had explained to Mabel the dangers of her financial system, and had given her the money to clear up her debts, he handed her another hundred dollars, and told her that as he did not approve of people giving up beaten, he wanted to try another fortnight, on the cash system.

Mab looked at him with tears of gratitude.

"Oh, papa, I'll do well," she said.

And she did.

Mr. Brinley afterward apologized to his wife for this temporary usurpation of her place.

"I couldn't stand the poor little wounded pride," he said.—*Wide Awake.*

LOUISA WADE'S RECOMPENSE.

Mrs. Wade had bought a house in the country, formerly occupied by one David Clarke, who lived there with two companions, a feeble-minded youth named Robert Henson, whom he had taken in out of charity, and his large dog named Don. By David Clarke's death, the property came to his nephew, Henry Clarke; he sent Robert Henson to the poorhouse, took Don away and sold the property to Mrs. Wade. The dog was not contented with his new master, and came back to the old home, and Mrs. Wade, who, with her daughter Louisa, constituted the whole family, kindly adopted him. Feeble-minded Robert Henson too came often to his old home and was always made welcome. One day Louisa started to visit a friend, and to save distance attempted to cross some woods, and became lost. The dog was kept chained by order of the selectmen, because a mad dog was reported to have gone through the town. It was late in the evening, and the neighbors had been searching in vain, Robert Henson, the idiotic boy, came to the house and here is what followed:

Late in the evening Robert Henson came in. "Pretty girly's gone; heard 'em say so," he said hoarsely, his tears flowing. "Want to go and help find her."

"Poor fellow, what help can you give?" spoke Mrs. Lee. Sit down and be quiet."

Robert took a chair and covered his face with his hands. People were coming and going in the house, talking excitedly about the missing girl; but he gave no heed to what was transpiring, till a low, whining noise from Don in the back yard, reached his ear, when he arose and hurried to the place where the dog was chained. Don leaped upon him in frantic delight.

"Pretty girly's lost, she's lost," said Robert. The dog was accustomed to hear him call her by that name, and knew he was talking about his mistress.

"Pretty girly's lost; prety girly's lost," sobbed Robert. The dog shook his chain violently, and whined piteously, as if begging to be set free. "Bob loves Don; will let him go." He unfastened the chain, and immediately the dog left Robert and took a slow trot down the road with his nose to the ground.

"Don's gone to find pretty girly; he can smell," and Robert hurried after him.

The dog soon left the road, went through two mowed lots, and kept on until he came to something lying on the ground, which he picked up and waited for Robert to come up. It was Louisa's red shawl, and he threw it over his arm in a transport of joy, being sure they were on the right track. Robert followed the keen-scented dog far into the dense forest. His clothes were torn, his hands and face were scratched by the rough, thick underbrush, but he kept on forgetful of self.

Soon, an indistinct voice resounded through the moon-lit air, "Help, help."

"Bow-wow-wow," answered the dog.

"Pretty girly! pretty girly!" shouted Robert.

In a few minutes they reached Louisa. Oh, what a joyful midnight meeting it was under the grand old forest trees. Robert half supported the exhausted girl, as Don, the captain of the little company, led them out of the woods toward home.

Mrs. Wade's happiness at the safe arrival of her daughter, had no limit. Louisa told her story, and Robert and Don were loaded with praise.

"How came you to think of looking in the woods for Louisa?" inquired Mrs. Wade, wonderingly.

"Rob didn't think; can't think; he's most a natural fool; 'twas Don."

"Who let Don loose? He was chained in the yard."

"Poor Rob let him go; dog smelt; went after pretty girly; Rob went after too; don't know much."

"You have outwitted us all," exclaimed Mr. Seagrave.

Louisa's friends, the feeble-minded pauper, upon whom she had bestowed Christian kindness and sympathy, and the outcast dog she had befriended, each in his own way, had recompensed her.

Robert never returned to the almshouse. Mrs. Wade and Louisa gave him a home with them and his remaining years were made comfortable and happy.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Sunday School

God's Covenant With Israel.

LESSON 1, SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1888.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 24 : 1-12.

Golden Text:—I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.—Heb. 8 : 10.

1. And he said unto Moses, Come up unto the Lord, thou, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and worship ye afar off.

2. And Moses alone shall come near the Lord: but they shall not come nigh; neither shall the people go up with him.

3. And Moses came and told the people all the words of the Lord, and all the judgments: and all the people answered with one voice, and said, All the words which the Lord hath said will we do.

4. And Moses wrote all the words of the Lord, and rose up early in the morning, and builded an altar under the hill, and twelve pillars, according to the twelve tribes of Israel.

5. And he sent young men of the children of Israel, which offered burnt offerings, and sacrificed peace offerings of oxen unto Lord.

6. And Moses took half of the blood, and put it in basins; and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar.

7. And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people, and they said, all that the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient.

8. And Moses took the blood, and sprinkled it on the people, and said, behold the blood of the covenant, which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words.

9. Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel;

10. And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness.

11. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God, and did eat and drink.

12. And the Lord said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mount, and be there: and I will give thee tables of stone, and a law, and commandments which I have written; that thou mayest teach them.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Come up unto the Lord (v. 1). At times we realize the Lord's goodness in coming down to us. And at other times we realize his goodness in calling us to come up to him. And these two ways of being brought into loving intercourse with God are essential the one to the other. We should never have found God if God had not first found us. God first sought Moses in the desert by appearing to him in the light of a burning shrub before his very face. But now God calls Moses to come up to him on the mountain top, where the lightnings of heaven flash about the cloud-capped summit. So it is in the experience of every loved child of God. God first shows the light of his presence on the plane of that child's ordinary experience. But by and by God says to his child who has learned to trust him, Come up unto the Lord; and then God's child must be ready to clamber the rugged mountain-side, and to face the lightnings in the cloud without fear or doubting. It is a privilege to see God in one's daily experience. It is a rarer privilege to see God on the mountain peaks of high attainment in his service.

Moses alone shall come near unto the Lord; but they shall not come near (v. 2). High attainment of any sort costs something to the man who secures it; and one of its inevitable consequences to him is the separation that it makes between himself and those who have not done and endured as much as he has. It cost something to Moses to bring him, at the foot of Horeb, into that state of being where he could see God in the burning shrub. But there were yet other struggles and triumphs to be passed through before he could be ready to ascend the mountain for communion there with God, and then no one who lacked the experience of Moses could share the companionship of Moses. So it must be with every one of us. The conflicts and the endurances, as well as the aspirations and the attainments, by means of which we rise above the lower level of thought and feeling in our upward progress, tend to carry us away from the closer sympathies and the fuller appreciation of those who are contented with that level and their possessions there. We must choose between lower companionships and loftier oneness with God.

All the people answered with one voice, All the words which the Lord hath spoken will we do (v. 3). Popular opinion is all right, when it is all right, and it is all wrong when it is all wrong. And when popular opinion is right, or is wrong, it is likely to carry pretty much everybody before it. Popular opinion leads, or is led, fitfully. One day all the people say that they will do as the Lord commands them by means of Moses. Another day, all the people say that they will do as the Lord has not commanded, and that Aaron must do as they do: and they carry their point with Aaron. And as it was in those days, so it is in these. Nearly all the people are making good resolutions on New Year's Day, and at other starting times, and nearly all the people are doing very different from their New Year's resolutions the rest of the year. A much better way than doing as all the people do or say, is the doing as all the people ought to do, whether they say it or not.

They beheld God, and did eat and drink (v 11). God may be seen by those who fast, and God may be seen by those who eat and drink. Fasting is a sign of sorrow, and a token of penitence. Eating and drinking are a sign of joy, and a token of fellowship and communion. There are times when fasting is appropriate to those who would seek God; and there are times when eating and drinking are appropriate to those who have found God, or who are found of God. Neither the fasting nor the eating and drinking can secure God's favor; but the spirit which prompts one to fast, or to eat and drink, is that which God considers. Whether, therefore, we eat or drink or fast, or whatever we do, let us do all to the glory of God, and we can hope, in that very doing, to enjoy the favor of and communion with God.

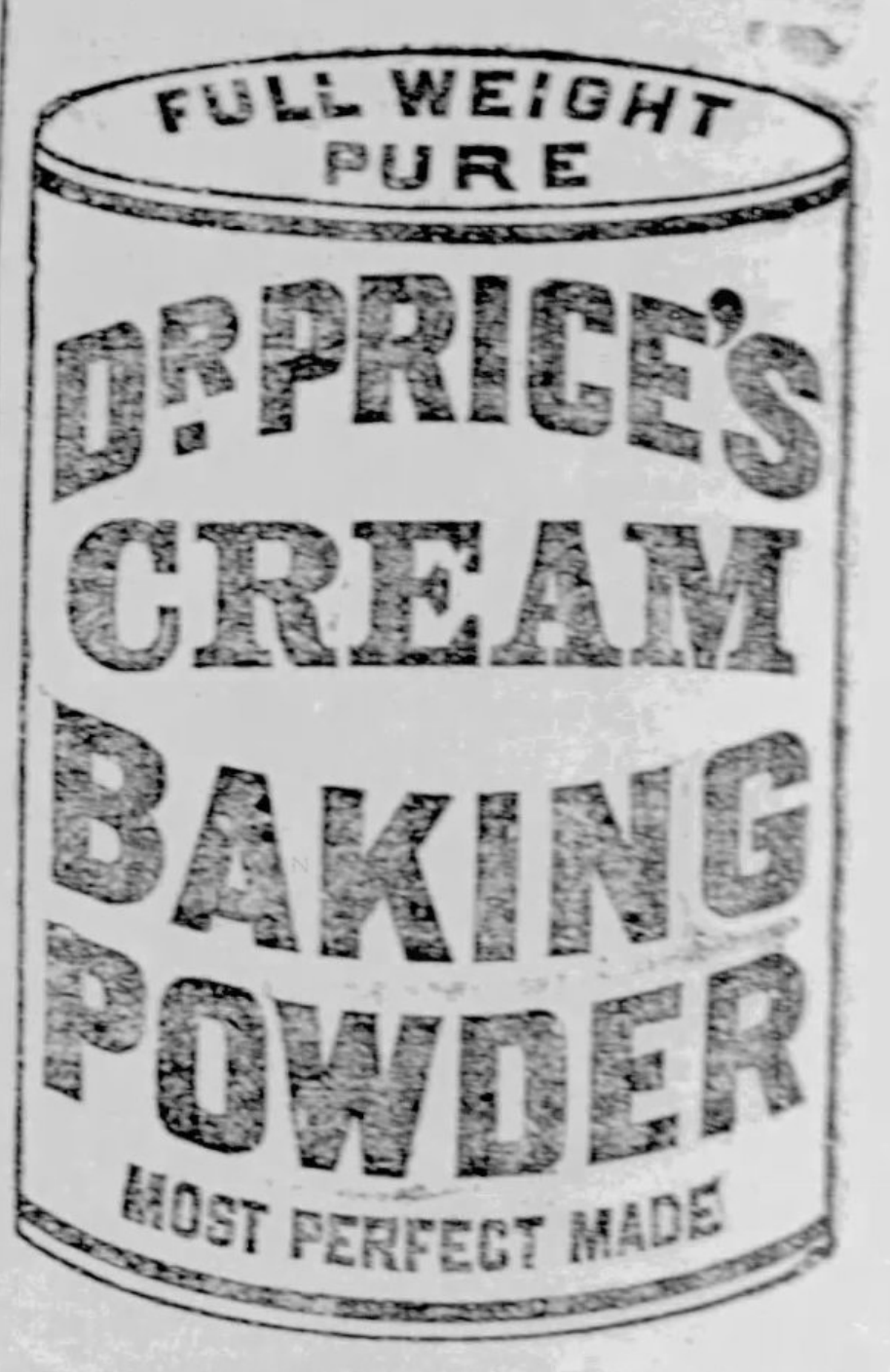
I will give thee the law and the commandment, that thou mayest teach them (v. 12.) God teaches us in order that we may teach others. In giving knowledge to us, he lays upon us an obligation to convey that knowledge to those who but for our instruction would be without it. A failure to teach God's truth is a failure to be true to God in our sphere. Did you never see a line of men set to pass buckets from a water supply to a burning building in the time of a fire? The buckets are filled at the well, or cistern, or stream, and passed along the line, from man to man, in the hope of quenching the devouring flames. What would you think of a man in such a line, who should take each full bucket as it was handed to him, and with thanks to the one from whom he received it should set it down before himself, with evident satisfaction in his growing water supply? Would he be hardly less culpable for the consequences of the spreading flames than the orignal incendiary? Yet that is a fair illustration of a person standing in the line of Christian truth-receivers without making the attempt to teach those who need the truth as much as he needed it, and who are as fully as deserving of the truth as he was or is. If there is a single cup of the water of life in your hands, pass it on to him who is ready to perish for its lack.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

Don't Give Up the Ship.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure-all, nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means had failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

The Problem Solved.

At an agricultural meeting the other day "The Best Way to Keep Girls on the Farm" was discussed. No conclusion was reached, but we think a barbed wire fence about six feet high, minus gates, surrounding the farm would solve the problem. A boy takes his life in his hands when he attempts to crawl over or under or through a barbed wire fence, and he doesn't wear a bustle, either.—*Norristown Herald.*



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HOW CLOTHESPINS ARE MADE.

This Ought to Interest Women Who Use These Handy Articles.

"Clothespins," said a dealer to a reporter this morning, "are made in the lumber regions of Michigan and Vermont. They are usually of white ash, sometimes of beech, black and white birch and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of 32 inches by circular saws. These lengths are then cut into blocks which are reduced to 'sticks,' then placed under another saw and cut into clothespin lengths. Next the turner takes a hand at them, and from him they go to the slotting machine. They are placed in troughs by the operator, the machine picking them up and slotting them. Then they are placed in a revolving pipe drier, going to the packer. Each pin passes through eight hands. A single plant consists of a board saw, gang-splitter, gang-chunker, turning lathe, drying-house and polisher, and costs from $10,000 to $19,000.

"The little blocks of wood, five and a half inches long, are placed on an endless belt, which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned the pin is taken automatically from the spindle and placed on a turntable and carried to a circular saw, which whittles out the slot in the pin. It is then finished and thrown out of the turntable by the same appliance that puts the pins on the table. Falling, they are caught in a basket or barrel and are taken to the drying house, to remain twelve hours, or until dry. The polishing cylinder, or rubber, as it is known to the trade, holds from twenty to forty bushels. This is run at a slow speed, about thirty turns a minute, and by simple friction and contact they become polished. They are sold to the trade at so much a bushel, the present price being $1.18, and packed in boxes of four to the bushel, which packing is paid for in addition. This industry is an increasing one, as the export of the American article has grown from $2,100 years ago up to $757,511 for last year.—*New York Telegram.*

—Periodic Headache and Neuralgia; cold hands and feet, and a general derangement of the system, including impaired digestion, with torpor of the liver, &c., are, in certain localities, invariably caused by Malaria in the system in quantity too small to produce regular chills. Many persons suffer in this way and take purgatives and other medicines to their injury, when a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria would cure them at once. Sold by Druggists.

The Cost of Fashions.

It is a question of interest to women, and many men also, as to what the cost of the summer campaign will probably be, and the many men will doubtless be grieved to learn that the cost this season is greater than ever. Indeed, the modistes say that women who have heretofore filled their Saratogas for the summer months at a cost of $600 or $700, are going up to $1,000 and $1,400 this spring, while the $1,000 and $1,200 customers are increaing their expenditures in like proportion. There are besides these a great many women in New York who will distribute from $3,000 to $5,000 among the dressmakers, milliners, boot and glove makers and the trinket shops, before they are ready for the summer outing—these are the wives of men two or three times millionaires. There are from 60 to 80 women in this city who can afford to and do spend from $8,000 to $10,000 in clothes during the season, and four or five who can go up to $20,000.

It is easy to see where all this vast sum of money goes when one learns that wealthy women think nothing of giving $100 for a cotton frock when made by the best dressmakers, and $250 is thought no very extravagant price for a single costume. Among these multitudinous toilets there are sure to be at least three gray ones, three green and three white, since these are the favorite colors of the season, and each and every one will be in some way embroidered, braided or beaded with gold, silver or steel. And among the list of necessary gowns will be tea gowns, two or three at least; four or five ball dresses, the same number of dinner gowns, two yachting or beach dresses, two tennis costumes, a bathing suit, a riding habit, pretty cotton and foulard morning gowns, two at least from the tailor and jackets, wraps, hats for every dress, gloves by the dozen and nearly as many shoes, with parasols in equal number.—*New York World.*

She Took it All In.

By one of those unexpected turns of fortune which occur in Albany as often as anywhere, a man who but half a dozen years ago was a hod-carrier, has become comparatively wealthy. This change of financial circumstances has had the usual effect upon the ex-hod-carrier's wife, who enjoys decorating her adipose form with what she supposes to be the latest styles. She has, also, notwithstanding an utter disability to read, affected a fine literary taste, which she ostentatiously announces whenever possible. Calling upon a lady whom she has been trying to make herself acquainted with, she picked up a book from the table, and innocent of any knowledge that it was a copy of the Bible, asked the loan of it for a little time, as "she had not the book in her library." The lady readily consented. After keeping it about a fortnight her visitor returned the volume with profuse thanks. "How do you like it?" was asked. "Very well, indeed; but I knew how it would turn out before I was half through. They got married after all."—*Albany Journal.*

Court the Sun.

Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate, they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influence in this transformation.—*Family Visitor.*

At Fortress Monroe.

Mr. Rice—May, may—may we sit here, sir?

Confirmed Celibate—If you're perfectly sure that you love each other just as much as ever you did, and that you ain't sorry a bit, and that you never did love anybody else just this way, and that it ain't too cold for popsy wops in this night air—why I can stand it. But don't you try me too hard, young man. I've been here for six weeks and seventy-nine couples.—*Puck.*

The Wily Porter.

Rich Old Lady (entering palace car)—"I want a seat on the shady side, porter?"

Porter—"Impossible, madame. On whichever side you sit will be the sunny side."

The old lady gives him a dollar, and writes to the papers to complain of the overworked condition of the palace car employes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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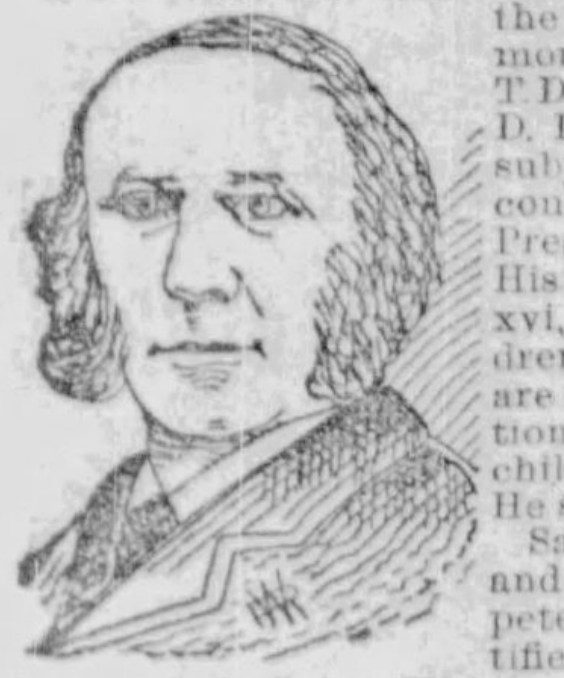
PRESS AND PULPIT.

POWERFULLY PERTINENT SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Would Secure the Secular Press as a Reinforcement of Religion and the Pulpit—The Modern Sunday Newspaper.



BROOKLYN, June 17.—At the service in the Tabernacle this morning, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for the subject of his discourse, "Pulpit and Press made Allies." His text was Luke xvi, 8: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." He said:

Sacred stupidity and solemn incompetency and sanctified laziness are here rebuked by Christ. He says worldlings are wider awake for opportunities than are Christians. Men of the world grab occasions while Christian people let the most valuable occasions drift by unimproved. That is the meaning of our Lord when he says: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

A marked illustration of the truth of that maxim is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular printing press. The opportunity is open and has for some time been open, but the ecclesiastical courts and the churches and the ministers of religion are for the most part allowing the golden opportunity to pass unimproved. That the opportunity is open I declare from the fact that the secular newspapers are glad of any religious facts or statistics that you present them. Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wrong has been done to any Christian church or Christian institution you could go into any newspaper of the land and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations and pastoral installations, corner-stone laying of a church, anniversary of a charitable society will have reasonable space in any secular journal, if it have previous notice given If I had some great injustice done me there is not an editorial or a reportorial room in the United States into which I could not go and get myself set right, and that is true of any well-known Christian. Already the daily secular press during the course of each week publishes as much religious information and high moral sentiment as does the weekly religious press. Why, then, does not our glorious Christianity embrace these magnificent opportunities. I have before me a subject of first and last importance. How shall we secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement to religion and the public?

The first thing toward this result is cessation of indiscriminate hostility against newspaperdom. You might as well denounce the legal profession because of the shysters, or the medical profession because of the quacks, or merchandise because of the swindling bargain makers, as to slambang newspapers because there are recreant editors and unfair reporters and unclean columns. Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, was about to destroy his types and extinguish the art because it was suggested to him that printing might be suborned into the service of the devil, but afterward he bethought himself that the right use of the art might more than overcome the evil use of it, and so he spared the type and the intelligence of all following ages. But there are many to-day in the depressed mood of Guttenberg with uplifted hammer wanting to pound to pieces the type, who have not reached his better mood in which he saw the art of printing to be the rising sun of the world's illumination. If, instead of fighting newspapers, we spend the same length of time and the same vehemence in marshaling their help in religious directions, we would be as much wiser as the man who gets consent of the railroad superintendent to fasten a car to the end of a rail train, show better sense than he who runs his wheelbarrow up the track to meet and drive back the Chicago limited express. The silliest thing that a man ever does is to fight a newspaper, for you may have the floor for utterance perhaps one day in the week, while the newspaper has the floor every day of the week. Napoleon, though a mighty man, had many weaknesses, and one of the weakest things he ever did was to threaten that if the English newspapers did not stop their adverse criticism of himself, he would with 400,000 bayonets cross the channel for their chastisement.

Don't fight newspapers. Attack provokes attack. Better wait till the excitement blows over and then go in and get justice, for get it you will if you have patience and common sense and equipoise of disposition. It ought to be a mighty sedative that there is an enormous amount of common sense in the world, and you will eventually be taken for what you are really worth, and you cannot be puffed up and you cannot be written down, and if you are the enemy of good society that fact will come out, and if you are the friend of good society that fact will be established. I know what I am talking about, for I can draw on my own experience. All the respectable newspapers, as far as I knew, are my friends now. But many of you remember the time when I was the most continuously and meanly attacked man in this country. God gave me grace not to answer back, and I kept silence for ten years, and much grace is required. What I said was perverted and twisted into just the opposite of what I did say. My person was maligned, and I was presented as a gorgon, and I was maliciously described by persons who had never seen me as a monstrosity in body, mind and soul. There were millions of people who believed that there were was a large sofa in this pulpit, although we never had anything but a chair, and that during the singing of the congregation I was accustomed to lie down on that sofa and dangle my feet over the end. Lying New York correspondents for ten years misrepresented our church services, but we waited, and people from every neighborhood of Christendom came here to find the magnitude of the falsehoods concerning the church and concerning myself. A reaction set in and now we have justice, full justice, more than justice, and as much overpraise as once we had under appreciation, and no man that ever lived was so much indebted to the newspaper press for opportunity to preach the Gospel as I am. Young men in the ministry, young men in all professions and occupations, wait. You can afford to wait. Take rough misrepresentation as a Turkish towel to start up your languid circulation, or a system of massage or Swedish movement whose pokes and pulls and twists and thrusts are salutary treatment. There is only one person you need to manage and that is yourself. Keep your disposition sweet by communion with the Christ, who answered not again, the society of genial people, and walk in the sunshine with your hat off and you will come out all right. And don't join the crowd of people in our day who spend much of their time in damning newspapers.

Again, in this effort to secure the secular press as a mightier re-inforcement of religion and the pulpit, let us make it the avenue of religious information. If you put the facts of churches and denominations of Christians only into the columns of religious papers, which do not in this country have an average of more than ten thousand subscribers, what have you done as compared with what you do if you put these facts through the daily papers which have hundreds of thousands of readers? Every little denomination must have its little organ, supported at great expense, when, with one-half the outlay, a column or half a column of room might be rented in some semi-omnipotent secular publication, and so the religious information would be sent round and round the world. The world moves so swiftly to-day that news a week old is stale. Give us all the great church facts and all the revival tidings the next morning or the same evening. My advice, often given to friends who propose to start a new paper, is: "Don't! Don't! Employ the papers already started." The biggest financial hole ever dug in this American continent is the hole in which good people throw their money when they start a newspaper. It is almost as good and as quick a way of getting rid of money as buying stock in a gold mind in Colorado. Not more printing presses, but the right use of those already established. All their cylinders, all their steam power, all their pens, all their types, all their editorial chairs and reportorial rooms are available if you would engage them in behalf of civilization and Christianity.

Again: If you would secure the secular press as a mightier re-inforcement of religion and the pulpit, extend widest and highest courtesies to the representatives of journalism. Give them easy chairs and plenty of room when they come to report occasions. For the most part they are gentlemen of education and refinement, graduates of colleges, with families to support by their literary craft, many of them weary with the rush of business that is precarious and fluctuating, each one of them the avenue of information to thousands of readers, their impression of the services to be the impression adopted by multitudes. They are connecting links between a sermon or a song or a prayer and this great population that tramp up and down the streets day by day and year by year with their sorrows uncomforted and their sins unpardoned. More than eight hundred thousand people in Brooklyn and less than seventy-five thousand in churches, so that our cities are not so much preached to by ministers of religion as by reporters. Put all journalists into our prayers and sermons. Of all the hundred thousand sermons preached to-day, there will not be three preached to journalists, and probably not one. Of all the prayers offered for classes of men innumerable the prayers offered for this most potential class will be so few and rare that they will be thought a preacher's idiosyncrasy. This world will never be brought to God until some revival of religion sweeps over the land and takes into the kingdom of God editors and reporters, compositors, pressmen and newsboys. And if you have not faith enough to pray for that and toil for that, you had better get out of our ranks and join the other side, for you are the unbelievers who make the wheels of the Lord's chairot drag heavily. The great final battle between truth and error, the Armageddon, I think, will not be fought with swords and shells and guns, but with pens, quill pens, steel pens, gold pens, fountain pens, and, before that, the pens must be converted. The most divinely honored weapon of the past has been the pen, and the most divinely honored weapon of the future will be the pen; prophet's pen and evangelist's pen and apostle's pen followed by editor's pen and reporter's pen and author's pen. God save the pen! The wing of the Apocalyptic angel will be the printed page. The printing press will roll ahead of Christ's chariot to clear the way.

"But," some one might ask, "would you make the Sunday newspapers also a re-inforcement?" Yes, I would. I have learned to take things as they are. I would like to see the much scoffed at old Puritan Sabbaths come back again I do not think the modern Sunday will turn out any better men and women than were your grandfathers and grandmothers under the old-fashioned Sunday. To say nothing of other results, Sunday newspapers are killing editors, reporters, compositors and pressmen. Every man, woman and child is entitled to 24 hours of nothing to do. If the newspapers put on another set of hands, that does not relieve the editorial and reportorial room of its cares and responsibilities. Our literary men die fast enough without killing them with Sunday work. But the Sunday newspaper has come to stay. It will stay a good deal longer than any of us stay. What, then, shall we do? Implore all those who have anything to do with issuing it to fill it with moral and religious information; live sermons and facts elevating. Urge upon them that divorce cases be dropped, and instead thereof have good advice as to how husbands and wives ought to live lovingly together. Put in small type the behavior of the swindling church member, and in large type the contribution of some Christian man toward an asylum for feeble-minded children or a seaside sanitarium. Urge all managing editors to put meanness and impurity in type pearl or agate, and charity and fidelity and Christian consistency in brevier or bourgeois. If we cannot drive out the Sunday newspaper let us have the Sunday newspaper converted. The fact is that the modern Sunday newspaper is a great improvement on the old Sunday newspaper. What a beastly thing was the Sunday newspaper thirty years ago! It was enough to destroy a man's respectability to leave the tip end of it sticking out of his coat pocket. What editorials! What advertisements! What pictures! The modern Sunday newspaper is as much an improvement on the old time Sunday newspaper as one hundred is more than twenty-five; in other words, about 75 per cent. improvement. Who knows that by prayer and kindly consultation with our literary friends we may have it lifted into a positively religious sheet, printed on Saturday night and only distributed, like The American Messenger, or the Missionary Journal, or the Sunday School Advocate, on Sabbath mornings? All things are possible with God, and my faith is up until nothing in the way of religious victory would surprise me. All the newspaper printing presses of the earth are going to be the Lord's, and telegraph and telephone and type will yet announce nations born in a day. The first book ever printed was the Bible by Faust and his son-in law, Schoeffer, in 1460, and that consecration of type to the Holy Scriptures was a prophecy of the great mission of printing for the evangelization of all the nations. The father of the American printing press was a clergyman, Rev. Jesse Glover and that was a prophecy of the religious use that the Gospel ministry in this country were to make of the types.

Again, we shall secure the secular press as a mightier re-inforcement of religion and the pulpit by making our religious utterances more interesting and spirited, and then the press will reproduce them. On the way to church, some fifteen years ago, a journalist said a thing that has kept me ever since thinking. "Are you going to give us any points to-day?" "What do you mean?" I asked. He said: "I mean by that anything that will be striking enough to be remembered." Then I said to myself: What right have we in our pulpit and Sunday schools to take the time of people if we have nothing to say that is memorable. David did not have any difficulty in remembering Nathan's thrust: "Thou art the man;" nor Felix in remembering Paul's point blank utterances on righteousness, temperance and judgment to come; nor the English king any difficulty in remembering what the court preacher said, when during the sermon against sin the preacher threw his handkerchief into the king's pew to indicate whom he meant. The tendency of criticism in the theological seminaries is to file off from our young men all the sharp points and make them too smooth for any kind of execution. What we want, all of us, is more point less humdrum. If we say the right thing in the right way the press will be glad to echo and re-echo it. Sabbath school teachers, reformers, young men and old men in the ministry, what all want if we are to make the printing press an ally in Christian work is that which the reporter spoken of suggested—points, sharp points, memorable points. But if the thing be dead when uttered by living voice, it will be a hundred fold more dead when it is laid out in cold type.

Now, as you all have something to do with the newspaper press either in issuing a paper or in reading it, either as producers or patrons, either as sellers or purchasers of the printed sheet, I propose on this Sabbath morning, June 17, 1888, a treaty to be signed between the church and the printing press, a treaty to be ratified by millions of good people if we rightly fashion it, a treaty promising that we will help each other in our work of trying to illumine and felicitate the world, we by voice, you by pen, we by speaking only that which is worth printing, you by printing only that which is fit to speak. You help us and we will help you. Side by side be these two potent agencies until the Judgment Day, when we must both be scrutinized for our work, healthful or blasting. The two worst off men in that day will be the minister of religion and the editor if they wasted their opportunity. Both of us are the engineers of long express trains of influence, and we will run them into a depot of light or tumble them off the embankments.

What a useful life and what a glorious departure was that of the most famous of all American printers, Benjamin Franklin, whom infidels in the penury of their resources have often claimed for their own, but the printer who moved that the Philadelphia convention be opened with prayer, the resolution was lost because a majority thought prayer unnecessary, and who wrote at the time he was viciously attacked: "My rule is to go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence," and who wrote this quaint epitaph, showing his hope of resurrection, an epitaph which I hundreds of times read while living in Philadelphia:

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding),
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author.

That Providence intends the profession of reporters to have a mighty share in the world's redemption is suggested by the fact that Paul and Christ took a reporter along with them, and he reported their addresses and reported their acts. Luke was a reporter, and he wrote not only the book of Luke, but the Acts of the Apostles, and without that reporter's work we would have known nothing of the Pentecost, and nothing of Stephen's martyrdom, and nothing of Tabitha's resurrection, and nothing of the jailing and unjailing of Paul and Silas, and nothing of the shipwreck at Melita. Strike out the reporter's work from the Bible and you kill a large part of the New Testament. It makes me think that in the future of the kingdom of God the reporters are to bear a mighty part.

About thirteen years ago a representative of an important newspaper took his seat in this church, one Sabbath night, about five pews from the front of this pulpit. He took out pencil and reporter's pad, resolved to caricature the whole scene. When the music began he began, and with his pencil he derided that, and then derided the prayer, and then derided the reading of the Scripture, and then began to deride the sermon. But, he says, for some reason his hand began to tremble, and he, rallying himself, sharpened his pencil and started again, but broke down again, and then put pencil and paper in his pocket and his head down on the front of the pew and began to pray. At the close of the service he came up and asked for the prayers of others and gave his heart to God; and, though still engaged in newspaper work, he is an evangelist, and hires a hall at his own expense, and every Sabbath afternoon preaches Jesus Christ to the people. And the men of that profession are going to come in a body throughout the country. I know hundreds of them, and a more genial or highly educated class of men it would be hard to find, and, though the tendency of their profession may be toward skepticism, an organized, common sense Gospel invitation would fetch them to the front of all Christian endeavor. Men of the pencil and pen, in all departments, you need the help of the Christian religion. In the day when people want to get their newspapers at three cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get any of them at one cent, and, as a consequence, the attaches of the printing press are by the thousand ground under the cylinders, you want God to take care of you and your families. Some of your best work is as much unappreciated as was Milton's "Paradise Lost," for which the author received $25, and the immortal poem, "Hohenlinden," of Thomas Campbell when he first offered it for publication, and in the column called "Notices to Correspondents" appeared the words: "To T. C.—The lines commencing 'On Linden when the sun was low' are not up to our standard. Poetry is not T. C.'s forte."

O, men of the pencil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you need encouragement, and you can have it. Printers of all Christendom, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, publishers and readers of that which is printed, resolve that you will not write, set up, edit, issue or read anything that debases body, mind or soul. In the name of God, by the laying on of the hands of faith and prayer, ordain the printing press for righteousness and liberty and salvation. All of us with some influence that will help in the right direction, let us put our hands to the work of imploring God to hasten the consummation. A ship with hundreds of passengers approaching the South American coast, the man on the lookout neglected his work, and in a few minutes the ship would have been dashed to ruin on the rocks. But a cricket on board the vessel, that had made no sound all the voyage, set up a shrill call at the smell of land, and the captain, knowing that habit of the insect, the vessel was stopped in time to avoid an awful wreck. And so, insignificant means now may do wonders, and the scratch of a pen may save the shipwreck of a soul.

Are you all ready for the signing of the contract, the league, the solemn treaty proposed between journalism and evangelism? Aye, let it be a Christian marriage of the pulpit and the printing press. The ordination of the former on my head, the pen of the latter in my hand, it is appropriate that I publish the banns of such a marriage. Let them from this day be one in the magnificent work of the world's redemption.

Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land and stream and main,
Now wave the scepter of Thy reign.

O, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Signs of Lasting Improvement in Trade Not in Sight.

NEW YORK, June 16.—R. G. Dun's review of trade for the week ending to-day, has this: The moderate improvement in trade noticed a week ago, does not seem to be more than the slight reaction that necessarily breaks a period of uncertainty and comparative inactivity.

The signs of lasting improvement in trade do not yet appear. Uncertainty still prevails, and buyers are conservative, confining their transactions to immediate wants in most branches of business. In some, moreover, the cold and wet spring has so far curtailed trade that retailers are carrying overstocks larger than usual.

There is uncertainty about the tariff, and its effect upon many branches of manufacture; about the crops, and the foreign demand for exportable products; about transportation rates in the near future, and about financial prospects.

Crop prospects are changed for the worse but the extent of the loss in winter wheat is more definitely realized, while the prospects for spring wheat and other crops is necessarily vague. With favorable weather the general results would be fair, and in some quarters a decidely hopeful feeling begins to prevail. Want of confidence in the near future, is the prevailing tone in all the markets.

This cannot be attributed to financial influences, for money is over abundant, and quoted at 1 per cent here, notwithstanding the renewal of gold exports.

The treasury has raised its price paid for bonds, taking a large amount one day, but the only considerable offers since have been $2,000,000 at 1-8 above its new limit for 4s, and a like amount 3 8 above its limit for 4½s.

There is a growing impression that bonds will not be forthcoming at acceptable figures if it becomes important to the treasury to make large disbursements.

During the past week the treasury has taken in $1,500,000 more than it has paid out. but the banks still receive some money from the interior, though at some Northwestern points money is now going in into the country and not to the East. There is no reeport of stringency or closeness anywhere, but complaints of slow collections do not diminish.

The volume of trade of interior cities is very good at Omaha and Minneapolis, but generally below that of last year. The exports of principal products in May were larger in value by 15 per cent than in the same month of 1887, but becausd of the heavy cotton shipments.

The exports from New York for the past two weeks show a decrease of 15 per cent with only a slight decrease in imports.

The iron trade manifests no improvement, though sales of 30,000 tons of steel rails are reported for $30 at mill, and the allotment is said to be disregarded by some Eastern makers.

Southern pig is quoted at $17 for No. 1. but the quality is not in all cases found satisfactory.

Bar iron is weaker, with 1.75 to 1.80 quoted for large lots of best refined.

In the dry goods business there is a lack of activity and yet there is in cotton goods a more confident feeling, with print cloths higher at 3.87, and low grades of bleached goods very firm.

Woolen goods are ssill dull with very good transactions for men's goods, and wool is quoted lower at Chicago.

Speculators have bought considerable quantities of Southwestern wool on the belief that there will be no change of duties, and hold at pricas above the market.

The spring trade in wholesale clothing does not appear to have been very satisfactory, and it is believed the retailers carry over unusually large stocks, though prices have been remarkably low.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 209, and for Canada 23, or a total of 232, as compared with 235 last week, and 205 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year, the figures were 213, made up of 198 in the United States, and 20 in Canada. Failures are still unusually numerous on the Pacific coast, the number from that section, this week being 42.

Wasn't Ashamed of Her Age.

KILKENNY, MINN., June 14.—Mrs. Ellen Cronin, one of the oldest settlers of this country, and, perhaps the oldest person in the United States, died at the residence of Mr. Purcell, near Mulfords. Mrs. Cronin had lived to the advanced age of 117 years. She was a native of Limerick, Ireland, and emigrated to this country in 1850, settling in Leseur county in the year 1852, where she has resided ever since. She was the mother of six children, all of whom she survived. The last of her children was buried eight years ago. She retained all her faculties up to within a few days of her death.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Various Items.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The following may prove of interest to the readers of the BLADE FARM:

Willow Cuttings—Willow cuttings planted last fall and cultivated often are splendid, whilst others which I cultivated but once are almost dried out.

Beets and Carrots—Make a good fodder for cattle, and even for horses and hogs during the winter time. I had some beets over 20 pounds in weight and carrots six pounds. The field was manured one year before, plowed deep in the fall and well cultivated.

Weeds—A proper way to get rid of weeds is to sow buckwheat. It grows so thickly that the weeds can't come up.

To Keep Hair from Falling Out.—Put good rye whisky on white pickling onions and wash your head to keep hair from falling out.

I cured sweaty feet once, and took very sick after that. The doctor told me, after bringing them to sweat again, not to stop it. When my feet became sore, I wash them with a few drops of carbolic acid in water.—TH. MUNCKLER.

Frequent Stirring of Soil.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In an article in the BLADE FARM in regard to frequent stirring of the soil, I would say that as far as my experience goes there is many a good crop of corn blighted by plowing corn too close to the hill the third time. I used to be of the opinion that the closer I could plow to the corn the better, but experience has taught me a good deal in that respect. Now my mode of tending corn in this: First, if possible, harrow the corn both ways, then put on the cultivator, with good, long, broad shovels, and a capacity for going into the ground. The first time cultivating, get as close and deep as possible, and the second time the same. The third time plowing is generally the last. Then I throw all the dirt up to the corn that I can, but I set my cultivator wider apart, so as not to disturb the small feet roots of the corn. There so many that think the closer the better the last time plowing, but it is a mistake. This was my experience last season.—C. M. CANFIELD, Mount Ayr, Iowa.

Farmers' Institutes—Frequent Cultivation of Land.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am a German, only a few years in this country, not knowing the English language yet. I would be pleased to do my little share for the improvement of that country which gave me a home. If my words are not fit for FARM column, they will show you that even those farmers who are not able to contribute to your work, still appreciate the benefit of the hints from their fellow farmers which you are so kind to give through the BLADE FARM. Referring to the article in the BLADE FARM from Mr. Chrigley, Leroy, Ill., it is easy to understand that farmers could save money by well organized institutes here in Dakota. A man has to pay from 2 to 3 per cent. interest a month, on short time, secured by chattel mortgage. Very often poor farmers are obliged to take money in this way. Could it not be obtained by farmers' clubs at lower rates? Farmers' tools, machines, etc., could surely be bought cheaper in this way. Complaints are heard every day. "Can not the farmer stop people from cheating him constantly?" I wonder if he will not. Workingmen, manufacturers, and others cling together to serve their interests. Why should not the farmers do it? Is it because the smarter and better-situated will not take the trouble to carry on such business to help their suffering brethren?

"Mr. Rakestraw" and "Mr. Young" wrote about frequent cultivation of land for the corn crop. They are perfectly right. I dragged my corn twice last Spring before it sprang up. Then after I could see the rows cultivated from time to time, say once a week. Some farmers who used to raise corn in other states said that they had never seen any nicer than mine.—TH. MUUNCKLER, Lake Preston, Dakota.

Cultivation of Corn When Tasseling—Farmers' Clubs—Farmers Not Sufficiently Aggressive.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The views of Mr. Rackstraw and others as expressed through your columns in regard to the cultivation of corn when tasseling and the ground hard and weedy during dry spells, are o. k. provided, however, there comes a good soaking rain within a week after its cultivation. The writer of this has practiced that mode of irrigation more or less within the past fifteen years and failed but in one instance, in 1886, when rain failed to materialize for three weeks, to restore the wilted corn caused by severing the network of roots in the rows. Part of the field not cultivated made the most and best corn. Still I think the safest plan when practicable is to have your ground clean and mellow before it tassels and resort to the cultivator should only be had when that cannot be done.

Your contributor from Maryland, C. H. Doing, arises and makes some very pertinent remarks in regard to the influence of Agricultural clubs and Granges on the average "hayseed man." Unfortunately for us of the "Sunflower state," we have none of the former, and the latter, like Jonah's gourd, withered and died, so that at this present time of writing we doubt if there is a single organization in the state, although while it existed its influence was felt in more respects than one, but unfortunately for us, (we say us advisedly, for we have been there, and think we know what we are talking about) we became ambitious, and unlike the shoemaker who stuck to his last, we did not. We embarked in merchandising, for which we had no training, thinking we could do without the middle man. We failed, of course. We also tried politics, and were tolerably successful for a short time, but the combined influence of outside politicians and middlemen was too much, and the horny-handed Granger's song is heard no more in the district senool house. Now, although 45 per cent. of the whole laboring classes are agriculturists, yet to-day they are less aggressive in having their interests recognized in the great problem of political economy than are any of the laboring elements. They plod along year after year like the patient hewers of wood and drawers of water, taking 50 cents for their wheat, thirty cents for corn, and they never strike. No, not they, although they have not a nickle at the end of the year to grace their pockets as clear profit, after the most rigid economy. They are ever patient and hopeful, and that is why the lightning rod and confidence men, who are a legion, consider them their legitimate prey, whether they strike them in the busy marts of commerce, or in their peaceful homes, and last, but not least, comes the wiley politician, with his free trade doctrine, and leads him to believe, that whenever he can buy his clothes free of duty, then he will be prosperous and happy, but is careful to say nothing about free wool, wheat, salt, lumber, potatoes, etc., which he raises, and many of them believe him, simply because they did read such papers like the BLADE, *Globe-Democrat* and *Inter-Ocean*, (the very cream of our Western weeklies,) and think for themselves, and just so long as they will persist in traveling in the same ruts their fathers did, they will send lawyers, merchants and bonanza kings, who have more money than brains, to Congress and our legislatures to make laws and misrepresent their interests.—WM. STINE, Wesley Kan.

Frequent Stirring of Soil.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Your new feature in the FARM DEPARTMENT of the BLADE, viz: your farmers' correspondence, is, to my mind, a decided improvement. It brings before your readers practical suggestions which lead to experimental investigation. In the matter of stirring in time of drought, which is being discussed, experience will, without doubt, establish the fact that Rakestraw's conclusions are in every sense correct. Mr. Parish dissents, however, on the ground that when corn has become somewhat advanced in growth, the frequent stirring of the soil interferes with the roots which spread across from row to row, and says stirring should not be done oftener than once in ten or fourteen days. My experience is, the longer the roots are left to grow thus near the surface the more the corn suffers from their being disturbed by the cultivator, while frequent stirring sends the roots downward beyond the reach of the cultivator. As to Mr. P.'s suggestion that soil should be thrown to the roots of corn to protect them from the effects of dry hot winds; this will do upon a heavy soil but never upon a light sandy soil.—J. B. HANEY, Russell, Kansas.

Chess in Wheat.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Regarding wheat or chess in wheat I will not give my opinion, but will give some facts that I have seen. I lived in Cumberland Co., Pa., for 21 years, and there is no better class of farmers anywhere. They are the most particular to have their seed wheat clean of any people I have ever seen. One year, about 1843 or 1844, as near as I can recollect, when the wheat headed out it was entirely chess, and not one bushel of wheat to the acre. This was the case with thousands of acres. One of my neighbors gave me five acres to cut for hay, and I am certain there was not five bushels of wheat on it, but a very heavy crop of chess, and the timothy meadows were the same. The next year the wheat was as good as usual. One more fact: One year one of my neighbors made fallow ground of a ten-acre field. In the fall he re-plowed one-half of the field, and seeded it. The following week he re-plowed and seeded the other half, all out of the same lot of seed wheat. One sowing was nearly all chess, the other good wheat. The cause I cannot explain, but I cannot agree with your correspondent, Mr. Gough, entirely, for I have seen as good wheat grown around the stumps where it did not get covered as on any other part of the field. I have myself sowed wheat, and it would rain before I could get it harrowed, and yet it made good wheat.—E. B. LOOKER, Gillingham, Wis.

Tilling Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I noticed an article in the BLADE FARM from A. J. Johnson, Norcatur, Kan., on tilling the soil during a drouth. It interested me somewhat, as it was directly contrary to theories of my own backed by repeated experiences. Mr. Johnson speaks of tilling his corn 2, 3 and 4 times through. I till my corn 6, 7 and 8 times through, the last time through just before or when the brace roots are sprouting. My team is in the corn nearly all the time till the middle of July when it is left for good.

My theory is, that frequent tilling lightens the soil and makes it more susceptible to evening moisture and damp cloudy weather. I have never failed on my corn crop. This last season I tilled 15 acres 7 times through, my corn did not dry and wither up as my neighbors did, and I harvested over a half crop of good hard corn, while many of the fields near mine were cut before the time to save the fodder.

I think Mr. Johnson's trial failed by his leaving the corn to rest a week or ten days during haying and harvest. I never do this, except for a day or two perhaps. As I do not raise much wheat, I am not bothered very long. As this is an important part of farming, I would like to hear from others who have had experience in this particular branch.—N. I. THOMPSON, Keelersville, Mich.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Crimping.

Will some of the many farmers tell me what to do to break a horse from crimping. He crimps on the edge of the manger when in the barn. Does not crimp when hitched to a post or a fence outside of the barn.—G. A. R. VETERAN.

To Drive Out Rats.

N. R. W., Loraine County, O.: Scatter chloride of lime in the holes in the barns where the rats appear, and they will find new quarters. Coal tar placed in the entrance of the holes is good.

Moss on Trees.

Subscriber, Bureau County, Ill.: Several modes have been tried to rid trees of moss. One that is said to do well, is to paint the trees with whitewash made of qbicklime and wood ashes.

NETTLE RASH.

M. M. L., Mifflin county, Penn.: Mental emotions, worms or drinking cold water when the animal is heated will cause nettle rash in a horse. To cure it, give a cathartic, and while this is in the system and afterwards, if necessary, give bicarbonate of soda in half ounce doses three times a day. Strict attention must be paid to the digestive organs and bran mashes freely used for a few days and all stimulating foods, such as corn, withheld from the animal.

Foot Rot in Sheep.

Subscriber, Colorado: To cure foot rot in sheep, the disease must be taken in hand at once. When they first show symptoms of lameness, carefully examine their feet and cut away all diseased horn. Then wash the feet with carbolic acid an water; half an ounce of the former to a gallon of water. Do this twice a week, and after each washing apply this, which is recommended by Mr. Stewart, in his manual: Oxide of copper, 4 ozs.; arsenic, ½ oz.; acetic acid, 3 ozs.; honey, 8 ozs. After each washing, dip a piece of lint or tow into the above mixture, and bind it on the foot and between the toes.

Swelled Leg in Mare.

I. B., Warrensburg, Mo.:—For your mare's leg that swells and breaks, wash well with soap and water and apply flaxseed poultices in which there is mixed a little charcoal. Poultice for about two days, then wash the leg daily with powdered sulphate of zinc 1 dr.; rainwater, 2 ozs. Give, internally, this: Barbadoes aloes, 1 oz.; pulverized gentian root, ½ oz.; pulverized ginger, 2 drs. Mix with molasses and divide into five balls. Give one ball a day. Follow this with drachm doses of nux vomica, powdered, twice a day for four or five days. Feed bran mashes once a day, and give no corn.

Wall-Eye in Horse.

A. R. P., West Virginia: The peculiar appearance of the eye in your horse does not indicate disease. There is an absence of the pigment that is secreted on the inside of the iris; hence that part of the eye remains white. Percival says: "It is a remarkable fact that this variety of hue in the iris corresponds with the color of the hair. Bay and chestnut horses have hazel eyes; brown horses have brownish eyes, and very dark brown or black horses, eyes of a still darker, dusky brown shade. This curious relation is still more observable in human beings; the diversity of colors and hues in their rides being infinitely greater than anything we behold among any one species of animals. Cream-colored and milk-white horses have wall eyes, and albinos have red eyes; in both instances the iris is said to be destitute of any coloring matter whatever."

Stirring Soil in Dry Weather.

As the season for cultivating corn is near at hand, we, this week, give communications from practical men on the subject of stirring the soil in dry weather. They will be found interesting.

Liniment for Sweeny.

J. C. B., Lenawee county, Mich.: A good liniment for atrophy is: Alcohol and spirits of turpentine, of each, 8 ozs.; camphor gum, pulverize cantharides and capsicum, of each, 1 oz.; oil of spike, 3 ozs. Mix Bathe this liniment in with a hot iron.

Ergotism.

P. R. T., Sangamon county, Ohio: Ergotism, of which you speak, has been the cause of many deaths among cattle. Stewaat's Dairyman's Manual says of it:

"This disorder is produced by feeding smutty corn fodder or ergoted grass, and in some bases by means of musty hay or other food. The result is vesicular eruptions of the mouth and gangrene of the feet. Outbreaks of this disease have been mistaken for foot and mouth disease; but no intelligent person, much less a veterinarian, should be led into this error. For the gangrene of the feet is entirely different from the watery blisters in epizootic aphtha, and appears as a ring of dead tissue which gradually becomes deeper and deeper until the hoof falls off and finally the feet separate, leaving the annimals entirely helpless. There is no cure for this disorder when it takes on this serious form, but in its early stages cure is possible by means of cooling purgatives to clear the system of the poison and soothing, healing applications to the diseased surfaces. A mixture of tincture of myrrh and glycerine painted on the sores will relieve the pain and lead to recovery."

Farm Notes.

The farmer who means to keep up with the times, says the *Rural New Yorker*, will make sure to have a barrel of plaster kept constantly in his stable for use back of the cows. When a farmer begins to "fall in love with manure" he gives one of the best indications of a well-balanced mind.

President Smith, of the Wisconsin State Agricultural society, thinks that artificial watering, as ordinarily done, is of very little benefit, and has estimated that to water properly an acre of cabbages or strawberries in a dry time requires a least 36,000 gallons of water.

In using commercial fertilizers, we must add something to supply the vegetable matter which keeps the soil porous and moist. If we keep no stock, how is this to be done? In place of cutting and carting the clover to stock, to make manure, allow it to fall, lie and rot. This, if done on a poor, worn soil that has no life in it, and continued two years, will make an astonishing change in character and fertility.

It is almost impossible on worn soils to grow good hay crops or to make permanent pasture where timothy and clover only are sown. In such conditions a close mowing, followed by dry, hot weather, will often destroy the weak bulbous roots of the timothy, and thus leave no prospect for rowen at all.

In the contested election case of Frank vs. Glover, from the Ninth Missouri district, and Lynch vs. Vandever, from the Sixth California district, the rights of the sitting members, Glover and Vandever have been sustained by the House.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

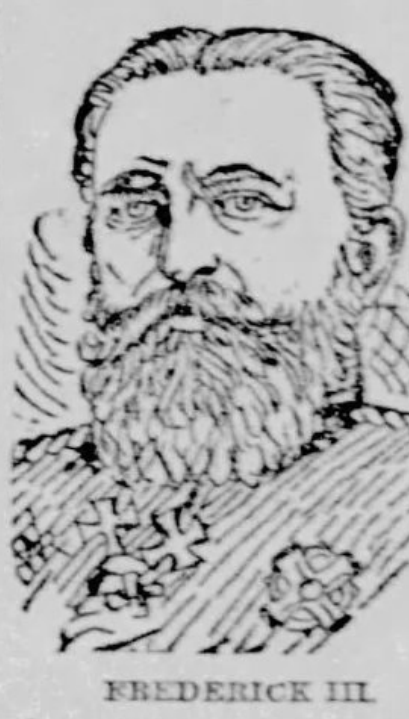
FREDERICK III. DEAD.

The Emperor of Germany is Dead After a Long Struggle.

POTSDAM, June 15.—[Special cable to the BLADE.]—The Emperor of Germany is dead.

IN THE EARLY HOURS

The Spirit Took Its Flight—Scenes at the Bedside of the Dying Man.

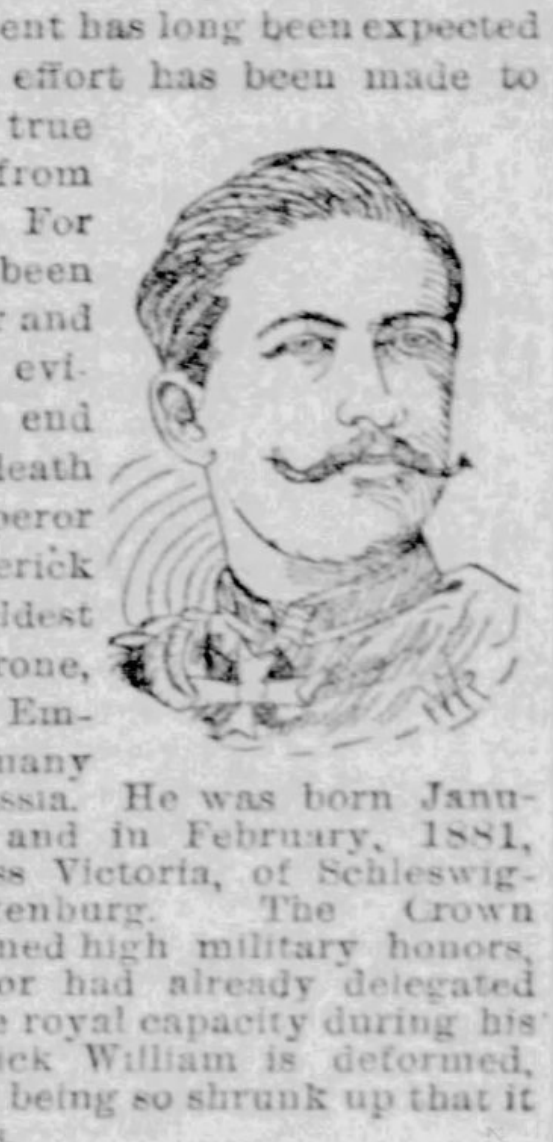

FREDERICK III.

POTSDAM, June 15.—A bulletin issued an hour before the Emperor died said that the Emperor had been lying for some time in a light slumber, broken by wakeful intervals during which he showed distinct signs of consciousness. He gave no indication of suffering pain. His pulse and breathing were very weak. There had been no material change in his condition during the night. All the members of the Imperial family remained at the castle until after midnight. The Empress did not leave the castle and at 4 o'clock resumed her watch at the bedside of the Emperor.

THE CHANGES MADE.

Frederick William Becomes the Ruler of Germany and King of Prussia.

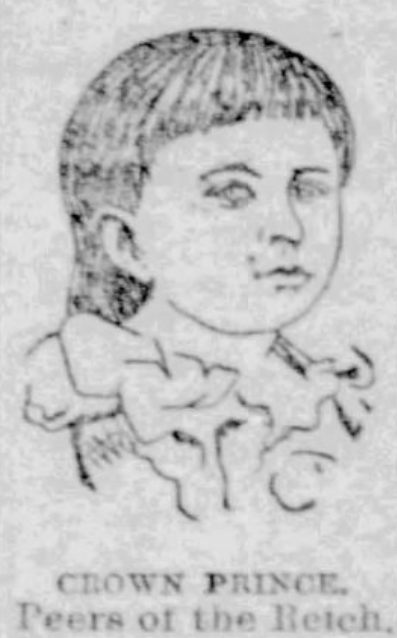
BERLIN, June 15.—[Special cable to the BLADE.]—Germany is called upon to-day to mourn the loss of her Emperor, Frederick the III. The event has long been expected although every effort has been made to conceal the true state of affairs from the people. For weeks he has been growing weaker and it has long been evident that the end was near. The death of the Emperor places Frederick William, his eldest son, on the throne, and makes him Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia. He was born January 27, 1859, and in February, 1881, married Princess Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. The Crown Prince has attained high military honors, and the Emperor had already delegated him to act in the royal capacity during his illness. Frederick William is deformed, one of his hands being so shrunk up that it is almost useless.



He has blue eyes, a light blond moustache but nothing about his face, except a Roman nose, denotes any special force of character. The new emperor is not in line with the Victoria government, and, in fact, it is claimed that he does not take kindly to his mother, and that he failed to attend the birthday party given by one of his sisters shortly after the death of Emperor William.

The death of the Emperor Frederick is a sad blow to the Court of St. James. The deceased Emperor was born Oct. 18, 1831, and was consequently nearly 56 years at his death. In 1858 he was married to Victoria, princess royal of Great Britain, and the issue was six children. At the time of the marriage of Queen Victoria's daughter to the Crown Prince of Germany, the honored Kaiser William was 61 years old and it was the ambition of Queen Victoria to have her daughter's husband succeed Kaiser William, thus placing upon the princess royal of Great Britain, the title, Empress of Germany.

But Emperor William was of a hearty constitution, and refused to die. For 30 years he lived only to make Queen Victoria all the more pettish. Finally he died, and the honor was achieved. Only a few short months did Unser Fritz survive, however, and now Queen Victoria's grandson becomes ruler, and her daughter is crowded into royal obscurity, so to speak, while another Princess Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein, Augustenburg, becomes Empress of Germany. To them was born a son Prince Frederick William, in May, 1882, and he now becomes the Crown Prince of Germany, while only a few days past six years of age. The Imperial throne has always been filled by election, though with a tendency toward the hereditary principle of succession. Originally the Emperor was chosen by the vote of all the Princes and Peers of the Reich, but the mode came to be changed in the fourteenth century, when a limited number of Princes, fixed at seven for a time, and afterwards enlarged to nine, assumed the privilege of disposing of the Crown, and, their right being acknowledged, were called electors.


CROWN PRINCE.

With the overthrow of the old Empire by the Emperor Napoleon, in 1806, the electoral dignity virtually ceased, although the title of Elector was retained sixty years longer by the sovereigns of Hesse-Cassel, the last of them dethroned in 1866 by Prussia.

DEATH-BED BULLETIN.

The News from the Dying Emperor's Bed Chamber—Condolence.

POTSDAM June 15.—During the first part of the night the condition of the Emperor was comparatively good. At 4 o'clock this morning he became restless, and soon after the whole family assembled in a room adjcent to the one in which the Emperor lay. Court Preacher Persiets has been in attendance since yesterday. Herr Von Werner sketched the Emperor's features after death.

POTSDAM, June 15.—At midnight the Emperor sat for half an hour in an armchair and took some nourishment. At 3 o'clock there was an alarming increase in his majesty's weakness and the relatives who had left the palace were telegraphed to return. At 10 o'clock this forenoon access to the palace was stopped. Count Von Stolberg-Wernigerode, court chamberlain, was the only minister present at that hour. Chaplains Persius and Roggs were also in attendance.

BERLIN, June 15.—NOON.—The death of the Emperor has caused intense excitement in this city.

All the members of the royal family and the ministers were present in the death chamber at the Freidreichsron palace at Potsdam. A ministerial council was held just before the Emperor died. Prince Bismarck, who presided at the council, was much agitated.

BERLIN, June 15.—The bourse here is closed on account of the death of the emperor.

Sorrow in London.

LONDON, June 15—3 p. m.—Despite the inclement weather, crowds of Germans surround the residence of Count Von Hatzfeldt, the German ambassador, where at 2:15 the German flag was placed at half-mast.

LONDON, June 15.—Much sorrow is expressed at the death of the Emperor of Germany, who was very popular in this city. Flags are flying at half-mast, and the blinds of many houses are lowered. Numerous messages of condolence have been sent to the Prussian royal family.

Immediately upon receipt of the intelligence of the Emperor's death Queen Victoria telegraphed a message of sympathy and sorrow to Empress Victoria.

The Prince of Wales has returned from a Scotch heath where he has been attending the races and he will probably start for Berlin to-night.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Death Occurred Shortly After 11 O'clock This Morning.

BERLIN, June 14.—The *Reichsanzeiger* (official paper) publishes the following announcement:

"The royal sufferer has ended his earthly career.

"By God's decree the Emperor-King, our most gracious master, passed to his eternal rest shortly after 11 o'clock this morning after long and grievous sufferings, which were borne with admirable fortitude and submission to God's will.

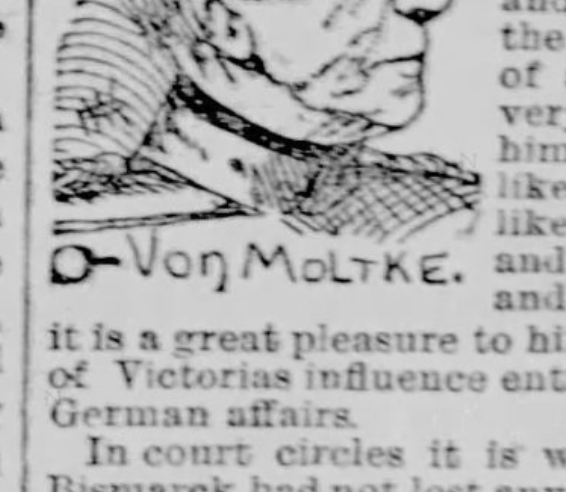
"The royal house and the German people has been twice bereaved within a short time.

"They deeply mourn the all too early decease of our much beloved ruler.

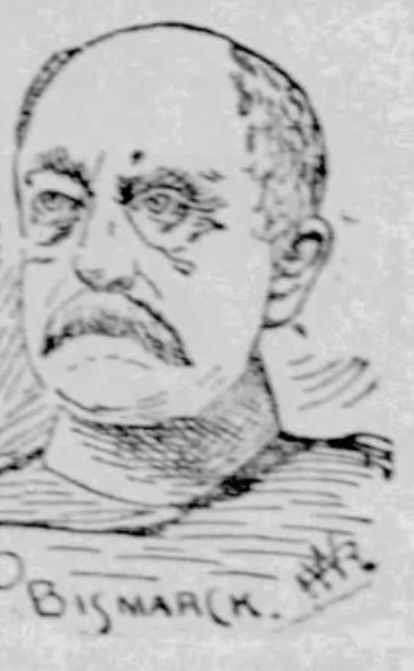
"MINISTRY OF STATE."

BISMARCK AND VON MOLTKE.

How the Change in Rulers is Considered by These Two Men.


O-Von Moltke.

General Von Moltke, Prince Bismarck's true friend, and a famous warrior, is reported to have taken a strong liking to the new emperor. The old general has always consulted Bismarck and followed his dictates closely, and the change in the administration of affairs will prove very satisfactory to him. Von Moltke, like Bismarck, never liked the German and English unions, and his friends claim it is a great pleasure to him to see the line of Victorias influence entirely erased from German affairs.



In court circles it is well known that Bismarck had not lost any of his ill feelings toward the late emperor and the line of Victorias he brought into power. Queen Victoria, it is stated, sulks when the question of her granddaughter's marriage to Prince Alexander is mentioned and late Empress Victoria, of Germany, lost no portunity to impress upon the stern old Bismarck that she was empress. It is even hinted among the court gossips that had the late emperor's chances of life been good the German chancellor would have resigned as soon as the former was crowned. But conservative influences led him to await the workings of Father Time. In this position he is strongly supported and the death of the emperor finds the line of Victorias fade from view in German circles.

JOINED HANDS WITH BISMARCK.

It is stated that Emperor William II. and Bismarck have compiled a programme, and that the Emperor will continue the former policy.

GENERAL ORDER NUMBER ONE.

Emperor William II. Issues His First Document to the Soldiers.

BERLIN, June 16.—Emperor William II. has issued the following general order to the army.

"While the army has only just discarded the outward signs of mourning for the Emperor-King William I., my deeply revered grandfather, whose memory will ever live in all hearts, it has suffered a fresh and heavy blow by the death of my dear and warmly loved father.

"This is indeed a serious and sorrowful time, which God's decree places me at the head of the army. It is from a deeply moved heart I address my first words to my army, but the confidence with which I step into the place to which God's will calls me is immovably strong, for I know what sense of honor and duty my glorious ancestors have implanted in the army, and I know in how great a measure this feeling has at all times been manifested in the army.

"A firm and inviolable attachment to the war Lord is an inheritance handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, and in the same way I refer you to my grandfather, who stands fresh in all your memories as the personification of the glorious and venerable war Lord, such as could not be more finely conceived or in a form more speaking to the heart.

"I refer you to my beloved father, who, as crown prince, already won a place of honor in the annals of the army, and to a long line of glorious ancestors, whose names shine brightly in history, and whose hearts beat warmly for the army. Thus we belong to each other—I and the army. Thus we were born for one another, and thus we will stand together in an indissoluble bond, in peace or storm, as God may will it.

"You will dow take to me the oath of fidelity and obedience, and I swear ever to remember that the eyes of my ancestors look down upon me from the other world, and that I shall one day have to render an account to them of the glory and honor of the army." WILLIAM II.

(Dated EriedrichsKron.)

Scenes of Mourning on all Sides at Potsdam.

POTSDAM, June 18.—Prince Bismarck and Count Von Moltke and a number of foreign princes arrived here this morning. The railway stations at Berlin and Potsdam are closed against the public. Crowds have gathered outside these buildings and soldiers and police are posted all around the stations to keep back the crowds. The Friedrichskron palace is guarded like a fortress.

At 9 o'clock this morning the bells were tolled, and the ministers who were to officiate at the Emperor's funeral took their places around the coffin in the palace. The choir sang the hymns "Soon thou callest me to higher joys," and "Jesus is my trust." Chaplain Koegel blessed the corpse and the mourners, after which the choir sang the hymn, "If I am to die." The commanders of twelve regiments of which the late Emperor was the chief officer carried the coffin to the hearse. Eight majors then took the horses by the bridle, and the procession started for the church.

The second mortuary service over the remains of the emperor was held at the Friedrichskron castle last evening. Dr. Koegel, court chaplain, officiated. Emperor William and the empress, the dowager Empresses Augusta and Victoria, all the members of the German imperial and royal families and the entire household were present.

At the conclusion of the service the coffin was closed in the presence of the Emperor, Count Von Stolberg-Weingerode, Dr. Friedberg, Prussian minister of justice, and the others who had been bidden to the ceremony, and was then placed on the same state bier used at the funeral of Emperor William.

At 9:15 o'clock this morning Potsdam was in mourning, and emblems of grief were to be seen everywhere. All the way from the castle to the Friedenskirche, where the funeral was to take place, torches and cressets were seen.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Orders Issued by Commander-in-Chief Rea—A Change in the Divisions—Other Matters.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 14.—Commander-in-Chief J. P. Rea, of the National G. A. R. has issued general orders No. 8, in substance as follows:

That part of the Indian territory which is embraced in the Choctaw, Cherokee and Chickasaw nations, is hereby detached from the department of Texas and added to the department of Arkansas for all Grand Army purposes, which arrangement will date from May 1, 1888. All posts heretofore organized within the territory herein specified will report to the commander of the department of Arkansas, and will be subject to the jurisdiction of that department.

On the recommendation of Surgeon-General Florence Donohue, post surgeons are directed to transmit, at once, to the medical directors of their respective departments a brief statement of the number of destitute ex-soldiers treated by them during the quarter ending March 31, 1888, together with the sources from which money was procured to pay for medicines and surgical appliances.

Attention is called to the rule which requires that all proposed changes in the rules and regulations should be communicated to headquarters in time to admit of their being submitted to the members of the National Encampment, at least 30 days before the meeting of that body. The date of meeting has been fixed for September 12, 1888.

Propositions for changes should be in the hands of the adjutant-general not later than August 1.

Upon the request of the department encampment and officers of the department of the Gulf, the territory included therein will be designated hereafter as the department of Louisiana and Mississippi.

By request of the National Association of Naval veterans, notice is hereby given that a reunion of the survivors of the Union navy will be held at Columbus during the National encampment. Particulars as to time and place of meeting, rates, etc., will be furnished on application to William Simmons, secretary, care Naval Post No. 400, Philadelphia.

The Reformed Church.

CATSKILL, N. Y., June 14.—The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, after a long and laborious session in this place, finished its business last night and adjourned. Professor-elect J. W. Beardslee, D. D., addressed the Synod in regard to his election to the chair of didactic theology in the theological seminary at Holland, Mich., and declared his acceptance of the position. The session was largely routine incidental to the closing of the session. The Synod will meet here again next year.

GARFIELD WEDDINGS.

Happy Hours in the Home of the Lamented at Mentor.

MENTOR, O., June 15.—A large number of guests, including many well known people from Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Buffalo, New York, Boston and Washington, assembled yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Garfield, near here, to witness the double marriage of Harry Garfield and Miss Belle Mason, of Cleveland, and J. Stanley Brown, of Washington, and Miss Mary Garfield.

The hour for the wedding was 5 p. m. The house was beautifully decorated.

Mr. Harry Garfield and Miss Mason were first married, Mr. J. S. Brown and Miss Marry Garfield following. Both marriage services were according to the Presbyterian form, read by Rev. Dr. Wm. V. Davis, now pastor of the Union church, Worcester, Mass., but at one time pastor of the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian church, Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Garfield will go to Northern New York for their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, after a short trip in the Western States, will sail for Europe.

The wedding trousseaus of the bride are magnificent, and the floral decorations and jewels were plenteous and rare. Mary, or Mollie Garfield, is a cultured lady with a fine face, in which there are flashes of the Garfield strength at whose beck Ohio nodded and swayed. She is a fine figure and very accomplished. J. Stanley Brown, her husband, is on the road to riches in commercial lines.

Belle Mason, who married Harry Garfield is good looking, rich, and one of the sensible girls of the town. Harry was the general's favorite boy, and is of athletic frame and handsome face. He also resembles his father, was a good student at Williams College, and when he returns from his wedding holiday will go into business with his brother Jim at Cleveland, as Garfield & Garfield, attorneys at law.

LABOR AND THE TARIFF.

Resolutions of the Amalgamated Association Denouncing the Mills Bill.

PITTSBURG, June 14.—At to-day's session of the Amalgamated association the following resolutions were submitted by the tariff committee and adopted:

"Resolved—As representatives of the iron and steel workers of the United States in convention assembled, representing New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, Alabama, and other states in this Union, we are in favor of the sentiment, American for Americans, native and naturalized, and we indorse the words of Daniel Webster, who, 51 years ago, said if the people can obtain fair compensation for their labor they will have good houses, good clothing, good food, and the means of educating their children. Labor will be cheerful and the people happy.

"*Resolved*, That in our judgment the citizens and industries of this country cannot be protected in any better way than by placing protective tariff on all articles imported from other countries that can be produced by our own people, in order that those who produce them may be better able to demand that to which, as citizens and upholders of this government, they are justly entitled to—an equitable share of the profits of their toil to maintain their families in decency; that they may be able to educate their children and teach them as they advance toward manhood to defend the principles of our system of government.

"*Resolved*, That we are most emphatically opposed to any reduction of the present tariff, and we hereby express our unqualified condemnation of the provisions of the Mills bill, believing as we do that its adoption as a law would be detrimental to the interests of the American workingmen and we respectfully call upon our representatives in Congress to vote against it.

The balance of the session was devoted to routine business. The first conference between the Amalgamated Association and the iron manufacturers will be held to-morrow afternoon. Only the iron-workers' scale will be considered. Another conference will be held as soon as convenient to discuss the steel-workers' scale.

A SNAKE AROUND HER NECK.

Miss Mollie Dinsmore, of Seymour, Ind., Narrowly Escapes Strangulation.

SEYMOUR, Ind., June 14.—Miss Mollie Dinsmore, aged 18, a popular and sprightly school mistress, dismissed her pupils for afternoon recess yesterday and sat down in the school room door to witness their sport. Suddenly a shrill alarm sounded from the play ground, and the valiant school ma'am rushed to the rescue.

When she reached her retreating flock she was horrified to see a very large black-snake bringing up the rear of the retreating column. Armed only with a parasol, she made a vigorous defense, but the enraged reptile held its own, and taking advantage of a sudden turn of Miss Mollie to answer the call of one of her pupils, it ran up her back, and in less time than the story can be told it had entwined its shining coils around her neck so tightly that but for the timely assistance of a young gentleman who was passing and promptly responded to the frightened calls of the little ones she would have strangled.

The brave young lady was prostrated by her fright and the nervous shock, from which she has suffered severely. The snake, when killed, measured over four feet in length. It was a black racer, a variety that is usually considerad harmless, and this is the first instance in which one of its kind has been known here to attack any person.

MORE OPIUM SEIZED.

Twelve Hundred Cans Discovered in a Piano Box at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 13.—The surveyor of the port, R. D. Lancaster, yesterday afternoon swooped down upon a piano-box at the Wabash freight depot marked "Piano—handle with care; Mrs. L. Lewis, Tulare, Cal.," and deposited it in the United States Government warehouse, where it was opened and found to contain 1,200 tin cans filled with opium, aggregating 685 pounds. The opium is prepared for smoking, and the duty on it amounts to $6,850. The commercial value is $23,975.

Notwithstanding this fact, gum opium is selling in this city for $3.60 per pound, giving evidence that an immense amount is now being smuggled into this country. This morning the matter of the seizure was laid before Assistant United States District Attorney Hatch and steps were taken to confiscate the contraband goods. The officials will give out no information but this seizure is apparently a general attack along the line and developments are promised shortly that may implicate many officials in the customs service. So far as could be learned to-day opium is shipped to interior ports of entry, and from there reshipped, until lost sight of by the officials, when the packages land at the agency outside of the custom house. That this reshipping may be successfully attended to, it is charged, requires assistance from the inside.

TRAIN ROBBERS.

They Make a Bold and Successful Attack on the M., K. & T.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., June 16.—(Special.)—The south bound Missouri, Kansas & Texas express was robbed about 9 o'clock last night at Virdigris bridge. From parties who were on the train it is learned that the train had stopped at the bridge to put off some baggage, and had just started to pull out again when the engineer was covered by a revolver and the express car was entered.

The express messenger was taken by surprise, as it being a very warm night, the side door was open. Before he could close it two men entered the car and robbed him of about $8 and one valuable package. One shot was fired into the mail car, the bullet passing through the left arm of Charles Colton, the mail agent. Two shots were fired in front of the smoking car, one going through the right forearm of Harry Ryan, the train news boy. The other struck a passenger named Ben. C. Tarver in the left cheek, and passing backwards, broke his neck, causing instant death.

The wounded and dead were brought to this place, but the mail agent went on south. His was a flesh wound.

Deputy Marshal Tyson and posse are preparing to give pursuit as soon as they can cross the Arkansas river. There were seven men engaged in the robbery. No effort was made to rob the passengers. The dead man's home was in Rosebud, Texas. He is a single man, and was going home from Chicago. The leader of the robbers gave his name as Captain Jack.

The Indian Commissioner to Resign.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Indian Commissioner Atkins will to-night tender his resignation to take effect at the pleasure of the President, and will this evening leave Washington for his home at Paris, Tenn., to enter upon an active canvass for election to the United States Senate.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES FOOT ROT, SHOULDER-ROT, SCREW-WORM AND SCAB IN SHEEP!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITE

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Bulgarian cabinet has resigned.

At Horitz, Austria, 1500 cotton operatives struck.

Jay Gould returned to New York in excellent health.

Spanish cabinet has been reorganized by Premier Sagasta.

Gold mining village of East Rawson, N. S., destroyed by forest fire.

Cleveland rolling mill employes are notified of a 10 per cent. reduction.

National organization of colored Y. M. C. A. completed at Louisville, Ky.

The number of sheep has decreased 2 per cent. in Michigan since 1887.

Subscription opened in Paris to purchase a sword of honor for Gen. Boulanger.

"Big Bertha," the confidence queen, has been held in $4,000 bail at San Francisco.

Countess of Kingston granted 20 per cent. reduction to tenants on her Irish estate.

Millers' national convention at Buffalo adjourned to meet in Milwaukee in 1889.

The twelfth annual session of the Millers' National association is in session at Buffalo.

Thermometers at Nebraska City, Neb., registered 102 degrees in the shade yesterday.

Puddlers of iron works at Lancaster, Pa., notified of 35 cents per ton reduction in wages.

Count Arco Valley, the new German Minister, has been formally presented to the president.

Varnum M. Babcock has been nominated receiver of public money at St. Croix Falls, Wis.

Senator Chandler proposes an investigation into the legality of Senator Gibbons (La.) election.

Several members of the Irish National league arrested in Ireland as a result of secret inquiries.

Western Union Telegraph Co. declared quarterly dividend of 1½ per cent, Manhattan 1 per cent.

Walt Whitman, the aged poet, is rapidly recovering from a recent severe attack of illness.

At Portland, Ore., Peter Shannon, aged 60, shot and killed his wife, aged 55. He then shot himself.

Labratory of the Manchester paints works, Manchester, N. H., burned last night. Loss, $35,000.

Six hundred Cleveland steel mill employes notified of 10 per cent wage reduction. They will probably submit.

London bankruptcy court has sanctioned scheme to settle Col. Napoleon's debts, amounting to £40,000 for £500.

Heavy wholesale dry goods house of Shottswell, Claribew & Latham, Minneapolis, failed. They carried $500,000 stock.

Body found in the river near Madison, Ind., identified as Henry Umbach, Utica, N. Y. He had been murdered and robbed.

In the village of Glassgow, Pa., Ellis Wingert, a farmer, was shot and killed by a woodsman named McKee, who then killed himself. Cause unknown.

The 37th meeting of the American association for the Advancement of Science will be in session at Cleveland, O., from Wednesday morning, August 15, until Tuesday evening, August 21, 1888.

The Louisiana Senate confirmed the nomination of ex-Governor McEnery to be associate justice of the Supreme court for the term of twelve years in place of Robert S. Todd, whose term has just expired.

Judge Shiras, at Winona, Minn., ordered a verdict of not guilty in the trial of Charles Kinney, charged with complicity in the Minneapolis postoffice robbery of two years ago, there being not sufficient evidence.

Frank P. Gardner, city editor of the Zanesville *Times-Recorder*, was knocked down and badly injured by Dr. James Holden, whose presence at a chicken fight was recorded in the paper.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

IT WOULD NOT WORK.

Lamar's Unsuccessful Effort to Make an Umbrella Cover Serve as Neckwear.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Justice Lamar's absent mindedness has been long a prolific theme with the newspaper writers at the national capital. The last story at Justice Lamar's expense was that recently told in the *Herald*, wherein he was described as vainly attempting to drop a letter in a fire alarm box. To-day a new story is put in circulation to the effect that a few days ago Mrs. Lamar noticed the Judge standing a much longer time than usual before his dressing mirror. As he is not generally inclined to self-contemplation, save in the philosophical sense, she natually asked what was the trouble.

"Why, my dear, I am trying to tie my cravat, and I can't imagine what is the matter with it. It doesn't seem to go just right for some reason."

And it didn't, for the brilliant Southerner had somehow got hold of an umbrella cover and was placidly, if not altogether successfully, endeavoring to make it do duty as a necktie.

WHITNEY'S RETIREMENT.

He Intimates That He May Not Step Out, as Stated, After March Next.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Secretary Whitney, speaking to-day of the story that he will retire from office in March next, said: "They say that my doctor advised my retirement from the cabinet on account of my health, which is supposed to be rather feeble. Now that is not correct. My health, I am glad to say, is very good. I have not been taking much advice of any kind from my doctor for six months past, and have not needed any. As to the main rumor itself, you can easily see it would be premature for me to say anything in regard to it. I could not say that I shall continue in the cabinet during the next four years, for I have not yet been asked, although I suppose that it is quite likely that after re-election Mr. Cleveland would ask me to remain in his cabinet. Then, for a good many reasons, I could not very well say at present that I mean to retire. If I had such an intention I should certainly consider it my duty to make it known to the President before communicating it to the newspapers.

Congress.

June 12.—Senate—Resolutions offered: Inquiring into the late alleged election in Louisiana. Concerning the purchase of bonds. Mr. Cullom addressed the senate on the inter-state commerce bill.

House—The contested election cases of Frank vs. Glover and Lynch vs. Vandever were disposed of in favor of the sitting members. The tariff bill was then taken up.

June 13.—Senate—Bill passed: Making appropriations for the District of Columbia. Resolution adopted: Calling on the secretary of the treasury for the names of persons offering bonds to the government. Mr. Hale addressed the senate against the fisheries treaty.

House—The day was spent discussing the Mills bill under the five-minute rule.

June 14—Senate—Resolutions adopted: Granting leave of absence to all persons now in the employment of the government and who were present at the battle of Gettysburg to attend the reunion there on July 3 next; relating to international arbitration. Bills passed: Making appropriations for agricultural department; making appropriations for postoffice department; appropriating $275,000 for the reconstruction of the government dam at the Rock Island arsenal and for the construction of a temporary dam; setting apart a tract of land (twelve acres) to be used as a cemetery at Georgetown, Col.

House—The day was passed discussing the tariff bill.

June 15—Senate—No business done.

House—Business on the private calendar considered.

June 16.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Bill passed: Making appropriations for the army.——The sundry civil bill was reported.

June 18.—Senate—Bills passed: For the representation of the several departments at the Columbus centennial exposition next September and October, was taken up and passed (with an amendment in the nature of a substitute), appropriating $40,000; authorizing the sale of a portion of the Winnebago reservation in Nebraska; to authorize the construction of a railroad bridge across the Missouri river at Parkville, Mo.; appropriating $250,000 for a public building at Oakland, Cala.; to authorize the construction of a railroad bridge across the Mississippi river at Alma, Wis.; to authorize the building of a railroad bridge at Fort Smith, Ark.

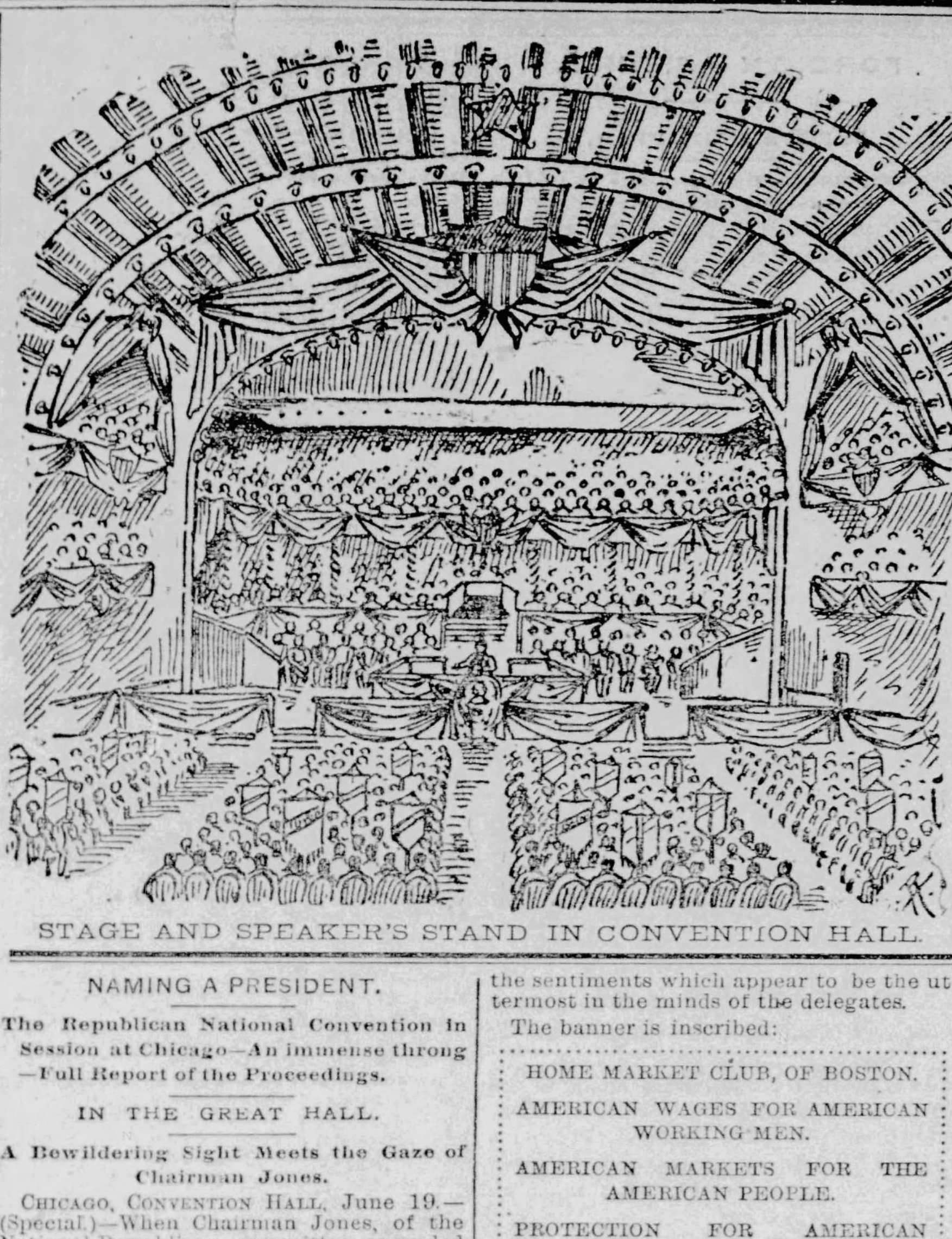
House—The House was occupied hearing reports of conference committees.

WANTED HER MONEY.

When He Found It Did Not Count Up Enough He Quickly Went Back to England.

CINCINNATI, July 14.—To-day in Hamilton, O., Miss Grace Campbell, daughter of the late Hon. L. D. Campbell, ex-secretary of the Interior, and ex-Congressman, was to have married Mr. Henry Webley, a wealthy manufacturer of Birmingham, England. Yesterday Cincinnatians who had been invited to the brilliant affair had their invitations recalled by telegraph without explanations.

Hamilton guests had written cards explaining that the invitations had been recalled. The explanation of the cause, as current in Hamilton, is that Mr. Webley was disappointed in the extent of the Campbell estate. He formed Miss Campbell's acquaintance during a visit she made to England. Mr. Webley went to Hamilton a few days ago, but returned to this city yesterday and left hurriedly last night for New York in an apparently troubled condition of mind.



STAGE AND SPEAKER'S STAND IN CONVENTION HALL.

NAMING A PRESIDENT.

The Republican National Convention in Session at Chicago—An Immense Throng—Full Report of the Proceedings.

IN THE GREAT HALL.

A Bewildering Sight Meets the Gaze of Chairman Jones.

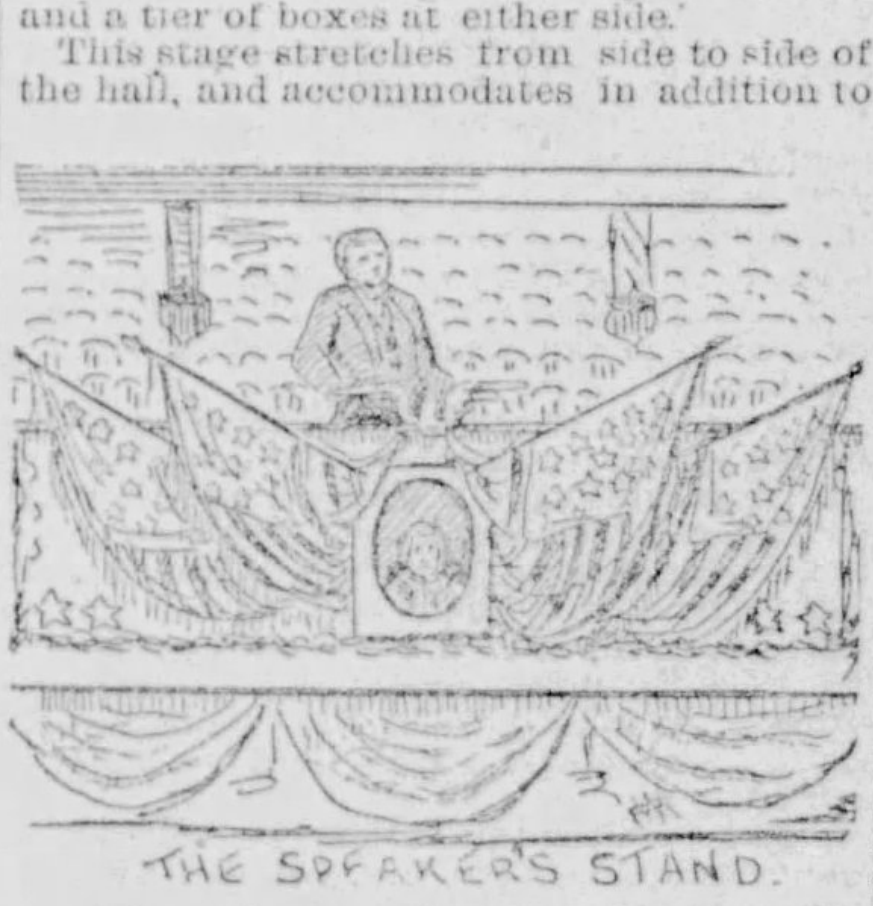
CHICAGO, CONVENTION HALL, June 19.—(Special.)—When Chairman Jones, of the National Republican committee, ascended the platform of the great auditorium hall, at noon, to call the National convention to order, he looked upon a scene unparalelled in the history of public gatherings in this country. Larger assemblages have been held in more spacious halls, but at none have the ocular properties been so effective, or the brilliancy of illumination and picturesque colorings been so splendid.

CAN SEE THEM ALL.

Every face can be seen without effort, and an audience of less than 10,000 appears to be an almost countless multitude. The magnificent sweep of the great gallery alone, which seats nearly 3,000 persons, is a picture which impresses even those familiar with great audiences, and the whole scene, bathed in a flood of electric light shed by 2,500 incandescent lamps, thrills even the most sluggish heart. The auditorium is 260 feet long and 120 feet wide, with two side balconies and a great gallery, the seats in which rise tier on tier at an angle of 40 degrees.

The stage, which is but slightly raised above the floor of the hall, commands a view, not only of the great auditorium in front, but of the large balcony in the rear and a tier of boxes at either side.

This stage stretches from side to side of the hall, and accommodates in addition to the president's platform, which is in the center, several hundred newspaper representatives. There are just 8,100 seats in the hall, and as the convention is called to order, probably 9,000 people are within the glance of Chairman Jones's eye.

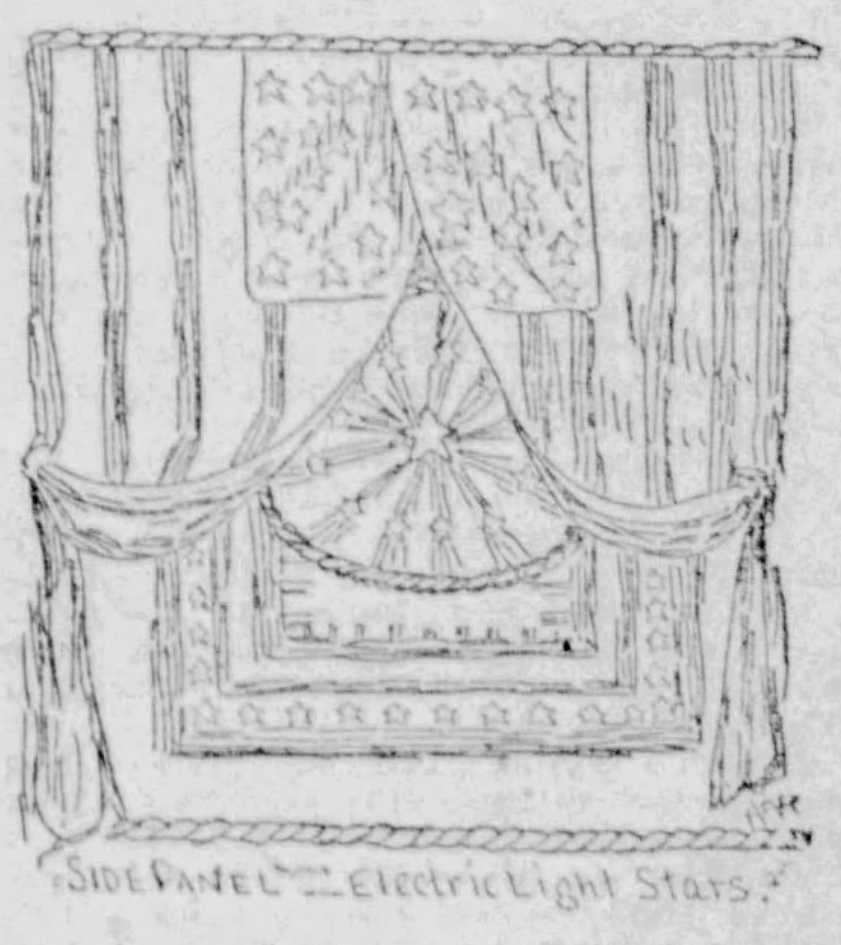


THE SPEAKER'S STAND.

DECORATIONS BEWILDERING.

The decorations appear a trifle bewildering at first, the walls, ceiling and every post, pillar and panel, is covered with flags, bunting and streamers in varied artistic designs and colors, and portraits and paintings of historic scenes, meet the eye everywhere. The red, white and blue is conspicuous, of course, everywhere, but a great sheet of terracotta bunting hangs as a roof between the sunlight, which pours through it from a great open space, just above the great gallery, and relieves the otherwise monotony of so prodigal a display of the national colors.

But even the sunlight shines but dimly in the great hall, the electric illumination being depended upon because of the impossibility of protecting the audience, in the present unfinished state of the building, and letting in the day at the same time. The arrangement of the electric lamps in great stars, suspended from the roof and walls of the hall, is one of the most effective and beautiful features of the scene which greets Chairman Jones, as he stands, himself a striking figure—tall, erect, with the appearance and air of a patriarch—with suspended gavel to hush the great stir and bustle, to present a clergyman who is to ask the Divine benediction upon the deliberations of the convention.

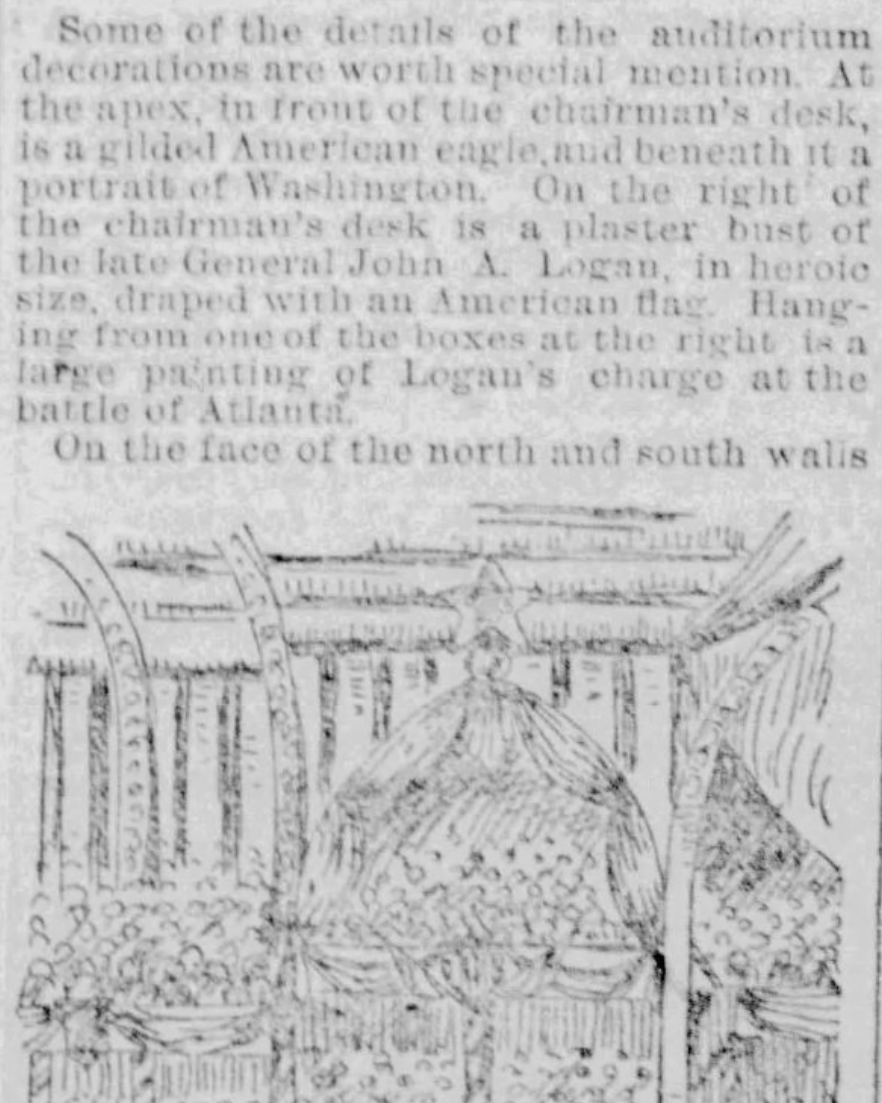


SIDE PANEL — Electric Light Stars.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Some of the details of the auditorium decorations are worth special mention. At the apex, in front of the chairman's desk, is a gilded American eagle, and beneath it a portrait of Washington. On the right of the chairman's desk is a plaster bust of the late General John A. Logan, in heroic size, draped with an American flag. Hanging from one of the boxes at the right is a large painting of Logan's charge at the battle of Atlanta.

On the face of the north and south walls of the auditorium, framed in festoons of large American flags, and surrounded by a circle of electric stars, are portraits of Lincoln and Grant, the designs being mammoth in proportion and form the two most striking details of the decorations.



A GALLERY

Flashing its parti-colored brilliancy full into the face of the audience and delegates, is a suspended American shield, formed of different colored electric lamps. This shield, its horizon of stars, its stripes of the Union, are all pictured out and put in a basso-relievo of light by the flashing jets through the red, white and blue globes.

AT THE ENTRANCE.

At the points of exit and entrance to the hall, which dip like great wells into the auditorium, are the nation's standards, planted at either side, and draped so as to hide the rough boards which form the staircases of these avenues to the convention, of which there are sufficient to empty the place in case of an accident in three minutes. A Boston club has planted its magnificent banner, five feet long, just behind the stage, and it proudly floats, bearing in letters of gold upon a field of blue, the sentiments which appear to be the uttermost in the minds of the delegates.

The banner is inscribed:

> HOME MARKET CLUB, OF BOSTON.
>
> AMERICAN WAGES FOR AMERICAN WORKING-MEN.
>
> AMERICAN MARKETS FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
>
> PROTECTION FOR AMERICAN HOMES.

This banner is marked by delegates as they come into the hall, and by spectators as they gather in the galleries and balconies. It is cheered time after time.

SOME REFLECTIONS.

This Convention as Compared With Those in Earlier Days.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—Of the 756 delegates who sat here eight years ago when Garfield and Arthur were nominated, only 55 are delegates now. Garfield and Arthur are both dead.

Of the candidates voted for on the first ballot Grant and Washburne are dead. Blaine, Sherman, Edmunds and Windom survive. The name of only one of those candidates is before this convention—John Sherman. Six names were presented in 1880 for the vice presidency. They were Chester A. Arthur, Elihu B. Washburne, Marshall Jewell, Horace Maynard, Edmund J. Davis and Thomas Settle. Not one of these will be before the convention of 1888.

The temporary and permanent chairman of the convention of 1880 was George F. Hoar of Massachusetts. Senator Hoar was at the head of the Bay state delegation four years ago, and he holds the same position now. It is the unwritten law of politics that Senator Hoar shall be sent at the head of the delegation from Massachusetts as long as he chooses to accept the office.

The great nominating speeches in that convention were made by James F. Joy, of Michigan, for Mr. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling for Gen. Grant, James A. Garfield for Mr. Sherman; Frederick Billings, of Vermont, presented Senator Edmunds; J. B. Cassody, of Wisconsin, spoke for Elihu B. Washburne; E. F. Drake launched the hopes of William Windom, of Minnesota. Other orators will have to do the sponsor work for the convention of 1888.

Some of the largest delegations haven't a member who was here eight years ago. This is notably true of Illinois. Gen. John A. Logan, Emery A. Storrs, Green B. Raum and David Littler were the delegates-at-large then. Logan and Storrs are dead. Raum now lives in Washington. Littler was a member of the Pacific railroad commission last year, and will be only a looker-on at this convention. Washington Hesing and Wm. E. Kueffer are two delegates of 1880 who will be missed.

In the Ohio Foraker and McKinley were delegates-at-large in 1884, the same as now. Foster was a delegate-at-large in 1880, when he roomed with Garfield and went around with him. Butterworth is the only new delegate-at-large, but most of the Ohio district delegates are new men.

Indiana has sent back only one of the delegates of 1880. Ben Harrison was at the head of the delegation. Now he is a candidate for the head of the ticket. Wm. R. McKeen, the Terre Haute railroad magnate, and Clement Studebaker, the South Bend wagon-maker, were here in 1880. Studebaker is the only representative of the former delegation in this one. He is one of the four delegates-at-large.

In the Missouri delegation, Chauncey I. Filley appears where he did in 1880—at the head of the delegates-at-large. It is interesting to note that the only other Missourian whose name appears as a delegate to both conventions is the "old man's" faithful lieutenant, John Henry Pohlman, of St. Louis.

Congressman Warner, ex-Congressman D. Pat Dyer, and the colored man, Pelham, take the place held eight years ago by R. T. Van Horn, the Kansas City editor, ex-Congressman Harrion E. Havens and Judge David Wagner.

Georgia sends more of the delegates of the former convention than any other state. She has nine of the old members.

Levi P. Morton, Stephen B. French, Bernard Biglin and John B. Dutcher were in the New York delegation of 1880. In their places come Chauncey M. Depew, Senator Frank Hiscock, and ex-Senator Warner Miller and others who were not here then.

Of the New York delegates who were here in 1880 as well, Patterson, O'Brien, Platt and Payne voted for Grant. Husted, Robertson and West voted for Blaine.

Among the states which have entirely different delegations from those of eight years ago are California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Kansas, Minnesota, Nevada, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

The ubiquitous Webster, What-Are-We-Here-For Flanagan, is here again, this time as one of the Texas delegates. Few men in American politics have been more quoted than Flanagan. The occasion of his famous remark was this: The convention of 1880 was discussing the civil service plank in the platform when Flanagan got the floor and made his little speech, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—Texas has had quite enough of the civil service. During the last four years, sir, out of 1400 officers appointed by the President of the United States 140 represented the Republican party. We are not here, sir, for the purpose of providing offices for the Democracy. There is one plank in the Democratic party that I have always admired, and that is, "To the victors belong the spoils." After we have won the race, as we will, we will give those who are entitled to positions, office. What are we here for? I mean that members of the Republican party are entitled to office, and if we are victorious we will have office. I therefore move to lay the amendment on the table.

THE BLAINE BOOM.

It Is Very Much Alive, and California Hopes That It Will Win.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—There is a wide difference between the present gathering and that of 1884 in the matter of enthusiasm. Then the Blaine boom came into Chicago with the Pacific Coast delegation, in overwhelming force, and dominated the convention from the start, having gathered volume and force as it crossed the continent. Everybody was hurrahing, and shouting, and making a noise. The Pacific Coast men are a very positive set of people, and apt to make their presence and their opinions known to everybody within hearing and visual distance.

On Saturday they came into the city, pretty much in the same style as in 1884, with a good deal of enthusiasm. They declared that their feelings were those of the mass of Republicans west of the Missouri river. And the motive of their enthusiasm was Blaine. They were as positive as they were four years ago that Blaine is the man for the place, and that the party demands him. But this time their enthusiastic booming was not infectious. They found the solid phalaux of the friends of the other candidates a great deal more resisting than before. Their advent elicited cheers for Blaine from many delegates, but when they began to circulate among those already here, they found a quiet but strong opposition to Blaine among the unpledged delegates.

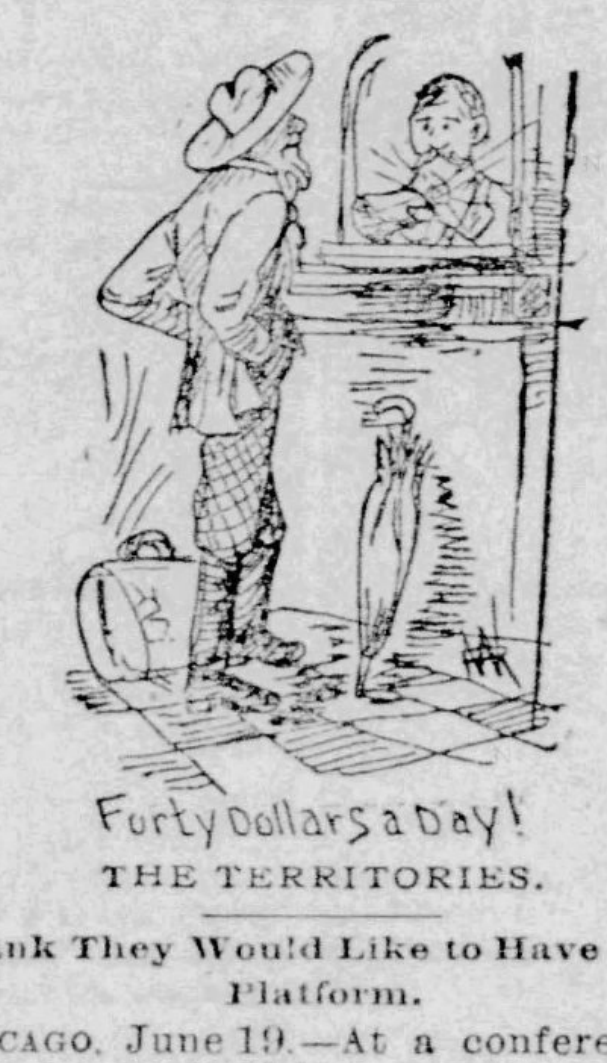
The argument was: "We are just as great admirers of Blaine as you Californians, and would as gladly see him made the nominee, had he not made it impossible that he should accept the nomination with honor to himself. He has a right to say that he shall not be considered, and we can not think it wise to attempt to force him upon the ticket."

CANNOT AFFORD TO NOMINATE BLAINE.

However, the Pacific delegates are keeping open house at the Leland, with the choicest wines and fruits of the Golden State to tempt the palates of all visitors. They are urging the Blaine canvass with indomitable energy, despite the lack of enthusiastic following from other sections of the Union. Of course, there are many delegates who would be glad to see Blaine nominated, if it could be done without laying him open to the charge of double-dealing; but this seems to be impossible, save by an unanimous demand on the part of the convention that he shall become the candidate; that this is impossible, everybody admits.

The argument of the Blaine boomers is that the fight in 1884 was not a fair one, as New York would have cast her electoral vote for Blaine had not the Burchard incident occurred; that the men in that state who voted for Cleveland in 1884 because of his reform record as governor, are disgusted with him, and that New York could be carried for Blaine; that he is the best representative of the Republican position on the tariff; that he is all right on the Chinese question, and will neutralize Thurman's nomination on the Pacific slope; that he is the friend of silver and will not see it demonetized if he can help it; and much more of the same sort.

There is no doubt but that Blaine will be voted for in the convention, though his name will not be formally presented to the convention, as a number of the delegates were instructed for Blaine, and propose carrying out their instructions to the letter. They hope that his strength will grow, as the impossibility of nominating any of the other aspirants becomes more and more apparent, until, like the gathering avalanche, it will sweep all opposition before it.



Forty Dollars a Day!

THE TERRITORIES.

A Plank They Would Like to Have in the Platform.

CHICAGO, June 19.—At a conference of the territories held last evening the following resolution was unanimously adopted to be submitted to the committee on resolutions to be inserted into the platform of the Republican party:

"That South Dakota should of right be immediately admitted as a state in the union under the constitution framed and adopted by her people, and we heartily endorse the action of the Republican Senate in twice passing bills for her admission; and the refusal of the Democratic House of Representatives for partisan purposes to favorably consider these bills, is a wilful violation of the sacred American principle of local self government, and merits the condemnation of all justice.

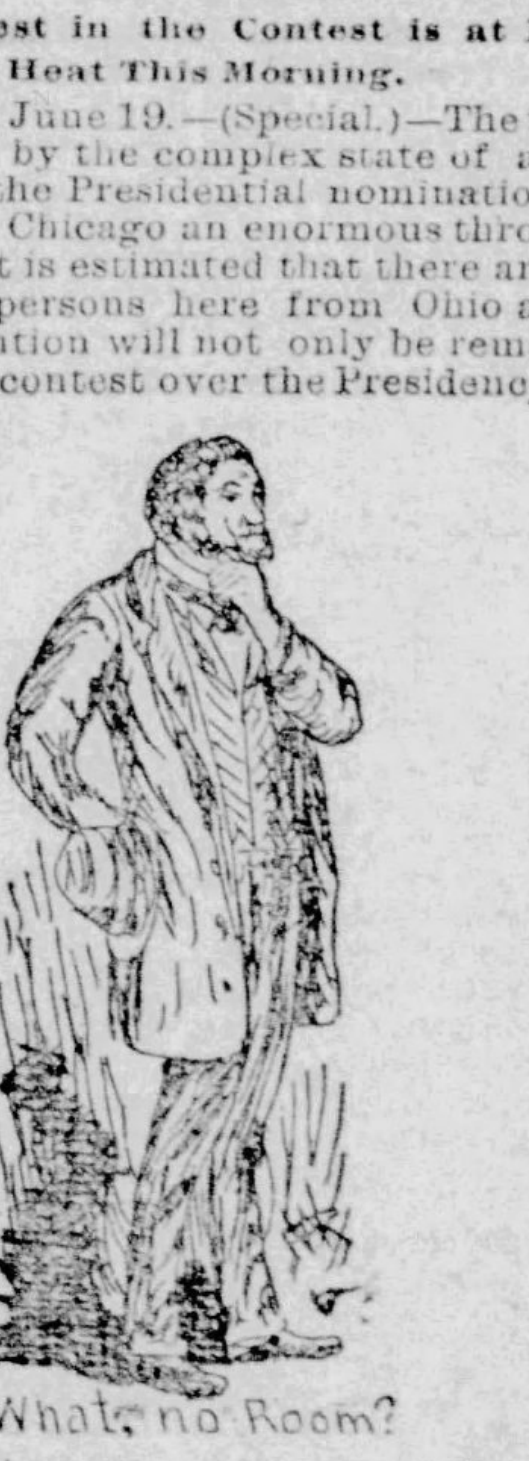
"The pending bills in the Senate for acts to enable the people of North Dakota, Montana and Washington territories to form constitutions and establish state governments, should be passed without unnecessary delay, and a similar equitable bill should be passed to enable the people of the territory of New Mexico to form a constitution and state government.

"The government by Congress of the territories is based upon necessities only to the end that they may become states in the union; therefore, when the condition of population, material resources, public intelligence and morality are such as to insure a stable local government therein, the people of such territories should be permitted, as a right in them to form for themselves constitutions and state governments and be admitted into the union, and pending this preparation for statehood, all officers therein should be selected from the bonafide residents and citizens of the territory wherein they are to serve.

A COMPLEX SITUATION.

The Interest in the Contest is at Fever Heat This Morning.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—The interest excited by the complex state of affairs regarding the Presidential nomination has brought to Chicago an enormous throng of visitors. It is estimated that there are five thousand persons here from Ohio alone. The convention will not only be remarkable for the contest over the Presidency, but also for its size as regards visitors. In point of numbers it exceeds any ever before held in Chicago, and still the throng increases.



What, no Room?

The Grand Pacific hotel is the center of interest, for it is there that the different aspirants for the Presidency have established their headquarters. Ever since Sunday night it has been a human hive, jammed with people. The rotunda is a closely-packed mass of humanity from breakfast time till after midnight, and is a perfect Babel for noise and confusion. A thousand voices mingle in a confused roar that can be heard even on the street; the staircases are but two streams of people, going up and coming down; the halls and corridors are thronged, and the state headquarters are filled to overflowing constantly.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS.

The New York headquarters occupy a large parlor, which is lavishly decorated with the national colors. A magnificent floral shield, with the motto, "Depew and Victory," fronts the visitor as he enters. The New Yorkers are a genial, courteous set of gentlemen, and welcome all comers most heartily. The throng of visitors naturally drift in here at once, as the room is nearest the staircase.

The most elaborate headquarters is that of the Allison men. They contented themselves with the Iowa headquarters until Monday, when they moved into the ladies' ordinary, which is most elaborately decorated. Over the entrance door is the word "ALLISON," formed of incandescent electric light bulbs, standing on a golden background. In the semi-darkness of the hall, this makes a beautiful showing. The walls bear portraits of the Senator, flags and tri-colored streamers adorn the wall, while long ropes of smilax, dotted with roses, cross the room diagonally and are twined about the chandeliers. A band stand is at one side, whence music is dished out at frequent intervals, and the room has plenty of tables and chairs. It is thronged constantly.

MICHIGAN HEADQUARTERS.

The Michigan headquarters, the home of the Alger boom, is also tastefully and beautifully ornamented. A magnificent oil portrait of Gen. Alger hangs over the mantel, and a fine large photograph of Gen. Logan is a perpetual reminder that Alger poses as the heir of the Logan strength. Not the least interesting of the decorations is the tattered fragments of the battle flags of Alger's regiment, the 3d Michigan cavalry, which are carefully mounted on cardboard, on which is the long roll of battles in which the regiment participated, ending with Appomattox. The Alger men are good entertainers, and always have a crowded house.

THE HOOSIER STATE.

Next door is the Indiana headquarters with Harrison as their candidate. They have plenty of large lithographs of their candidate for decorations, and an enthusiastic lady is in charge of the badges, which are of beautiful white satin ribbon, with a very fine portrait of Indiana's favorite. She is always ready to pin one to the coat lapel of every visitor.

The Sherman headquarters—that is, the one occupied by the Sherman-or die contingent, not the Ohio headquarters—is on an upper floor. The decorations are a pitcher of ice water and a large portrait of Ohio's distinguished senator. On yesterday a second Sherman headquarters was opened at the Palmer house, that the brethren located there might have the means of grace at their doors, so to speak. The Ohio headquarters is a large room on the lower floor, and is packed with Ohio visitors all the time.

The Wisconsin men have a fine portrait of sturdy old Jerry Rusk suspended in the hall, with a brief inscription giving the dates of his entering in public service in various ways. They are in an out-of-the-way corner and do not attract many casual visitors.

Gresham's headquarters are on the lower floor of the hotel, and packed with a busy crowd at all times. Chicago is running his campaign, and doing her very best. There was a great appearance of prosperity about this movement until the delegates arrived from other sections, when it shrank into comparative insignificance.

New Jersey's headquarters have a solitary cabinet photograph of William Walter Phelps as a reminder to the visitor that she has a favorite son. The Jerseymen are not particularly active, and do more visiting than receiving.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

THE GOVERNMENT TESTS ESTABLISH ITS ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY.

Prof. H. A. Mott was employed by the U. S. Government to analyze the various baking powders of the market, to determine which was the best and most economical for government use. After a careful and thorough examination, he affirms it as his judgment that the Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder made. Prof. Mott, in his report, says:

"The Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, for I have so found it in many tests made both for that company and the U. S. Government.

"I will go still further and state that, because of the facilities that company have for obtaining perfectly pure cream of tartar, and for other reasons dependent upon the proper proportions of the same, and the method of its preparation, the Royal Baking Powder is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offerd to the public. DR. HENRY A. MOTT, PH. D."

Late U. S. Government Chemist.

THE VIRGINIA CONTEST.

It is Really a Struggle For and Against Sherman—The Inside Facts.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—The fight to seat the Mahone delegates for Virginia really is an effort in Sherman's behalf, and is so acknowledged. If the matter is not settled soon it will go into the convention and the strength of Sherman be tested before the balloting begins.

When it became known that the subcommittee to prepare the roll of the convention would recommend that the Mahone and anti-Mahone district delegates be given seats, but neither faction allowed to vote, the managers of the Sherman-Mahone alliance, it is said, quietly smuggled into the national committee on a proxy Colonel A. C. Thompson, a quick-witted, plausible supporter of Sherman, to see that the report was amended, killed or delayed.

So well did Col. Thompson succeed that it is probable that the entire Mahone delegation would have been seated but for the determined stand of the out-and-out Blaine men and others, led by Secretary Fessenden, of Connecticut. The long and heated discussion, it is understood, was almost wholly on technical lines, with no mention of Presidential candidates, being donated chiefly to the well-worn unit-rule question, but so skillfully conducted that its bearing could not be misunderstood by the well-posted and shrewd politicians composing the national committee. The secret anti-Blaine circular said to have been issued by Gen. Mahone, in Virginia, and the offensive and defensive treaty believed to have been entered into between the forces of Mahone and Sherman are the points on which, largely, the opposition to admitting to full privileges the entire Mahone delegation really, though not ostensibly, stands.

The unit-rule question is of course a perplexing and important factor in the situation. Had the 16 additional Mahone men been given votes by the national committee there seems no doubt but that it would have increased John Sherman's strength, in the temporary organization, at all events, just 16 delegates. It appears almost equally certain that, had the project gone through the national committee all right, the gauntlets of the credentials committee and the convention could have been run in comparative safety.

Col. Hooker, national committeeman from Vermont, declares publicly that the decision of the committee allowing both the Mahone and anti-Mahone delegates to sit in the convention, depriving the Mahone men of votes, is a result of the combination of the friends of other candidates against the Sherman men. It seems probable that the Mahone fight will now be carried squarely on this issue into the credentials committee, and later, perhaps, into the convention itself.

AFTER NEW YORK.

If this can be done, and the bulk, at least, of New York's vote be given to Sherman, he will win. If the Alger men succeed in their efforts to obtain it, the Michigan man will go in. Both are hot-footed after it, for Connecticut and New Jersey will follow New York's lead, and the delegatee without particular choice, who desirs above all things to be on the winning side, will go the same way, and the thing be done.

The absolute impossibility of predicting a result dependent upon such contingencies mast be apparent to all.

OPENED WITH PRAYER:

An Ohio Man Invokes Divine Blessing on the Gathering.

CONVENTION HALL, June 19.—(Special.)—Precisely at 12:31 the gavel of Chairman Jones, of the National Republican committee, sounded sharply upon the mahogany desk and the Republican convention of 1888 was formally opened. The hum of conversation ceased throughout the vast auditorium and the buzz of expectation gave place to an impressive silence as the chairman introduced the Rev. Frank W. Gunsauls, of the Plymouth Congregational church of Chicago, who opened the proceedings with prayer.

He thanked the Almighty for the blessings of divine protection. He returned the gratitude of the nation for the benefits granted to it by Providence. He returned thanks for the history which came massed here, and he expressed a recognition of all that God has done through the great organization, whose representatives were here assembled. He prayed that the convention might be dominated by lofty purposes in order that its work might do much for the glory of God and of man.

In an impressive manner he invoked the Divine protection on the soldier, the captain of our armies, who lay so near to death.

At the conclusion of the prayer, Chairman Jones announced that the secretary, Mr. Fessenden, of the National committee, would read the call for the convention issued by the National committee.

Allusions in the call to the position of the party upon the tariff question, to the determination of the party to have a fair election, and an honest count, and to other salient points, were warmly applauded by the convention.

CHAIRMAN JONES.

The Difference in the Two Leading Parties Clearly Defined.

CONVENTION HALL, June 19.—(Special.)—Upon the conclusion of the reading of the call, Chairman Jones stepped to the front of the platform and spoke as follows:

"The Republican party may well be congratulated, through its representatives here assembled, upon the auspicious prospect that lies before it. Wise and courageous action by this convention will surely lead to victory in the campaign upon which we are about to enter.

"There can be no doubt as to which side the great majority of the votes will fall if both parties be tried by its record; if the grand achievements of the Republican party be appreciated and the utter failure of the Democratic party be understood.

"The two parties are diametrically opposed to each other. One favors progression; the other retrogression. One lifts up; the other casts down. Thanks to Mr. Cleveland and his Southern allies, the Democratic party has thrown off the disguise in which it has heretofore fought its battles in the Northern States, and has boldly declared for free trade and against American protection.

"This avowal has caused much adulation in certain sections of this country, and in all of England, which has, from the beginning, been hostile to the industrial progress of the United States; but it has fallen heavily upon the ears of the patriotic portion of the Democratic party. However, we must not expect that this is the end of dishonest pretenses.

"Deceit, fallacies and sophistry will again be resorted to and practiced. Therefore, we should have a platform based upon true Republican principles, free from equivocation or ambiguity, and should nominate candidates who are the embodiment of the Republican principles.

"The founders of this government saw that it was absolutely essential for self-preservation that the original thirteen states should become united, for the purpose of protection and defense against alien acts and alien influences as well as for economical and effective governments.

One of the first acts of the Federal government was to provide for revenue and for the protection of the industrial interests of the country. All of our early Presidents, from Washington to Jackson, inclusive, advocated a tariff for revenue and for protection. All of the great and patriotic statesmen of those days coincided in this policy.

No man of note, who was a lover of his country, down to Jackson's first term, entertained and expressed doubts as the constitutionality or policy of protecting the industries of the United States against foreign competition.

"The tariff question was not considered as one embracing solely or chiefly the manufacturers' interest, but one which broadly embraced the social condition of the laboring classes, the mutual interests of all home producers in the home market, and of the country's real independence."

Chairman Jones then introduced J. S. Thurston, of Nebraska, as temporary chairman of the convention. Delegate Osborn, of Kansas, objected to the assumption, on the part of the National Convention of the right to name the temporary chairman, and asked if Mr. Thurston had been elected.

Chairman Jones said he had been selected, for which he was vigorously applauded.

But Osborn was not to be subdued, and in the name of the Kansas delegation declined to be responsible for the action of the national committee in this matter, and regarded it as a great mistake. [Hisses.]

He desired the roll of states to be called in order that the Kansas delegation might cast its vote for the Hon. Wm. Warner, of Missouri. No attention was paid to his demand, however, and Mr. Thurston immediately began his address.

"The British, who now shout free trade, protected themselves against all competition until they were masters of the commercial world and until they realized that the United States with its great natural advantages and by a moderate use of the same means was becoming a formidable rival.

"It was only when Great Britain perceived something of the future of her American rival that she attempted to regain that control over this country by artifice, which she was unable to hold or reclaim by force of arms."

After relating the history of the alleged alliance of the South with English manufacturers under the administrations of Van Buren, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, Chairman Jones continued:

"The Republican party vanquished the Democratic party, passed the homestead law, destroyed slavery, elevated the 'mud-sills,' restored credit, redeemed the country and started it anew on the lines contemplated by the fathers.

"To-day we occupy a much higher plane than any other people on the face of the globe. The Republican party believes that that it is not necessary or right that we should be reduced to a common level with other nations but that we should have the full benefit of all our natural advantages, and the full enjoyment of our glorious heritage.

"Many of the leading Bourbon Democrats of to-day look upon the magnificent developments and the grand improvements of the nation which are simply labor, genius, and management crystallized, as a rank, unnatural and unwholesome growth and believe that we ought to go back to the dacys of ignorance, sloth and small things as quickly as possible.

"Through the criminal folly of certain professed Republicans and by fraud and duplicity on the part of the Democratic party, our honored and gallant standard-bearers in 1884 were defeated. Fortunately for the country we still have the benefit of the wise laws passed by the Republican party, and still have a majority in the Senate of the United States, which majority has prevented unwise legislation.

"We are again confronted by this same Democratic party, the mother of all the evils from which this country has suffered, asking for the power to control and direct its future course, and we find that the same element which first led it astray by its influence, and dominated it down to the grevious days of rebellion, is in full control of its affairs.

"If a majority of the American voters favor the giving away of the home market, incomparably the best in the world, and the forcing of our people, now the most prosperous and happy on the face of the earth, into competition with and down to a level with the cheapest, poorest and most miserable of our foreign rivals, the Democratic reactionary doctrines will prevail.

If not, the Republican party will resume its authority and successfully lead this great county, with its beneficient institutions, toward that sublime goal which all patriots believe to be its heaven-adorned destiny. I have no doubt of the result."

IT MAY BE BLAINE.

The Sentiment as Culled from the Streets Late To-Day.

CHICAGO, June 19.—(Special.)—This afternoon things are quiet, being the reaction after a great street demonstration last night. The throng of visitors is simply tremendous, and the diversity of sentiments, as shown by badges and emblems, very wide.

The attempt to create a strong drift of sentiment in any one direction before the meeting of the convention, was dropped.

The formal opening of the Depew campaign yesterday cut off all hope of obtaining strength in New York and the East, while the strong Gresham sentiment in Chicago prevents the visiting clubs from giving a surface appearance of popularity to anybody in particular.

The Blaine feeling is very strong, but California has receded from her aggressive attitude.

The cooler heads see that an attempt to push Blaine aggressively from the start will not be so likely to win in the long run as to wait till the balloting shows a hopeless deadlock.

California may nominate Blaine formally when her name is called on the first ballot, but there will be no attempt at a stampede.

The Depew candidacy is received with apprehension by many Western men, but it does not seem to possess vitality. Its weak point is that the New York delegation supports him just like the Ohio delegation supports Senator Sherman, they will stay with him awhile, but a break must come unless considerations so potent can be brought to bear that they will overrule private opinion.

The idea grows that Depew's candidacy is but a cover for Blaine. William Walter Phelps is quoted as saying he believed Blaine would accept if nominated and the story goes that Depew will hold New York solid till a hopeless dead-lock is reached and then will withdraw in Blaine's favor.

Personal observation leads to the impression that he is in earnest in wanting the nomination, but fearful of risking the chances of defeat.

He evidently lacks backbone, for he waveree around from one side to the other for two days, and then threw the responsibility on the New York delegation of deciding whether he should be a candidate or not.

Blaine is the shadow over the path of every candidate, and it is one of the many possibilities that the result may be his nomination, with Alger or Harrison for second place.

A ROMANTIC LIFE.

Death in South Carolina of an Aged Irishman Who Was Faithful to His First Love Through Two Wars and for Over Twenty Years.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 19.—John Grant, a native of Ireland, who died in Greenville, S. C., aged 73, last week, became engaged to his wife when they were young at their old home in County Antrim. He was a Catholic and she a Presbyterian, and the parents of the young girl objected to the match.

She was sent to America, and young Grant followed her here. When she was recalled to England her lover followed her. After awhile she was again sent to this country, and Grant made an appointment to meet her in Liverpool, where they were to be married. Owing to some misunderstanding they did not meet, and the disappointed lover enlisted in the British army.

He served sixteen years in India and during the Sepoy mutiny. He was at the storming of Delhi, and reached Cawnpore with his regiment a short time after the massacre of the English garrison at that place. On his return to England he served eight years longer in the army, making 24 years in all. He then came to America in search of the woman he had sworn to marry so many years ago.

He landed in New York and was robbed of all his money, and in his extremity he volunteered in the army being formed to put down the rebellion. He was sent West, and served through the war, and at its close came to Greenville, S. C., where he found his betrothed, and they were married, he being more than 50 years old.

THIRTY DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

John Zeacher Refuses to Eat and is Slowly Dying.

RACINE, Wis., June 18.—(Special.)—This is the thirtieth day since John Zeacher, the Caledonian faster, partook of food. There is no sham about his case. The family physician states positively that to his certain knowledge, Zeacher has not taken one drop of nourishment. The last few days he has taken to sleeping a good deal, and does not take the exercise he formerly did. He is very reticent and quiet, and when told that his meals are ready, merely says: "When I want to eat I will let you know; I think I know my own business best."

All manner of dishes have been prepared for him in hopes of tempting his appetite, but without avail. If he should take a notion to break his fast now it will probably result in death, unless it was done with the utmost caution. He has grown very weak and is losing flesh rapidly. The doctor says that before Zeacher began his fast he was an elegant specimen of physical manhood. He has consulted prominent physicians of Milwaukee and Chicago, but thus far he has been unable to decide what is likely to benefit his patient.

Fatally Stabbed.

CHICAGO, June 18.—Peter Murphy was fatally stabbed by Peter McCann last night. Both men were switchmen on the Northwestern road. The killing was the result of an old feud.

An unknown man was stabbed in front of the saloon at 396 South Clark street, early this morning by one of three men. Anthony, Dominick and Thomas Raggio have been arrested on suspicion of complicity in the murder.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, June 20, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	June 10.	June 12.
4's coupons	128	127½
4's registered	127	126½
Pacific 6's of '95	119	119

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—increase	$ 1,152,850
Loans—increase	5,510,200
Specie—increase	2,701,000
Legal tenders—increase	477,000
Deposits—increase	8,100,600
Circulation—increase	67,900

The banks now hold $28,663,700 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Noon.—Money is easy at 1@1½ per cent. Bar silver, 92c.

The stock market was but little changed after 11 o'clock, being quiet and generally heavy, though the movement in price was even less than during the first hour. The same stocks led in the dealings, and no feature of interest was developed throughout the hour, though there was a somewhat better tone for a short time. At noon the market was dull and rather heavy at the lowest prices reached.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 49¾; D. & H., 108¾; D., L. & W., 28¾; Erie, 24⅛; J. C., 81⅝; K. T., 12; L. S., 89; L. & N., 53¼; M. C., 79¾; Mo. P, 72¼; N. E., 38⅞; N. Y. C., 104½; N. W., 105¼; O. T. 24; R. T., 22¾; Reading, 58⅝; St. Paul, 21⅛; U. P., 54⅜; W. U., 76⅝.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Wall street.—Stocks closed quiet and firm at small fractions above lowest figures of yesterday.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the week just closed has been dull. Collections fair

THE MARKETS.

Markets Dull.

At the various points of supply to-day wheat was dull. It opened weak, but toward the close had a little better tone. Prices about ¼@⅜c higher. The interest in the Chicago convention interferes with active trading. Cables dull, not much doing. Export light.

Prices of July and August wheat at leading points to-day:

June.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo....	86	86⅜	86	86⅜
Chicago....	81⅜	81½	81⅛	81½
New York.	88⅜	88⅜	88¼	88⅜
St. Louis..	81⅜	81½	81⅛	81⅜
July.	**Opened.**	**Highest.**	**Lowest.**	**Close.**
Toledo....	86	86⅛	85¾	86⅛
Chicago....	82⅛	82⅛	81⅞	82⅛
New York.	89⅜	89⅜	89⅜	89⅜
St. Louis..	81⅝	81⅝	81¼	81⅜

Corn was fairly active but lower. Oats quiet. Clover seed neglected.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day cash wheat sold light; No. 2 soft red, 87½c.

For future delivery No. 2 red wheat was dull. Prices a little higher. July, 86@86⅜c, latter to close, ¼c better; August, 86@86⅛c, outside last paid, ⅛c better; September, 86c, then 86⅛c, no change; December, 89@89⅛c, ⅛c advance.

Corn sold to a fair extent. Prices fractionally lower; No. 2, 50½c; No. 2 July, 50¼c; No. 2 yellow, 51¼c. Oats quiet; No. 2, August, 26¾c. Clover seed—No sales.

CLOSE — Wheat, cash, and June, 77¾c; July, 86⅜c; August, 86⅛c; December, 89⅛c. Corn—Cash and July, 51c; August, 53c. Oats—August, 26¾c. Clover Seed—October, $4 50.

The Produce Market.

The market for produce was dull to-day. Fruits sold fairly well. Strawberries in demand. Prices steady. Butter, best, 13@15c. Eggs at 14@15c. Cheese, new, 8½c. Poultry—chickens, 10@12c. Salt, in car lots, 70c; barrels, 75c. Fruits—oranges, $5 50; lemons, $3 50@4 00; bananas, $1 00@3 00 per bunch; strawberries, 12@15c retail; cherries, $4 50 per bushel. Vegetables—Onions, new, per dozen bunches, 20c; spinach, per bunch, 20c; peas, green, $2 00@2 50 per case; cabbages, @$4 20 per crate; lettuce, per pound, 4c; radishes, 20c per dozen; cucumbers, per dozen, 45c; asparagus, 6c per pound; tomatoes, $1 60 per box; green beans, per box, 85@90, small boxes; wax $1 00; old beans, $2 50@2 80; potatoes, 80@90c per bushel. Provisions—Pork, heavy mess, $16 00; short mess, $16 50; long clear mess, $17 00; short clear, $17 00; rump, $15 00; clear butt, $16 00; clear bean, $14 50; clear neck, $15 00; lard, kettle rendered, tierces, 9c; barrels, 9c; half barrels, 9c; 50-lb. tins, 9c; refined in tierces, 8½c; in 50-lb. tins, 9c; hams, sugar cured, 18 lbs. average, 11c; 15 lbs., 11¼c; 12 lbs., 11½c; sugar cured shoulders, 8c½; breakfast bacon, 10½@11c; dried beef, 11c. clear sides, 9½c; clear backs, 9½c; pic-nics, 9c. Feed—Bran, $19; shorts, $19. hay—timothy, $16. Flour, straights, $5 00; patents, $5 25; bakers, $4 75. Hides, green, No. 1 heavy steers, 5c; light and cows, 4½c; grubby and No. 2, 3c; cured, 6c; calf, green, 6c; cured, 7c; sheep pelts, on the basis of wool at 20c. Wool, washed 26c; unwashed, 12c. Fresh meats—No. 1 steers, 7c; light steers, 7c; cows, 6½@6¾c; calves, 7c; sheep, 8c; lambs, 9c; dressed hogs, 7c.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, June 16.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat, July, 81¾c; August, 82⅛@82¼c. Corn, July, 51c asked; August, 51⅝c. asked. Pork—July, $13 75.

DETROIT, June 19.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 88½c; No. 2 red cash, 86½; July 86¼c; August, 86c. Corn—No. 2, 50c. Oats—No. 2, 35¼c; No. 2 white, 38c.

CINCINNATI, June 19.—Flour dull. Wheat weak and lower at 87c. Corn, quiet at 52c. Oats easy at 35½@36½c. Rye dull at 65c. Provisions firm and unchanged. Whisky firm; sales 843 barrels on a basis of $1 14.

ST. LOUIS, June 19.—Wheat irregular; No. 2 red cash, 84½@85c; July, 81¾c; December, 86⅝c. Corn firm; cash, 44½@45c; July, 45½c; the year, 37¾c. Oats lower; cash, 32½@32¾c; June, 32c; July, 27c.

CHICAGO, June 19.—1 p.m.—Wheat firm; cash, 81¼c; July, 81¾c. Corn strong; cash, 50c; July, 50⅝c. Oats strong; cash, 31¼c; July, 31⅝c. Rye, 56c. Barley nominal. Flax, $1.30. Whisky, $1.00. Pork steady; cash, $13.70; July, $13.75. Lard steady; cash, $8.35; July, $8.42½; short ribs, July, $7.52½.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Wheat active; ¼@½c lower, without new features; receipts, 40,250 bu.; No. 2 red July, 88 3-16@88⅜c; August, 89¼@89⅝c; September, 90¼@90⅝c; December, 93¼@93⅝c; May, 98@98⅝c. Corn ⅜@½c lower and heavy; mixed western, spot, 54@55½c; futures, 53@58⅛c; receipts, 7,150 bu; sales, 1,120,000 bu. Oats ½@⅝c lower and weak; western, 36@46c; receipts, 39,000 bu; sales, 130,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork firm; new mess, $15 25@15 50; old mess, $14 00@14 50. Lard dull and weak; steam rendered, $8 72½. Butter, quiet and weak; western, 13@20c. Cheese dull; state, 8@8¾c, the latter for fancy new factory, white and colored; Ohio flat, 7@8¼; skims, 2@6¼. Sugar dull; crushed, 8c; powdered, 7c; granulated, 6⅞c. Molasses quiet 50 test, 19½. Coffee, spot, dull; 15c for fair rio; options, 20 points higher on June, 5 points up on July and September; others unchanged. Spirits turpentine dull at 36c. Eggs, western, 15½@16c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, June 18.—Hogs—Barely steady; common and light, $4 25@5 50; packing and butchers, $5 35@5 80.

ST. LOUIS, June 19.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000 head; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 13,000 head; market stronger; choice heavy and butcher's selections, $5 60@5 70; packing, $5 40@5 60; light grades, $5 35@5 55. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; market slow and unchanged.

EAST LIBERTY, June 18.—Cattle—Steady for good; unchanged for common; 40 cars cattle shipped to New York. Hogs active; Philadelphias, $5 70@5 80; mixed, $5 70@5 80; Yorkers, $5 60@5 65; common to fair, $5 40@5 50; pigs, $5 00@5 25; 10 cars hogs shipped to New York. Sheep slow; prime, $4 50@5 00; fair to good, $3 75@4 25; common, $1 50@3 00; lambs, $4 50@6 00.

BUFFALO, June 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000 head through; 4,000 head sale; trade slow; the advance of last week was lost; prices about steady at last Monday's figures; prime export, 1,400 lbs. upwards, $5 15@5 75; good, 1,200 to 1,400 lbs, $5 00@5 25; good, 1,100 to 1,200 lbs, $4 60@4 85; Texas fed, $3 75@4 50; Michigan, $3 00@3 25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 5,000 head through; 6,400 for sale; sheep steady; good to choice, $4 25@4 85; fair, $3 50@4 00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,500 head through; 7,800 for sale; mediums strong to 5c higher; Yorkers weak; mediums, $5 85@5 95; Yorkers, $5 60@5 85; pigs, $5 00@5 25; rough, $5 00@5 25; stags, $4 00@4 25.

KANSAS CITY, June 18.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,600 head; shipments, 2,800 head; market was steady for best fat corn fed and grass steers at Saturday's declines, common grades slow and weak; good to choice corn fed, $5 40@5 70; common to medium, $4 00@5 25; grassers, $2 00@3 50; stockers, $2 00@3 15; cows, $2 00@3 40. Hogs—Receipts, 2,800 head; shipments, none; strong and 5c higher, owing to light supply; good to choice, $5 40@5 50; common to medium, $5 10@5 30; skips and pigs, $2 50@5 80. Sheep—Receipts, 2,200 head; shipments, 280 head; steady; good to choice muttons, $3 50@4 00; common and good, $2 00@3 00.

Boston Wool Market.

Business is slack; prices are low, and dealers express conviction that they must go lower before there can be any great movement. Ohio, 28@28½c; Michigan, 26@27c; Territory, 14@21c; Texas, 16@23c; unwashed, 18@19c; pulled, 30@32c; scoured, 30@50c; California, 16c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, June 18.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the British grain trade says: The supplies of English wheat are growing less. Values unchanged. Sales of English wheat, 38,666 quarters at 31s 7d, against 39,737 quarters at 35s 1d for the corresponding week of last year. Wheat crop prospects are less promising, but the potato crop will be unusually good. This, together with the large stocks left over, will influence the trade in breadstuffs. The trade in foreign wheat is slow. Liverpool values dropped 3d per cental, and in business on the American plan prices were 6d lower, both at London and Liverpool. Corn, barley and oats in moderate supply and steady. Linseed a fraction cheaper. There were 23 arrivals of wheat cargoes during the week, 8 were sold, 6 withdrawn, 6 remain for orders and 9 are on sale. At to-day's market wheat was dull and against sellers. Australian and Russian wheats were 6d lower, corn 3d cheaper. Barley dull. Oats steady. Calcutta linseed 3d cheaper.

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